

# CHATTERBOX.



1920.

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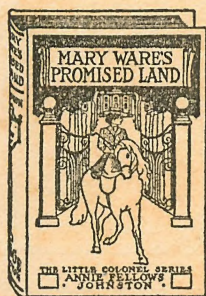
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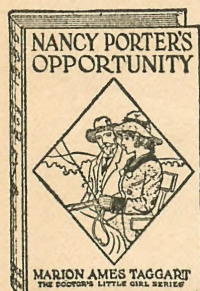
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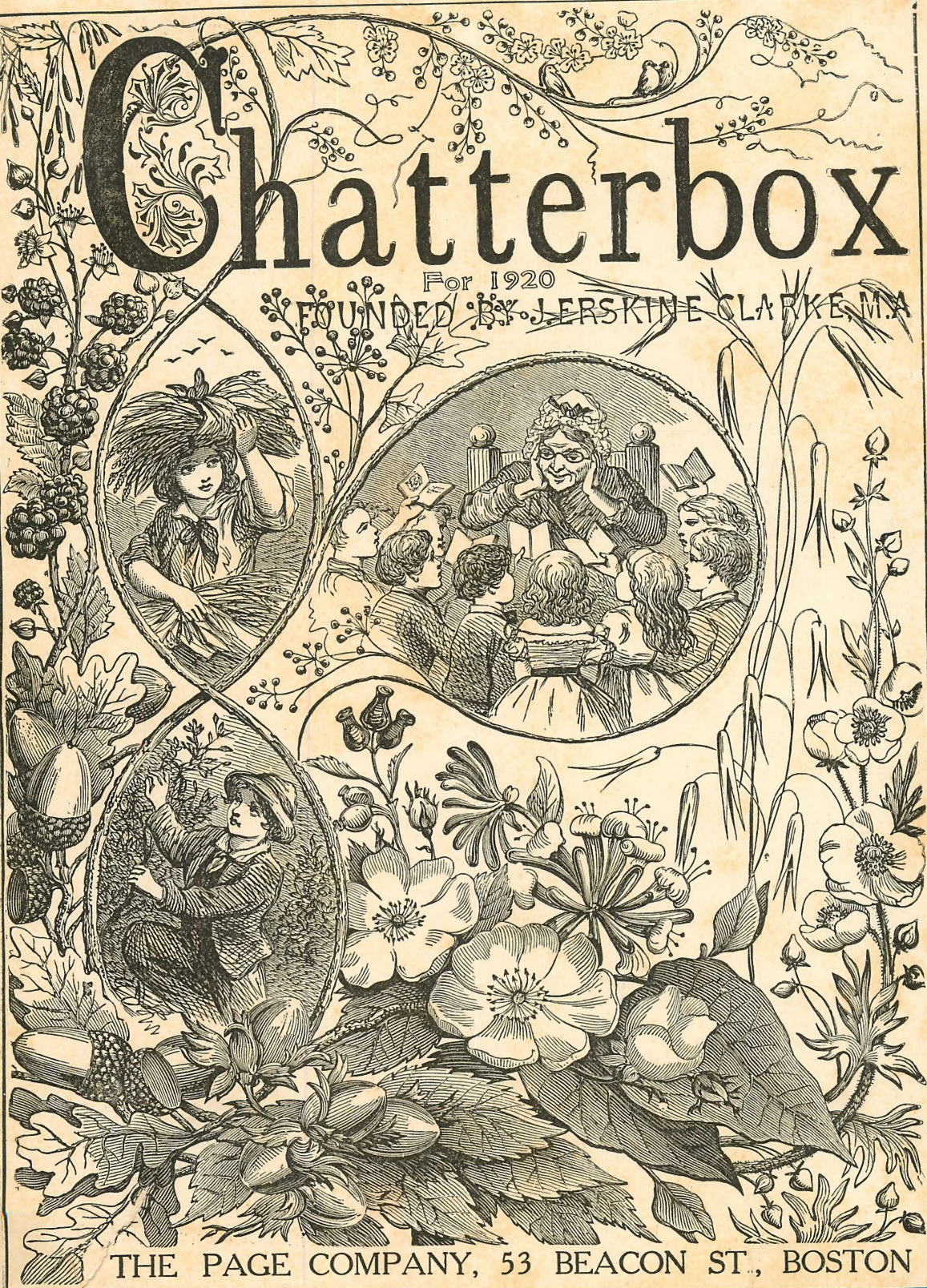
JUST IN TIME.



# Chatterbox

For 1920

FOUNDED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



THE PAGE COMPANY, 53 BEACON ST., BOSTON





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# CHATTERBOX.



“Let us have the plain facts. Boys exaggerate abominably.”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY W. RAINEY.

'I SUPPOSE I must go through it all again; I'm sick of repeating it. I've told it over and over again till I feel like a disgusting gramophone. You tell it, Phil.'

The speaker sat sideways on his chair, one leg corkscrewed round the other in an uncomfortable manner, his elbows on the table and his cheeks resting on his bony knuckles—a study of youthful dejection.

'I don't suppose your uncle wants to hear it second-hand; at any rate, the detective didn't,' replied the boy addressed, who sat at the opposite side of the table—making a good second—though with a shade of defiance in his manner, as he glanced at two middle-aged gentlemen seated solemnly, one on either side of the fireplace.

'Certainly, I wish to hear Victor's account of this unfortunate business, as it seems that he and Mrs. Horn were the only persons on the premises at the time. I suppose you have told your Uncle William all about it?'

Uncle William, who was seated in the great armchair which had once belonged to the Governor of Ceylon, nodded his head to indicate that he had heard the story. This gentleman was of comfortable dimensions, as competent to fill that chair as the Governor of Ceylon, or the Governor of any of his Majesty's overseas Dominions. He nodded his head gravely enough, but no occasion of solemnity could quite eclipse the broad sunshine of his countenance—the most gloomy happening could only nibble at its rim. As he sat in the great armchair fingering his watch chain and looking down and aslant at the fire, he was not at his best, but was seen, as it were, through smoked glass.

Uncle Sowerby, the gentleman who graced the other side of the hearth, was meagre in form and sallow in complexion, possessed a 'Duke of Wellington' nose and had jet-black hair, although he was over sixty. He was a miracle of energy. Unlike his corresponding chimney ornament, he was never known to sit in an armchair; in fact, seldom sat at all, except as a concession to social custom, and then selecting the most rigid chair. Now and again he would spring up, and stand with one foot on the fender and his elbow on the mantel-piece, or stride to the bookcase, survey the titles and finger the volumes, or engage in any other flimsy excuse for incurable restlessness.

'Certainly I wish it,' repeated Uncle Sowerby, adding, 'Now, my lad,' not in a tone of encouragement but it understood, but in the manner of a dentist addressing a youthful victim, as he takes up his forceps and motions him to the comfortable chair.

'Now, my lad; but don't let us have any exaggeration. Let us have the facts—facts—as dry as you like—but the plain facts. Boys exaggerate abominably.'

Thus admonished, the first speaker roused himself languidly, moistened his lips, and began, whilst Uncle Sowerby took a pencil from his waistcoat pocket and made notes on the back of an envelope.

'It was there all right yesterday morning when I went in to unfasten the shutters and to get a bootlace out of the drawer in the bureau; but when I went in at night to lock up it was gone, and nothing but the black hole in the frame where the portrait had been. I was thunder-struck, and felt —'

'Never mind your feelings,' interrupted Uncle Sowerby.

'We will take them for granted. What time was this?'

'Nine-thirty,' replied the narrator, settling down to his story dismally. 'I shouted to Phil and Mrs. Horn, and got out my bike and scorched into Chichester—to the police station. I hammered it into the inspector—the value and all that—and he wired to Scotland Yard, and this morning —'

'Wait a moment,' Uncle Sowerby interposed. 'Let us have all that took place yesterday, please. Who obtained admission to the house from the moment in the morning when you saw the portrait untouched till 9.30, when you found it gone?'

'There were only two people; this I can say positively, and so can Mrs. —'

Unseen by Uncle Sowerby, Phil was shaking his head violently to attract the speaker's attention, frowning and mouthing and holding up three fingers of his left hand. The speaker took the hint.

'Three, I mean—two *parties*—two gentlemen, and one of them had a lady with him. I didn't leave the premises the whole day. I was mowing the lawn, which had got beastly untidy—Teddy can't manage it, he hasn't got the knack of the machine, which wants hummuring, or else the chain comes off every two minutes. They came in the afternoon—the lady and gentleman first—quite swells as far as looks go. They were staying at the "Dolphin," in West Street. They had been in the house about ten minutes, and Mrs. Horn was showing them round, when the other came. He's an artist who has been staying in the village a week or so, sketching about the neighbourhood—he does some jolly good things, too—water-colours mostly, but they're as strong as oils. He was staying at Brook House—Mrs. Graham's, you know. He's a thorough gentleman. I had told him about the "Reynolds" and invited him up to the house to see it. As I had my coat off and was a bit messy with oiling up the machine, I didn't go in with him; at any rate, only into the hall, and sent him upstairs to join the party who were on the landing just above, with Mrs. Horn. He wasn't in the house more than ten minutes. It was his last day in Appledrum, he said, and he had to catch the 4.45 train. He admired the "Reynolds" awfully—said it was a wonderful bit of colour, and reminded him of the portrait of Lord Heathfield, in the National Gallery. It was the red coat, I suppose, for the face is as different as chalk from cheese.'

'Was he carrying anything when he left the house?'

inquired Uncle Sowerby.

'Yes; he had a roll of paper in one hand and a folding camp-stool in the other; but he had them just the same when he went in.'

'What size was the roll of paper?'

'Imperial, I should think.'

'Imperial; what's imperial?' asked Uncle Sowerby, impatiently.

'About thirty by twenty, I think.'

'Thirty what—feet?'

'No; inches.'

'Thirty by twenty,' mused Uncle Sowerby. 'Now what is the size of the "Reynolds" without the frame?'

'The man from Scotland Yard measured it. Size of the canvas stretcher is five feet by three feet, the opening of the frame three inches less all round.'

Uncle Sowerby made a rapid calculation—five feet



long by three broad—three twelves are thirty-six—thirty-six inches—three inches off each side brings it to thirty—then he exploded—

'Why, man alive, it would just roll up into the size you mention—of the parcel he was carrying!'

'Yes,' was the reply in a dismal tone.

(Continued on page 14.)

### GIPSY CAMPERS.

HAVE you ever paid a visit to gipsies living 'under the tent?' That is the Romany expression for living in a tent; for part of every year a great many of the Romany folk live gay lives in the open, and their devices for keeping wind and weather at bay are very interesting indeed.

I once paid a visit to a small camp down by a little burn at the foot of a wood in the Highlands. I was welcomed as an old friend, for the gipsy woman and I had made acquaintance previously, and I was allowed—even encouraged—to look round.

The skeleton of the tent was made of a framework of ash-rods, each of which was tapered at both ends, she told me, so that these ends might be pushed deep into holes made in the ground.

This made the tent firm; the ash-rods were arranged so that they looked like a row of arches; over them, coarse sacking covered a thick-thatching of heather, while the garments of the family seemed to make additional coverings where the sky might otherwise have peeped through.

A hole was left, however, over the fireplace; through this the smoke escaped when the fire was lighted in the tent, but, did the weather permit it, the cooking was carried on outside—the tent was really as a refuge for bad weather.

Should the rain find its way in as the smoke blew out, the hole was easily covered, I was told, 'with an umbrella.' It sounded as though the smoke would then fill the tent, but, at any rate, at the time of my visit the atmosphere of the little place was pleasant enough.

The tent seemed to me very low; it was quite impossible for me to stand upright, and during my visit my hostess did not attempt to do so; she sat on her heap of sacking by the side of the fire the whole of the time I was there.

There were, of course, no chairs, or indeed any furniture at all; every one seemed to use heaps of sacking or heather, and the beds were heaps of ragged clothing, too. The tent was warm, but not close; it looked clean and tidy, and outside I noticed that gipsies had started a little garden for themselves, in which onions and a few other vegetables were growing.

But this was a summer camp, and not all gipsies settle so long in one place as did these friends of mine. Of course they are 'travelling folk,' and they are happiest on the road; perhaps the fact that they are people of quick decisions in these ways, swayed by the mood of the moment, and 'here to-day but gone to-morrow' without warning, is the origin of their use of the patrin.

By means of the 'patrin,' the gipsy leaves word to his friends as to his movements. As he travels he throws down a private message—perhaps a heap of

rushes, with their heads pointing in the way he is travelling; perhaps a handful of heather or bracken at intervals along his road; it depends what may be handy.

Along the track of the gipsy traveller there will certainly be some 'sign' if he has a message to leave to his friends, although it will be a message that the ordinary passer-by who knows not the Romany will ignore, or more probably never even notice, but to him who knows how to read them, they are there.

And the following gipsies are quick to read the meaning of the patrin; is the bundle of grass soaked with dew, then his travelling friends must have started early; is it dry, and wilted, and fading, then probably the journey began yesterday.

There are many opportunities for deduction, and the Romany has been learning to read the patrin all his life, just as his father and grandfathers have learned before him.

The patrin sometimes varies with the trade of the gipsy—a toy-maker will leave whittling of wood as he goes; a basket-weaver will drop his rushes, &c.; thus the trail can be laid by the gipsy as he sits working outside his van, while the horse draws him lazily along through the sunshine. His choice, too, of a particular kind of patrin, according to his occupation, is an additional help to the friends behind, who know exactly whether it be the whittling Petulengro, or the basket-making Beshaley who is riding ahead, according to the trail each leaves.

Ethel Talbot.

### 'THE TIME.'

CAN any one tell the time of day without the use of sun-dial, clock, or watch? Certain islanders in the South Pacific are said to do so. These ingenious people take the kernels from the nuts of the candle-tree, wash them, and string them on the rib of a palm-leaf. They then set alight the topmost kernel. As the kernels are all of the same size, each one burns for a certain number of minutes, then ignites the one next below it.

Another way of ascertaining the time is used by the natives of Singar, in the Malay Archipelago. This device is something like that of the hour-glass, two bottles, placed neck to neck, being used. One of the bottles is filled with sand, which pours itself out of one into the other each half-hour, when the bottles are reversed. On a line close by are hung twelve rods, marked with notches denoting the hours one to twelve. The attendant in charge of this apparatus sounds the hours upon a gong.

Portable clocks—which we now call 'watches'—seem to have been invented some time in the early part of the sixteenth century. At first they were very expensive, and a watch was considered a fit gift for a king. In one of his portraits, Henry VIII. has a watch hanging round his neck. It has only one hand—the hour hand. The other hand was given to watches early in the following century.

One of the funniest old time-tellers is a watch in the shape of a duck; the body opens with a spring and shows the dial inside.



## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

## I.—THE BUFFS: THE EAST KENT REGIMENT.



At the present time, when the British Army is greater and more powerful than it has ever been before, it is interesting to know something of its history, and to trace that history back through all the wars and turmoils of the past. We see the Army first as we have known it ourselves, with the men in the brown khaki of service uniforms or the more picturesque red coats of days 'before the war.' Then, looking back, we see it during the last two centuries, fighting in many campaigns and in many countries, and we see it at the time of the Restoration, when the loyal troops who had followed Charles II. into exile, returned with him, and, instead of being disbanded, were retained in the King's service.

That was the beginning of the Standing Army, but there were British soldiers before then, and we seem to see them marching through the ages in a long martial pageant. There are the gallant Cavaliers and the stern-faced Ironsides of the Civil Wars, the Trained Bands that Queen Elizabeth reviewed at Tilbury, the wild mercenaries of York and Lancaster, the Archers of Henry V., the Red Cross Knights, the armed retainers of the Feudal System, and the sturdy Saxon Militia, who fought with the Normans on the Sussex beaches and with the Vikings at London Bridge.

That carries us back more than a thousand years; but we can look still further into the past, and, peering through the smoke and dust and flames of many battlefields and burning towns, catch dim glimpses of Celtic warriors, of Boadicea in her chariot, of the Scots beating against the Roman wall, and of the mysterious savages of the Stone Age defending their cave-homes against the onslaughts of fierce enemies and wild beasts.

'It's a long, long way to Tipperary,' as our soldiers sang, when they advanced and retreated across Northern France during the fateful summer days of 1914, and it's a long, long way from pre-historic times to those khaki-clad men; but we know that the spirit and the courage and the endurance of to-day are inherited from the heroes of Waterloo and the bowmen of Agincourt, and perhaps, too, there was something of the same cheery confidence and stubborn fortitude in the hearts of the Ancient Britons when they ground their flint weapons and dug the great earthworks that are so strangely like our modern entrenchments and fortifications.

From the time when the Standing Army was first established until 1881, the infantry regiments were known by numbers, and these show the order in which they were raised. First on the list stands the Royal Scots, but the East Kent Regiment—The Buffs—can really claim to be the oldest regiment in the British Army. It is true that it only ranks as the Third Foot, but for nearly a century before the Restoration it had been serving in Flanders as part of the famous volunteer brigade, which helped the people of the Low

Countries in their long struggle with Spain for faith and freedom.

It was in 1572 that the first English and Scotch troops crossed the North Sea, and they shared all the hardships and fierce fighting of those turbulent days, serving under the Dutch Government, but having their own leaders and never giving up their allegiance. They returned in 1665 when war was declared between England and Holland, and then, taking their place in the newly organized British Army, they were known as the Third Foot, or Holland Regiment.

Ghent, Ostend, Leffinghen, Nieuport, Namur—all these names might well figure in the battle honours of the regiment before Blenheim, which now heads the list, for the daring and prowess of the British Volunteers became famous, and are mentioned again and again in historical documents and official reports.

One old writer tells us that at Ghent, in 1582, 'the English and Scotch were left to try the matter with the enemy, and made a noble, stout skirmish,' and at the siege of Antwerp, three years later, the Spaniards at last refused to attack the Kowensteyn Dyke, 'seeing that the English and Scotch were there, doing their duty so well.'

And so, when the Buffs went out to Flanders with the Duke of Marlborough's army, they were only returning to fight new battles on old ground, and it is not surprising to find that they won fresh fame and honours. At Ramillies, for instance, they especially distinguished themselves, and, after Malplaquet, Queen Anne rewarded them with the Red Dragon Badge, which shows that they can trace their origin from Tudor times.

They are also entitled to carry on their colours the red and white rose, another Tudor emblem, and they have the privilege of marching through the City of London with drums beating and colours flying.

The regiment gained the nickname of 'The Buffs



The crest of the East Kent Regiment—the Red Dragon Badge.

because the uniform was faced with buff colour, or, as some say, with buffalo leather.

In 1743 the Holland Regiment was on the Continent again, at Dettingen, when George II. led his own army, and this was the last occasion when an English king was actually present at a battle.

George, it is evident, knew about the bravery of the Third Foot, even if he was not very familiar with their uniform, and when he saw a regiment fighting with noticeable daring, he called out, 'Bravo, Buffs!' The king, however, had made a mistake, and the regiment which had attracted his attention was not the Third, but the Thirty-first, Foot. 'Then, bravo, Young





"'Only with my life will I loose my hold,' he said."

Bufs,' George cried, and thus the East Sussex Regiment gained one of its nicknames.

In the Peninsular War the Bufs served under the Duke of Wellington, or Sir Arthur Wellesley, as he was then, and fought at the Douro, Talavera, Albuera, and Vittoria.

The most desperate battle in this campaign was that of Albuera, when, although the British were victorious, their losses were enormous in comparison to the number of troops engaged. The Bufs suffered terribly, and it is said that only three privates and a drummer answered to the roll-call after the conflict, although many other men who had been taken prisoner escaped later and rejoined the regiment.

It was when this great battle was at its height and the Bufs were fighting furiously against French cavalry, that one of the officers, Lieutenant Latham, showed extraordinary bravery in rescuing the King's

Colour at the risk—and almost at the cost—of his own life. Both the colour sergeants had been killed, and the precious flag had actually been captured by the enemy, when Latham darted forward, and he fought single-handed until he was desperately wounded and almost blinded by the blood which was streaming down his face.

'Only with my life will I loose my hold,' he cried, grasping the staff of the flag with his left hand, but at last that hand was struck off by a sabre blow, and the man fell to the ground pierced by the lances of his assailants.

Even then Latham clutched his prize, and before it could be wrenched from him British cavalry charged to the rescue and the French were beaten back.

Later the Bufs were sent to India, where they distinguished themselves in the Mahratta War, and they have since served in China, in the Crimea, and in two South African campaigns.



'*Veteri Frondescit Honore*' ('It flourishes by its ancient honours'), that is the motto of the Buffs. In every campaign in which the regiment has taken part its fame has increased, and new honours have been added to the ancient ones, which were gained long ago on the plains and among the sand dunes of Holland and Flanders.

### COLOURS.

SPRING-TIME is the green time:  
 Green is everywhere;  
 Green shoots in the hedges,  
 Green smells in the air;  
 Green leaves growing stronger  
 Every single day-time,  
 Green grass growing longer;  
 Spring-time is a gay time!

Summer is a golden time:  
 Golden sun, of course;  
 Golden sands to play in,  
 Golden, golden gorse;  
 Gold dust on the bees' legs,  
 Wasp's a golden fellow;  
 Summer is a golden time,  
 Golden, golden-yellow!

Autumn is a brown time,  
 With just a splash of red;  
 Russet leaves on all the paths,  
 Brown boughs overhead;  
 Sad brown birds a-flying down,  
 Cold sad winds a-sobbing,  
 But red leaves peep among the brown,  
 And a red breast has robin!

Winter is a crimson time:  
 Frosty crimson sun:  
 Berries, berries everywhere,  
 Crimson every one;  
 Crimson fires blaze and blaze,  
 Lots of crimson holly;  
 Winter brings the crimson days,  
 Winter-time is jolly!

ETHEL TALBOT.

### A KIND RAVEN.

RAFE was a tame raven, who once lived at an inn at Hungerford. It happened one day that a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a passing visitor, got his leg badly hurt by a carriage, and was tied up in the stable. Rafe immediately began to act the part of nurse, took the poor doggie bones, and waited on him.

The owner of the patient was surprised at this, and was told that Rafe had been brought up with a dog, and that the pair were very fond of each other. When this one broke his leg, the raven carried him food; and one night, when the stable door was locked by accident, the bird pecked at it for hours, so that his sick friend should not go hungry. In another hour he would have got through, but the ostler arrived before he had quite managed it.

S. BRAINE.

### THE SPOTTED BOAR.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS,

*Author of 'Jimmy Carteret,' etc., etc.*

THERE was indignation at the little settlement near the Winthrop ranch, for Smeddon, the magistrate, was not a favourite, and his neighbours reckoned he had gone beyond his powers. To begin with, he came from Eastern Canada, and did not understand the free-and-easy customs of the Pacific coast; then he was serious and obstinate, though the ranchers declared that some of his judgments would make a pack-mule laugh. As a matter of fact, Smeddon did not know much about law; he had been made a magistrate because his political friends thought he ought to have a Government job. Smeddon would sooner have had a paid job, but there were not enough of these to satisfy everybody.

The trouble began about Neilsen. Neilsen was a Dane, but the ranchers liked him, and as he was getting too old to chop big trees, they had him made constable. So far, nobody at the settlement had ever been locked up, although the ranchers admitted that one or two deserved it, and it was not much of a drawback that Neilsen could not walk fast or see very well. They had got him provided for at the Government's expense and thought he ought to feel grateful and help them herd their cattle, which, in summer, ran wild in the bush. This was a pleasant and useful occupation for a man who had nothing else to do.

Smeddon, however, thought differently. He maintained that Neilsen was the proper man to collect the particulars about stock and crops and the spraying of fruit trees that the Government demanded now and then. This meant taking round numerous documents to the ranchers, who refused to fill them up. They said nobody could understand the questions asked, and they had no use for 'that kind of truck.' Some sent Smeddon word that they had thrown his schedules into the stove, and felt annoyed when he replied that he would fine the man whose papers were not delivered by the proper date. Moreover, he put up a notice at the top of the settlement street: 'Twenty dollars fine for spitting on the sidewalk.'

The ranchers said one did not do things like that in British Columbia, and anyhow, there was no sidewalk worth talking about, but Smeddon fined the man who pulled his notice down. Afterwards he insisted that it was the constable's business to keep the hogs off his garden patch, and Neilsen agreed with the ranchers that if his duties got much heavier he could not watch their cattle. They told him to be firm, and reminded him that he owed his job to them, with the consequence that Neilsen refused to obey Smeddon's orders and was dismissed. Then the ranchers signed a petition to have him put back and sent it to the authorities at Victoria.

Now Smeddon had the finest garden in the neighbourhood, and said he did not see why it should be rooted up by other people's hogs. The pigs that roam in the Canadian bush are different from the lazy, fat animals one sees in England. They are lean and agile; the settlers call them razor-backs, and Smeddon said they jumped his fences like a deer. He kept hogs himself, but he penned his up and fed them on corn, instead of letting them raid his neighbours' crops. Smeddon did things properly, and his particular pride was a fine white boar. There was another boar at the settlement, but this



was marked by black spots and belonged to Mackay who got up the petition.

When the dispute was getting bitter, Jake Winthrop and Tom Dawson walked over one evening from the ranch, and found a group of settlers sitting on the grocery steps. The unpaved street was torn up by waggon wheels, and on the other side a dark pine forest rolled back to the mountains whose snowy tops glimmered in the distance. Slanting sunbeams touched the big red trunks, but the dew had begun to settle on fallen branches and tall fern, and there was a sweet resinous smell. A river brawled in the shadow.

The boys sat down among the sunburned men, and presently Jake asked: 'What is Smeddon going to do about Neilsen?'

'I can't say,' one replied; 'I know what *we* are going to do—we mean to put Neilsen back. The petition's gone to our representative at the Victoria parliament, and if we don't hear soon, we'll send and see he get's on a move.'

'Smeddon's got to be stopped right now,' another remarked. 'He's too smart with his fines; guess he's piling up the dollars.'

'The Government won't let him keep the money,' Dawson objected.

'I allow he does,' said a big chopper. Old man Smeddon keeps anything he gets. Anyhow, I guess they give him a commission on the fines. Government folks are all out for dollars, and Smeddon's a grafter.'

Dawson laughed. A grafter is a man who uses an official post to extort money by shabby tricks. On the whole, Dawson did not think Smeddon had done so, although he did not like the magistrate.

'What is he doing about your hogs?' Jake inquired.

'Have they been mussing up his garden patch again?'

'Go along and look at his notice. I guess it's heightened,' a rancher replied.

The boys strolled off up the street, and presently stopped where the trail plunged into the shadowy bush. A clearing had been chopped in the forest and a neat wooden house stood among the rows of tall stumps. In front were young fruit trees, loaded with yellow apples and purple plums, and a well-kept vegetable patch ran along the zig-zag fence that was made of split bars without nails. When the boys stopped, a man who was weeding put down his hoe. Smeddon wore old brown overalls that showed the corners of his bony form. His face was thin and he looked sour.

'Well?' he said harshly. 'What do you want?'

'Nothing much,' Jake replied. 'We stopped to read your notice.'

Smeddon gave him a suspicious glance, but Jake quietly studied a paper fixed to a board that was nailed to a stump.

'Take warning!' the notice ran. 'All hogs found getting after these punkins will be shot.'

'That's straight talk,' said Jake, who grinned, as he turned to Dawson. 'What do you think, Tom?'

'The razor-backs are intelligent animals, but I don't know if they've taught them to read yet. Then I suppose pumpkin *is* pronounced like that.'

'It surely is,' Smeddon declared. 'How d'you pronounce it?'

'The same as you. I don't know if it matters much, so long as people know what you mean, but they *spell* it differently. I expect you have a seed catalogue.'

Smeddon frowned. 'You're smart kids, but I'll soon

fix you! What were you doing with a gun the other evening on the range?'

'If you're curious, we were looking for something to shoot.'

'What did you shoot?' Smeddon demanded, and Dawson saw Jake's warning glance.

'I don't seem to remember. It wasn't a hog.'

'Then the next time you go hunting I'll fine you for breaking the game laws.'

'Nobody bothers about the game laws,' Jake rejoined.

'They don't apply to ranchers.'

'Folks are going to bother; my job's to see they do. The owner of a homestead is allowed to shoot some specified animals in close time for food; but where's your ranch?'

Jake could not answer, and Smeddon resumed: 'Very well! You watch out. There's trouble coming to you if I catch you with a gun. Now you can go along; you make me tired.'

The boys went off, and Jake frowned. 'Got us there!' he grumbled. 'He's stopped our hunting until the close time runs out. In a way, the game laws are all right, but it does no harm to shoot a buck, or a blue-grouse cock after the young broods can fly. Besides, it's always been the custom.'

For the next week or two they stopped at home, and left gun and rifle alone. As a matter of fact, they had not often shot much when they went out in the evening, but it was pleasant to ramble through the woods with a gun on one's shoulder. After chopping big trees and rolling logs all day, one needed some amusement. Then the rivers were low for fishing, and now that it was risky to go shooting, they wanted to do so as they had not wanted yet. After a time, they went back to the settlement, and found the usual group sitting on the grocery steps.

'Smeddon shot Mackay's spotted boar last night,' said one. 'He's been trying to get after Mack because he took the Neilsen petition round.'

'Did Smeddon kill the boar?' Dawson asked.

'Nope! Plugged him full of bird-shot at forty yards. Critter's damaged some; Mackay spent all morning picking the shot out of him.'

'I don't see how that heavy animal got over the fence,' Dawson remarked.

'It's not sure he did get over. My notion is, old man Smeddon made a hole in his fence. Wanted the boar to crawl through, so he could get even with Mack. He's a blame spiteful old insect.'

Dawson saw the men believed Smeddon had played the shabby trick, and thought it possible, although he had afterwards some grounds for doubt. He was, however, persuaded that Smeddon had gone farther than the law allowed, and told the others, who agreed. They admitted that they did not know much about the law, but declared that Smeddon knew less. Anyhow, they meant to show him it was rash to shoot their hogs.

'He can't expect us to sit up all night to watch the critters,' said one. 'It's his job to see his fence is good. But there's no use in arguing with a fellow like that; he's got to be *shown*.'

After some time, Jake thought of a plan. 'It's quite easy and ought to work,' he said. 'You only want a brush and a can of black paint.'

The others chuckled when they heard his plan, and arranged to wait for a night when the moon was young.

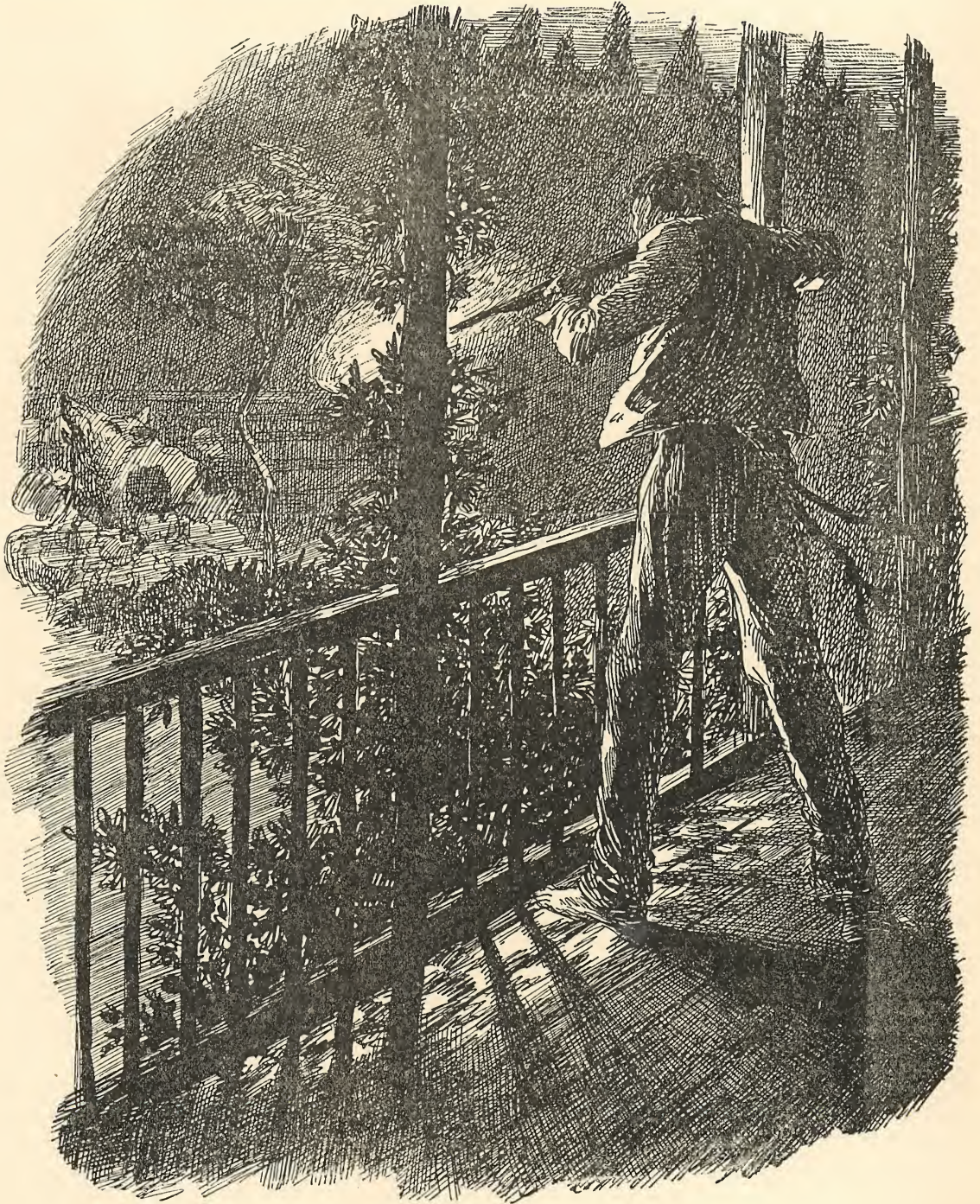
(Concluded on page 10.)





"'Well?' he said, harshly. 'What do you want?'"





"There was a flash, and the hog squealed."



## THE SPOTTED BOAR.

By HAROLD BINDLOSS,  
*Author of 'Jimmy Carteret,' etc., etc.*

(Concluded from page 7.)

IT was unfortunate that Smeddon did not know the men had tried to keep their hogs off his garden; he imagined they wanted the animals to root up his vegetables. He was domineering and obstinate, and their appeal against his dismissing Neilsen rankled. Still, he thought he had stopped Mackay's spotted boar bothering him for some time.

One evening when the moon was young he saw his hogs were safe in the pen, because he had been told there were bears about, and afterwards stood for a few minutes admiring the big white boar. It was a better animal than Mackay's, but Mackay's was not bad; in fact, he was rather jealous of Mackay, although he thought his own boar the best in the neighbourhood. Then he went to bed, leaving the window open, and presently went to sleep. He had slept for an hour or two when he was disturbed by a noise in the garden, and jumping up, half awake, ran to the window.

The moon had not long risen, and gave a puzzling light. Dark forest ran round the clearing and the ragged pine-tops threw black shadows on the ground. Tall stumps, surrounded by fern, made patches of gloom, and for a few moments all was very quiet except for the throb of the river. Smeddon searched the chequered light and shade, but saw nothing. There was a heavy dew, the night was cold, and he had turned to go back to bed, when the noise began again.

Smeddon put on some clothes and ran down to the veranda, where he stopped. One could see better here, and leaning on the rails, he looked about. A beam of silver light touched the edge of his pumpkin patch, and he thought something moved in the gloom beyond. Smeddon clenched his fist. His pumpkins were nearly ripe and one of his neighbours' hogs was raiding the patch. A hungry razor-back would eat anything, and the brute would root up and trample all it did not devour. Well, he had warned the ranchers, and had had enough. He was not going to stand for any more, and he balanced the gun he had brought. The distance to the pumpkins was about forty yards, which was as far as the gun would carry when loaded with small shot. The shot would spread and probably not injure the animal much; he did not want to kill it, but to show his neighbours they had better feed their hogs at home.

For a minute or two Smeddon waited. He could not see the hog properly and thought he had better make sure of hitting it at a fleshy spot. After all, he did not know if the law allowed one to shoot a trespassing animal or not; and its owner might go to Victoria and find out. Then an indistinct object came out of the gloom and Smeddon heard the pumpkin vines tear. The brute was pulling them up, and he gripped the gun, ready to throw it to his shoulder.

The animal moved a few yards, and Smeddon, getting hot with rage, lowered the gun. The big spotted boar stood in a pool of silver light, with the end of a trailing vine in its mouth. At the other end a massive pumpkin rolled on the ground. This was too much. Smeddon thought he had stopped the brute for a time, but it had come back, as if it had not been hurt. Besides, Mackay was his enemy; the fellow had, no

doubt, let the boar run loose, hoping it would root up his garden. Anyhow, he was not going to stand for it, and his face got red as he went quietly into the room behind the veranda. Putting down the gun, he picked up a rifle. A bullet from a .44 Winchester was a different thing from a charge of small bird-shot. He would make a good job this time: Mackay's boar would not come back to raid his pumpkins.

For all that, Smeddon had vague doubts he was too angry to indulge. Perhaps there was a risk about what he meant to do, but this did not matter. Mackay must not be allowed to put the laugh on him, and running out on the veranda, he threw up the rifle for fear his resolution failed. There was a flash, the muzzle jerked, and the hog squealed. It staggered, turned, and vanished into the gloom among the pumpkins. Then all was quiet, except for the echoes of the shot that rolled across the woods.

Smeddon felt somewhat disturbed; perhaps he had gone too far, but if so, he must get rid of his victim before anybody knew. There was a spade in the woodshed, and he ran down the steps, but crossed the garden first to see if the hog was dead. The moonlight had crept farther across the pumpkins, and a large animal, partly covered by the broad leaves, lay among the vines. Smeddon could not see it well, but he noted that it was marked by large dark spots.

He looked at the animal with satisfaction and a touch of alarm. Mackay's boar was done for, but if he was not justified in shooting the animal, his neighbours would make trouble. The sooner it was put out of sight the better, and he went for the spade. When he was coming back he stopped abruptly, for two boys leaned on the fence a few yards off. Smeddon thought he knew them, and his heart beat.

'Well?' he asked in a sharp voice. 'What are you doing here?'

'We happened along and thought we heard a shot,' said Jake.

'It's a curious time to happen along!' Smeddon rejoined, wondering whether they could see the hog among the leaves.

'Oh, well,' said Jake, 'I reckon that doesn't matter much. Somebody was shooting, and we were curious, because folks don't hunt in the dark: anyhow, not now you have stopped us using the pit-light.'

Smeddon frowned. Before he enforced the game laws, the ranchers sometimes went out with a small miner's lamp and a tin shield fastened to their hats. The shield cut off the light from the man's face and body, and when the deer came up to see what made the puzzling beam, he aimed at its reflection in the animal's shining eyes.

'Of course you were not pit-lighting,' Jake resumed. 'Looks as if you'd been shooting at a bear or somebody's hog. Say, did you get the hog?'

Smeddon did not answer, and Jake, climbing up on the fence, beckoned Dawson.

'Come on, Tom! I allow Smeddon's a pretty good shot. He's surely got something first time he fired.'

They jumped over the fence, and Smeddon set his lips when they tramped across the pumpkin vines. It was too late to send them away, and he did not know what to do.

Jake stopped beside the lifeless animal, and bent down. 'Looks very like Mack's spotted boar,' he said. 'Well, it's annoying to have one's garden patch rooted up like this, but Mack will surely be mad. He allowed he'd start for Vancouver and put a lawyer on your track



if you shot his hog again. The boys were riled about Nielsen's getting fired, and said they'd raise the dollars.'

He paused and resumed: 'The thing's awkward. What are you going to do about it?'

Smeddon gave him a keen glance. The moonlight touched the lad's face, and he looked sympathetic.

'I don't know what I'd better do. Do you think Mackay really means to put the lawyers on my track?'

'He said he did,' Jake replied. 'Now, I don't know about the law, but if I'd shot the boar, I'd get busy and bury him as soon as I could.'

'There'd be no use in burying him if you and your partner mean to tell.'

'We don't tell,' said Dawson indignantly.

Smeddon pondered. To some extent he was in their power. He wondered whether he could trust them to say nothing.

'Suppose we bury the critter quietly?' he suggested. 'What do you want?'

Dawson looked surprised. 'We haven't asked for anything, and you're a magistrate. Still, perhaps if we did shoot a buck that was treading down the crop, before the law allows—'

'Well,' said Smeddon, 'I couldn't get after you unless I was told officially about the thing.'

'Now Nielsen's gone, there's nobody to tell you officially,' Jake interposed. 'Say, don't you think you'd better put the old man back? The boys all want him, and if you agreed, they wouldn't be keen on helping Mackay to make trouble when he can't find his boar.'

'I'll think about it,' Smeddon promised. 'It's possible we can fix up something if Nielsen's not too obstinate.'

Jake turned to Dawson. 'We had better help him, Tom. Where do you keep your tools, Mr. Smeddon?'

Smeddon said there was a grub-hoe and another spade in the shed, and in a few minutes they got to work. The light had moved no farther across the ground, because the moon was now behind a clump of towering firs, and they were forced to dig in the dark. When the hole was deep enough, they dragged the boar to its edge, and, rolling the body in, threw back the soil. After this, the boys carried some branches from the slashing, where chopped trees waited to be burned, and strewed them about the spot.

'That's done,' said Dawson, hiding a smile. 'Rather a waste of pork, but nobody's going to know we've had a funeral!' He paused, and when they walked into the moonlight gave Smeddon a confidential look. 'Anyhow, since we have butted in, we can't talk.'

Then they went off, and when they reached the trail Jake leaned against a tree and laughed.

'My side's sore: I want to stop, but can't,' he said. 'We've surely put the joke on old man Smeddon. I'd like to be around when he finds out in the morning.'

He pulled himself together, and going on again, they met a group of men lurking in the shadow by the trail.

'We heard somebody shooting,' said one. 'Did your plan work? Have you put it over?'

'It worked all right,' Jake replied, and the others chuckled with rather grim enjoyment when they heard his tale.

'Now,' said Jake to Dawson, 'we want to hustle and get back into the ranch without anybody hearing us.'

Next morning Smeddon went to look if he had hidden the boar's grave properly. On the whole, he was satisfied. There would be no trouble about the matter if he could trust the boys, and their manner had implied

that he could. The alarm he had felt at night had gone. After all, he had punished Mackay for meddling, and the hog would not root up his vegetables again. As he was going back to the house, however, he stopped with a jerk, and wondered whether his eyes had deceived him. Mackay's spotted boar was walking up the road.

The thing looked impossible, but when he ran down to the fence, the boar turned and grunted, as if it defied him. He had twice shot the animal, the last time with a rifle, but there it was, walking about as if it had never been hurt, and obviously looking for a hole in his fence. The pesky creature must have a charmed life! He had not dreamt he shot it; the boys had helped him to dig its grave. He could see their footprints in the soil he had recently hoed.

Then Smeddon was seized by a horrible doubt, and ran to his hog-pen. His fine white boar was not there, but the gate was open, and going for a spade, he began to dig with savage haste. The sweat ran down his face as he threw the soil about, and he gasped; but at length the hole was deep enough, and he dropped the spade. Then the veins swelled on his forehead, and he clenched his fist, for the animal whose body he uncovered was not Mackay's. The spots he thought he knew had been made with paint.

## QUEEN FLORA'S PICNIC.

QUEEN FLORA gave a picnic,  
The first warm day in spring,  
And all her guests came wearing  
The very latest thing.

Miss Snowdrop came quite early,  
Her frock was white, you know,  
With green embroidered petticoat  
Just peeping out below.

Sir Crocus wore gold satin,  
But he was heard to say,  
He'd cloaks of white and purple  
For later in the day.

Miss Daisy, she came tripping,  
Afraid she might be late;  
Her dress of rose-edged chiffon  
Was clearly up-to-date.

Miss Violet joined the party,  
Her suit of softest blue  
Was freshly, sweetly scented,  
And flecked with diamond dew.

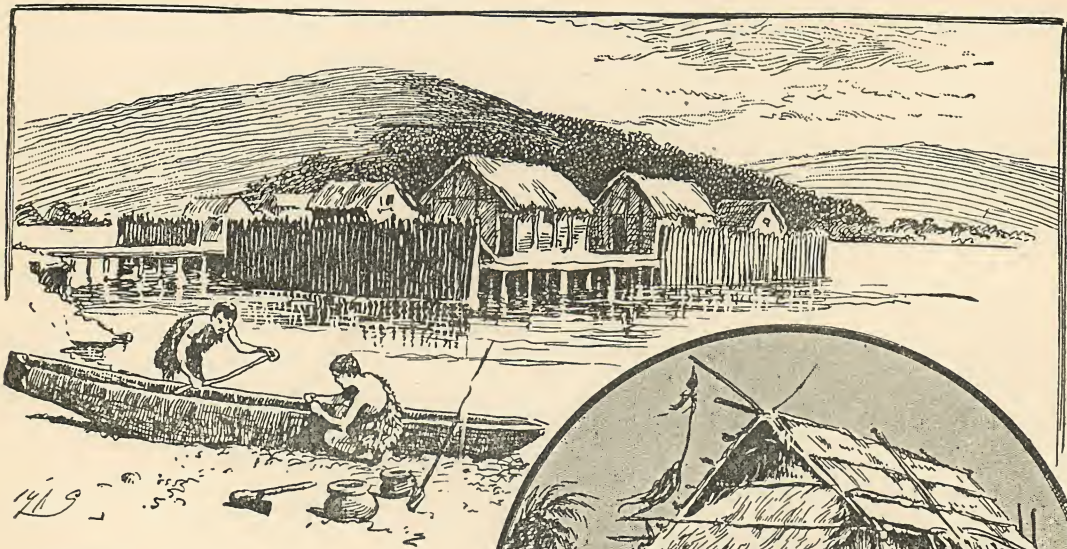
Sir Jonquil, clad in yellow,  
His sister all in white,  
Tripped gaily through the grasses,  
With step so free and light.

When 'Snow upon the Mountain'  
A carpet white had spread,  
Queen Flora and her maidens  
Advanced with dainty tread.

The thrush supplied the music,  
The midges led the play,  
The south wind helped the frolic  
That most delightful day.

AMY WHIPPLE.





Probable appearance of  
Ancient Lake-dwelling.

[The stockade on right side of village is omitted to show arrangement of supporting piles.]

### BURIED CITIES.

#### I.—PRE-HISTORIC BURIED CITIES.

**B**URIED cities. We shall find them all over the world; in Italy, where ancient Rome lies beneath modern buildings, and half Pompeii is still covered with the ashes and dust of Vesuvius; in Asia, where the huge ruins of Babylon and Nineveh are being excavated; in Africa, where the desert sands have drifted over the temples of Thebes; and even in America, where great towns, that were old when Columbus sailed across the Atlantic, are crumbling to decay among the dank undergrowth of tropical forests.

Five hundred years old, a thousand years, six thousand years: the centuries seem to melt away as if by magic when the ancient writings on tablets and tomb walls are deciphered, and we learn the names of the kings, and see the jewels and household furniture and children's toys that were made and used all those ages ago. But there are other cities in the world that are older still, and that have their origin in the dim, mysterious days before histories were written, and when men were first beginning to build huts and rough stone cabins instead of being content with the rocky caves and holes which had satisfied their even more uncivilised ancestors.

In England pre-historic settlements were usually fortified camps, with earthworks or strong walls surrounding an enclosure, where a number of people with their sheep and cattle could live in safety. Traces of these unburied villages—for they can hardly be called cities—are found all over England, and in some places we can trace the stone circles of the huts and see the



Modern pile-dwelling  
New Guinea.

doorways, the hearthstones, and the rough platforms which served as benches or sleeping-places.

The roofs of these huts were made of turf or heather, and they must have been very much like the little cabins which may still be seen in some parts of Ireland and in the highlands of Scotland.

While some tribes of pre-historic men lived in their walled or entrenched camps, others preferred water as a defence, and built huts in lakes on artificial islands, which were only connected with the shore by narrow wooden causeways.

Many of these strange villages have lately been discovered in the peat marshes that border some of the Swiss lakes, but although little remains now but the strong piles driven into the mud, it is not difficult to picture what they were like, for buried in the peat below are found fragments of pottery, jewels, weapons, implements, and even remains of food and clothing, which help us to realise what the life of those men and women of the far-away Stone Age must have been.

They were a small race, so archaeologists tell us, for the arrow heads and flint axes that they used are so tiny and daintily fashioned that they look almost like



toys, while the bracelets and other ornaments worn by the women are also of fairy-like proportions.

Some people, indeed, believe that these Swiss lake-dwellers came from the East—from India, perhaps—where the natives are slender and small-boned, and that they brought with them in their migration the sheep, ponies, and cattle which they are known to have kept on their strange island homes.

The houses, which must have been very much like the Malay and Dyak huts still to be seen at the mouths of Eastern rivers, were built of clay and wattle, with high thatched roofs. There were holes in the floors through which fish could be caught, and posts to which the little children were tied so that they might not fall into the deep water and be drowned.

The platforms on which these villages were constructed were often very large, so that there was room for cattle pens, little gardens, and even patches of corn outside the houses.

From these primitive villages we go southward across the Alps, and in the Mediterranean find a real buried city, a Pompeii of the Stone Age, which has been hidden out of sight for thousands of years beneath the ashes and scoræ of some pre-historic volcanic eruption.

This wonderful city is situated on the island of

Therasia, but it had been buried for so long that its very existence was forgotten until the middle of the nineteenth century, when, stone being wanted for the great breakwaters of the Suez Canal, the old quarries were reopened, and it was discovered that beneath the surface of the ground were blocks of masonry which had been hewn and fashioned by the flint implements of Stone Age workmen.

These houses of Therasia were large and well built—very different from the frail huts of the cave-dwellers, and in them hand mills for grinding corn, oil presses, rough pottery, and feeding-troughs for cattle have been found.

A great part of the town was, it is evident, overwhelmed by a tidal wave which followed the eruption, but in spite of its dangers the district did not long remain uninhabited, and there are fragments of clay jars and flint implements above, as well as below, the crust of ashes with which the ancient dwelling-places are covered. Later on Phœnician merchants settled in Therasia, and we find traces of their skill and industry mingled with those of the earlier Neolithic inhabitants of the island.

In Italy there are many buried cities which date from pre-historic times, for before Rome was founded the



Colossal Statues  
on Easter Island



country was inhabited by the Etruscans, who have left behind the ruins of Clusum, Veii, Tusculum, and many other large and fortified towns.

These people were clearly an artistic and highly civilised race, but none of their inscriptions have been deciphered, and we know nothing of their origin nor of their history until it becomes interwoven with that of their Roman neighbours and rivals.

Our knowledge of the Etruscans, indeed, is gained chiefly from their tombs, which were built like the dwelling-houses themselves, with halls and chambers, and with walls decorated with paintings and sculpture.

The bodies of the dead were placed on stone slabs, and with them were buried jewels and other treasures.

One of these ancient sculptures was accidentally discovered in 1823 by a peasant who was digging in his field. The spade penetrated into a cavern, and, looking through the aperture, the man saw before him the figure of a soldier in full armour, and with his weapons at his side.

Other bodies of ancient Etruscans have been found, but these always crumble into dust after being exposed for a few minutes to the outer air. The tombs themselves remain, however, and the pictures with which they are decorated show us what life was like in those mysterious pre-historic days, when the twelve great cities of Etruria were leagued against their enemies, and Tusculum, with its strong fortifications, claimed to have been founded by Telegonus, the son of Ulysses.

It is not only in Europe that old cities and traces of bygone civilisation may be seen. These strange relics are scattered all over the world, and even in the South Sea Islands there are stones and monuments that remind us of the Druidical temples of Stonehenge and Brittany. The most wonderful of these prehistoric remains are in Easter Island, where there are hundreds of great statues carved out of red and grey lava, and massive stone huts that look as if they might have been built by a race of giants. No one knows who made these images nor what they represent. Some day, perhaps, the hieroglyphics that have been inscribed on stones and blocks of wood in Easter Island will be deciphered, and we shall learn something about the origin, history, religion, and life of this buried city of the Pacific.

### DIFFICULT LANGUAGES.

IN some languages the same sound is used for ever so many different things. Even in English there are words and sounds with more than one meaning. The word 'box,' for instance, has at least six meanings. 'Glass' does duty not only for a very useful vitreous substance, but also for a mirror, a drinking-vessel, a barometer, a telescope, and several other things. Or think of the various senses in which the word 'case' is used. You can easily recall many English words which have a double or a triple meaning—to say nothing of words which are spelt differently and mean quite different things, yet have the same sound.

In Japanese, such pitfalls for foreigners are far more numerous and bewildering. The sound *ki*, for example, has no less than *seventy-two* different meanings! In writing, each of these seventy-two words has a distinct Japanese character all to itself, yet all are pronounced *ki*.

Chinese is also a very difficult language. In some cases the *tone* in which a word is spoken makes all the

difference. A European lady living in China, desiring some little article of food for the household, used the wrong tone, and told her cook to bring her 'the city gate.'

The speech of the Hottentots consists largely of clicks and clucking sounds. A Frenchman, arriving at Annam, said that when he heard the natives—especially the women—speak, he gave up all hope of ever learning their language, which, he said, was just like the twittering of birds.

### A PRINCE'S GRATITUDE.

IN the far-away time of the Indian Mutiny there was formed between two men a friendship, which had most happy results, in a little village of Oxfordshire. One of these men was an Englishman named Edward Anderdon Reade, the other was the Maharajah Ishree, of Benares. In those troubled days, Mr. Reade had helped the Indian prince very much by his wise counsels. Ishree desired to show his gratitude by conferring some personal favour on his friend, but Mr. Reade would not accept anything of the kind. The Maharajah, however, persisted. Was there *nothing* he could do to please the other?

Then a happy thought came to Mr. Reade. He remembered the great need of his native village on the top of the Chiltern Hills, which had no reliable water supply. So he suggested that the Prince should provide a well for the use of the inhabitants. Ishree welcomed the idea. As a resident in India, he knew well what lack of water meant, and so he could sympathise with the English villagers. He placed at his friend's disposal a large sum of money, and an excellent well was made.

Even this truly princely benefaction did not satisfy the generous Maharajah. He not only paid for the digging of the well; he also provided a fund for keeping it in working order. For this purpose he bought some property in the neighbourhood—a field called 'Cherry-tree Mead' and a house and garden. A 'Warden of the Well' lives, rent-free, in the house. The garden, too, is his. Cherry-tree Mead brings in sufficient money to keep the well in repair, and to pay the Warden a nominal salary of thirty shillings a year. According to the terms of the gift, the Mead must always contain one hundred and one trees. If one dies, it is immediately replaced, and thus the value of the field is maintained.

The well is three hundred and sixty-eight feet deep. Its donor and his friend have passed away, but their good work remains. Even in the driest season the supply of water never fails. E. D.

### THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By W. RAINY.

(Continued from page 3.)

UNCLE SOWERBY had risen to his feet, placed both hands in his trousers pockets, drew himself up to his full height, expanded his shirt-front, and addressed Uncle William.

'Most conclusive. What do you say, Dixon? Most conclusive; and this artist would be a man who understood the value of the "Reynolds," and probably also



the means of disposing of a masterpiece of art of this description. No doubt he marched away with it under the very eyes of Master Victor here.'

Uncle William, thus directly appealed to, placed his thumbs in the armholes of his spacious waistcoat, and looked up at the ceiling reflectively as he said, 'It seems to me a clear case, but I don't see that Victor is to blame in the matter at all. I think the boys have done the best that was possible, and have acted very promptly in placing the affair in the hands of the authorities and wiring to us.'

'I am not blaming the boys,' replied Uncle Sowerby tartly; 'the fault lies on older shoulders. I think it was a most blameworthy proceeding to leave the house in this unprotected condition. Two thoughtless boys and a deaf old woman in charge of such valuable property. It was nothing less than an invitation to dishonest folk.'

'Perhaps so,' replied the occupant of the great arm-chair, who still gazed at the ceiling and watched the swaying of a silky cable which had become detached from an ancient cobweb in the corner. 'But what could Jack do—ordered to the Front at a moment's notice, as you might say? He was anxious to let the place, and naturally you can't let a place without allowing people to look over it. These people—at any rate, the lady and gentleman—had the usual order from the house-agents. Jack had cleared out all the plate and knick-knacks, and they are in safe keeping. There was really nothing of value left that was movable, except this unlucky "Reynolds." Poor Jack will be awfully cut up about it. He could have got a couple of thousand for it, I know for a fact. But he wouldn't have parted with it, however hard pressed he might be for ready money. He'd have reckoned that he was breaking the commandments and dishonouring his father and mother. It has been in the family over a hundred and forty years. Poor old Jack! If it had been mine, it wouldn't have mattered. I don't know the difference between a "Reynolds" and a chromo-lithograph, and don't come of an aristocratic family. A tendency to balk is about all I've inherited from my forbears.'

Uncle Sowerby returned to the business in hand, and subjected his victim to further examination.

'You've seen this artist before?'

'Scores of times,' muttered Vic dully.

'Scores of times,' repeated his uncle. 'Say two scores, that's forty times, and he was in the village a week. You must have spent the whole time in his company. Did he say where he was going when he left to catch the—er—4.48 train? Not that it matters much what he said; it is not likely that he would give himself away. Now, the lady and gentleman—were they carrying anything of a suspicious nature when they left the house?'

'No; the gentleman had a walking-stick and the lady an umbrella and small handbag; but she was wearing a long waterproof that would have hidden anything.'

'How long did they remain in the house after the artist had left?'

'About ten minutes, or maybe a quarter of an hour.'

'Did no one else call at this time, or after—are you quite sure?'

'No one, except the baker, who went round to the back door.'

'There's a point here wants clearing up,' said Uncle

Sowerby, frowning heavily at his notes. 'If we assume, for the sake of argument, that the artist stole the "Reynolds," how was it that the lady and gentleman who remained in the house ten minutes or a quarter of an hour longer, did not see that the portrait was gone? Query: were they out of the gallery where the portrait hung, and in another portion of the house, the latter part of the time the artist was there, and did not return to it? This point wants clearing up; I must question Mrs. Horn about it.'

He took one long stride from the hearthrug to the door, to press the electric bell which was fixed beside it, when the door opened in his face. It was the good woman herself, and if she had been younger, and less slow in all her movements, she would have dealt Uncle Sowerby such a blow on his prominent nose that his peculiar style of beauty would have been permanently affected. As it was, his nose was grazed by the edge of the door, and his pince-nez sent flying into the fender by the violence with which he started back.

Uncle Sowerby's temper was not improved by this unexpected opening of hostilities on the part of the enemy, when he himself was about to take the offensive. 'Why in the world don't you knock at the door before you enter?' he cried in a sufficiently incisive tone to penetrate the dulllest ear.

'If you please, sir. I did, sir—three times,' Mrs. Horn retorted with dignity.

Doubtless this was true, for, like all deaf people, Mrs. Horn spoke either in a faint whisper or very loudly, and apparently her method of announcing herself had similar defects; certainly no one in the room had heard any sound.

This little incident was a choice morsel to the two lads, who for the moment quite recovered their moral tone, and Phil made such an effort to strangle a gurgle in his throat that Uncle William could not but notice it, and was fain to draw out his handkerchief and blow his nose as a safety-valve.

Mrs. Horn had come to lay the cloth for a substantial meat tea, for Uncle Sowerby's visit was to be but brief, as he had to return to London the same evening. The times were exacting to men of business importance, when the cry for 'munitions' and 'more munitions' was ringing through the land. Uncle Sowerby's works, like many others, were being pulled to pieces and reconstructed to undertake Government contracts.

Uncle Sowerby now tried to adjust his pince-nez, but with poor effect; it was badly twisted, and would not sit comfortably on his grazed nose, but lopped sideways or fell on his plate in a most disconcerting manner. So much do little things affect the greatest of us, that even Uncle Sowerby did not return to the official inquiry into the disappearance of the 'Reynolds' with the same zest and insistence on detail as before, and Vic was left in comparative peace to eat his leg of cold fowl and give an account of the visit of the detective. In this latter Phil was able to bear a part, for he had been on the scene when the official arrived. He asserted with youthful impudence that the detective might be a Sherlock Holmes, but did not look it; that if he had been a little more observant, he might have passed for a farmer; but even leather gaiters and the floppiest of coats, with gamekeeper's pockets for carrying a rabbit or two, wouldn't quite have done it—the policeman would out.

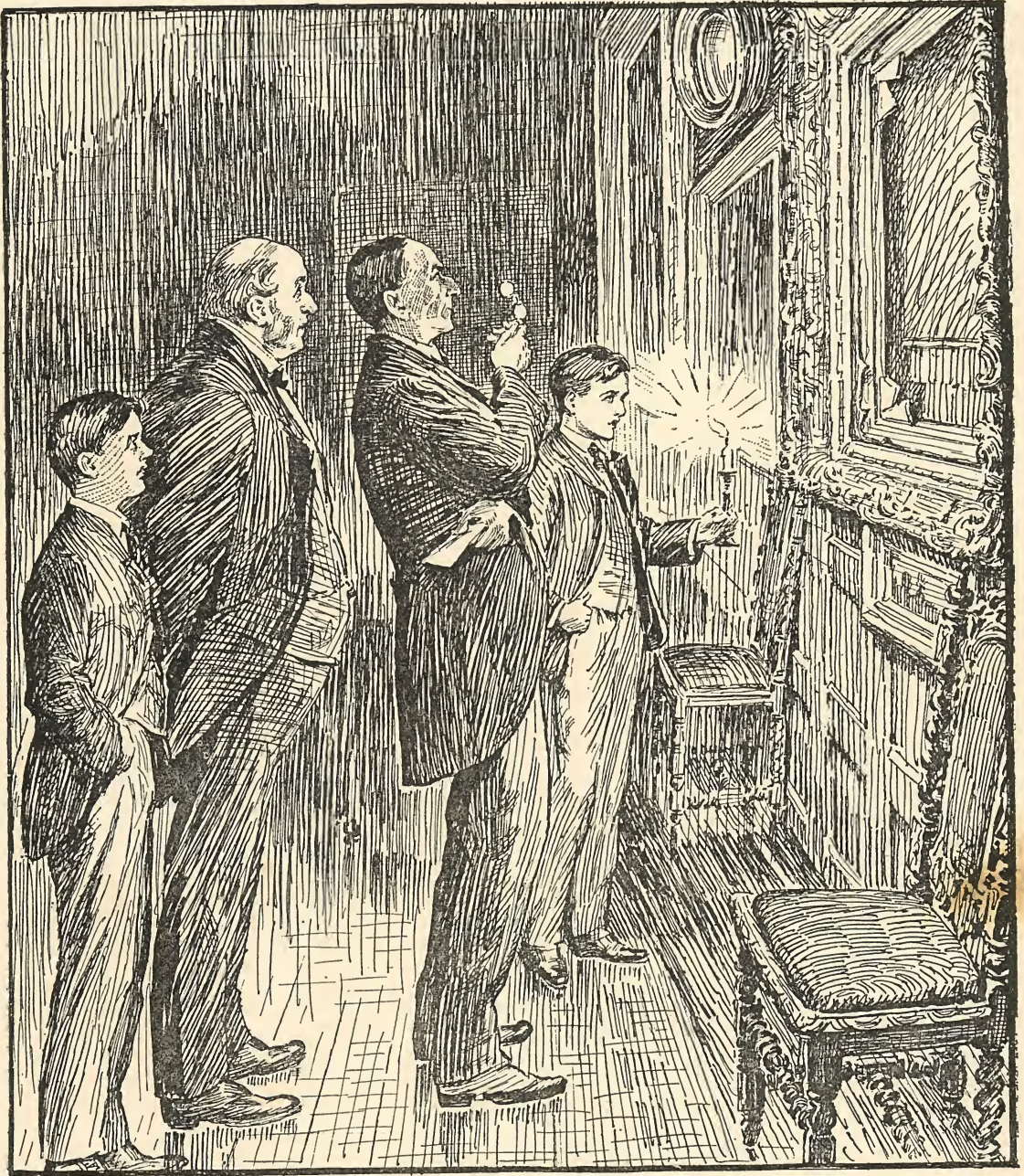
(Continued on page 18.)





“‘Why in the world don’t you knock at the door before you enter?’ he cried.”





"Where was the glowing masterpiece that had filled the gaping space?"



**THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'**

BY W. RAINEY.

(Continued from page 15.)

PHIL'S levity was astonishing when he had once broken the ice. He roundly asserted that the 'tec went all over the house and examined the shutters and bolts, although there was no question but that the robbery had taken place in broad daylight, and he believed he looked in the copper and under all the beds.

'And when we all went to the "Dolphin,"' he said, 'to interview the gentleman visitor, it was as good as a play. First he tried the pose of the "majesty of the Law," but soon dropped into humble apology. The gent did the surprised and pained, with a dash of swank, to perfection.'

Uncle Sowerby took him severely to task, and talked about presumption and conceit, and said some awfully cutting things, and even Uncle William joined mildly in the same vein. Phil didn't seem to mind; he was in one of his mad fits. He fixed his eyes on Uncle Sowerby's grazed nose and seemed to draw an unholy inspiration from it, till Uncle Sowerby raised his voice an octave higher, pushed back his chair, and there he stood, crumpling up the time-table in his hand, exclaiming, 'I don't want to know your opinion, young man; I want to know what the detective thought of the case. You may have had a great deal of experience of the world in the course of your sixteen years, but I prefer to know the opinion of the trained expert.'

'Oh, for the matter of that,' said Phil coolly, 'his opinion was the same as yours, sir. He was cocksure that the artist stole the "Reynolds," and by this time he's miles off on the wrong scent.'

Uncle Sowerby turned a deaf ear and addressed Uncle William: 'It's a comfort to know, Dixon, that the case is in the hands of competent persons, and that these lads had sufficient gumption to lose no time in communicating with them. I called at Scotland Yard on my way down, but the officer who had charge of the case was absent: I shall call there again immediately on my return to town.'

Uncle Sowerby completed his study of the time-table through one glass of his pince-nez, and then went out into the back regions to clear up the point with Mrs. Horn. From the sound of voices which reached the dining-room, the clearing-up process was stormy: evidently the housekeeper's temper was still ruffled from the first encounter, and her 'horn was exalted' as Phil remarked as he struggled to twist a very bulgy serviette into an impossible ring.

Uncle William was to spend the night at Appledrum Manor, his time being of less value than that of Uncle Sowerby. As the closing ceremony of the visit of the latter they proceeded in single file to the gallery—a long and draughty room where the immortal 'Reynolds' had lorded it over a few amateurish landscapes and a still-life subject, properly so designated. Vic led the way with a guttering candle; Uncle Sowerby followed, raising his pince-nez to one eye: behind him the portly figure of Uncle William, with head bent and hands at his back, and Phil, returned to due sobriety, bringing up the rear. The effect was dismal. There hung the massive ornate frame of carved wood overlaid with gilt—none of your modern plaster—with the

elaborate scroll-work springing from the gilt tablet beneath, which bore the inscription—

'REGINALD LESTRANGE, BART.  
B. 1722. D. 1790.'

Where was the glowing masterpiece which, but the day before, had filled the gaping space above?

Appledrum Manor is a square, unpretentious old house of red brick, with a small Greek portico; a lawn in front, an extensive garden at the back, a high fruit wall on one side, and on the other—the weather side—out-buildings and a screen of old and rugged cedars which, on windy nights, groan and creak dismally. It is situate in the county of Sussex, one mile and three-quarters from the cathedral city of Chichester. There are no windows facing north, where the only interesting country lies, but those who are young enough to delight in climbing a high wall, or find pleasure in mounting from one strata to another of the great cedars, have a fine view of the South Downs beyond the cathedral spire, from the wooded clumps of Goodwood on the right to the forts on Portsdown Hill on the left.

Here had lived many generations of the Lestrangle family, and its present owner was Colonel Lestrangle, serving with His Majesty's Expeditionary Force in France. For the time being it was dominated by Victor John, only son of the above, and his faithful friend and ally for good or evil, Philip U. Kinchin. This young gentleman drew a veil over the 'U.' which represented his second Christian name. It was a name, he asserted in a moment of confidence, enough to make any self-respecting boy blush. Vic was the only boy at school who knew it, and he never used it except as a last resort when they happened to quarrel, which was not more than once a week, and then only when their relations had reached breaking-point. But in history things must out—his name was Philip Ulysses Kinchin, 'as if Kinchin were not bad enough,' he hissed between his teeth; 'but that other —' Phil's father and mother being in India, he was very much at his own disposal, and was spending the summer holiday with his schoolfellow much to his own satisfaction. The only other occupant of the manor was Mrs. Horn, called by Vic, 'the last of the retainers,' the 'Golden Horn,' the 'Cornucopia,' &c.

Teddy, the boot-boy, figured in the household, but did not sleep in the house. He may be described as being generally useful, as he bore the blame of most of the things that went wrong in the household economy of Mrs. Horn and in the domain of the old man who came three days a week to 'do the garden.' They were delicious but stormy days for Teddy: now that the young gentlemen ruled the Manor House, he was commandeered for every sort of sporting service; but Mrs. Horn and old Chapman, being left in the lurch, did not fail to retaliate. His was a chequered career during the holidays.

(Continued on page 31.)

**THE LITTLE GREEN MEN WITH THE  
LITTLE RED HOODS.**

THE little green men with the little red hoods  
Are dancing and prancing about in the woods.  
The hares and the rabbits no longer are shy,  
They leap and they hop, as the green men go by—  
The man in the moon knows about it!



Each little green man doffs his little red hood  
To each Jenny Wren, as a gentleman should;  
The Fairies are just a bit jealous, I'm told,  
And dear Robin Redbreast, so gallant and bold,—  
The man in the moon knows about it!

The little green men with the little red hoods,  
They talk to the trees, and the flowers, and the buds;  
They race with the squirrels up highest of trees,  
And swing, while the branches are swayed in the breeze,—  
The man in the moon knows about it!

I'd be a wee man with a little red hood,  
And play with the Fairies, if only I could.  
Then in all the nurseries softly I'd creep:  
The babies would know me, and laugh in their sleep,—  
The man in the moon knows about it!

AGNES DAY.

### BAB'S PUPPY.

'I WANT a real live doggie like Nora's,' said Babs fretfully one day.

Mollie sighed. Babs wanted so many things, and Father couldn't afford to give them presents now. Mother had died not very long ago after a long illness, and he had had to pay such a big bill to the doctor; and then there was the war, and Mollie had often heard Father say that the war made a lot of difference to his income; and though he worked very hard, there was only just enough money to keep Tods, who was thirteen, at school, and to keep their little home together. Mollie was eleven, and Mother had told her before she died that she must look after Father and make everything as happy as possible for Babs, who was only six and could not understand about the war.

'You shall have one of my baby bunnies,' said Mollie, 'for your very own.'

'I don't like bunnies; I want a real live doggie that will bark and wag his tail and do tricks.'

'Never mind, Babs; perhaps you'll have one some day; jump on my back and I'll give you a ride.'

Babs clapped her hands with delight and her little blue eyes sparkled; the next moment she was on Mollie's back, laughing and chatting away, the much-wished-for doggie quite forgotten.

But that night, after they were both tucked up in bed, Mollie heard her whisper, 'Please, dear fairies, give me a real live doggie. Father and Mollie won't give me one, so, little fairies, please be kind and send me one.' Mollie lay quite still and pretended she was fast asleep, and had not heard what Babs had said; but she could not sleep that night. Mother had said she was to make Babs happy, and Babs would never be happy until she had a doggie of her own. But how could she, Mollie, get her one? She only had a penny a week, and it would take many weeks, in fact it would be years, before she could save up enough to buy a doggie for Babs. At last, after much turning and tossing, she fell asleep.

Next morning, old Anna, who looked after their small house and mended their clothes and mothered them since their Mother had died, sent Mollie to the market to buy a few eggs. Suddenly her eye caught a card on a stall: 'Young Rabbits, 1/3 each'; and below she saw a hutch with five little white rabbits just like her own.

In an instant she had made up her mind. She walked up to the owner of the stall. 'Do you buy those rabbits to sell?'

'Yes, miss; do you want to buy one?' the man replied. 'Only one shilling and threepence each.'

'No, thank you; but I have seven little one just like that.'

'Well, miss, if ever you wants to part with them, just you let me know, and I'll give you a shilling each for them.'

'Would you *really*?' Mollie pondered a moment, then said a little hesitatingly, 'Will you buy six of mine?' The man nodded.

'I'll go and fetch then in a basket,' she answered. Quickly she bought her eggs and ran home, gave them to Anna, and then went off to the rabbits. 'I *must* keep Topsy,' she murmured as she put them one by one into her basket. Six she packed in carefully after a kiss and hug to each, then she covered them up and went back to the stall. Six beautiful bright silver shillings he counted one by one into her trembling little hand. Then with one last lingering look she turned away. A little farther up was the dog-place. She looked all round; then a wee mongrel puppy caught her eye. 'Oh, please,' she said to the woman, 'how much is that puppy?'

'Nine and sixpence, missy,' she answered.

'Nine shillings and sixpence.' Mollie paused.

She had six shillings there, and one shilling and sixpence at home saved up from each week; altogether it was only seven and six. She *must* get that dog for Babs. How could she get the other two and sixpence? There was 'Topsy.' Her mother's last wish, 'Make Babs happy,' passed through her mind. She no longer hesitated. She would sell 'Topsy,' and get another shilling.

'I have only eight and sixpence!' She looked pleadingly up at the woman.

She was a good-natured motherly soul, and as she looked down on the thin, pleading little face, framed with golden curls, and the short shabby frock, her heart was touched.

'Very well, missy, you shall have him for eight shillings and sixpence.'

'Will you keep him for an hour, and then I'll be back?' The woman nodded.

Mollie ran back to the hutch. She took out 'Topsy.' The tears trickled down her little face. 'Good-bye, "Topsy," darling, she sobbed, kissing it, and putting it into her basket. She emptied her money-box, and then walked back to the man at the rabbit stall. 'Will you buy just one more?' and her voice shook.

He gave her another shilling, and Mollie then went on to the dog-woman. She gave her the money, and took the dog in her arms.

She took him home, and as she passed the hutch he wagged his tail, and licked her hands as if to console her.

'After all, I have my dear old mother-rabbit,' she murmured.

Babs came running down the path; she caught sight of the puppy. 'Oh, have the fairies really sent me that? Is he really for me?'

Mollie nodded. 'All for your very own,' and she placed the puppy in Babs' chubby little arms.

'It has made Babs happy,' she said to herself, as she turned over in bed that night, 'and that was what Mother told me to do.'

DORIS M. NEWCOMB.





LITTLE Tommy Newcome lived with his father, his stepmother, his two stepbrothers, and his fat nurse—Sarah—in a house at Clapham, ‘surrounded by lawns and gardens, pineries, graperies, aviaries—luxuries of all kinds.’ It was separated from the outer world ‘by a thick hedge of tall trees and an ivy-covered porter’s gate, through which they who travelled to London on the top of the Clapham coach could only get a glimpse of the bliss within.’ Yet it was a serious kind of bliss. ‘As you entered at the gate, gravity fell on you. . . . The butcher’s boy, who galloped his horse and cart madly about the adjoining lanes and commons . . . delivered his joints and sweet-breads silently at the servants’ entrance. The rooks in the elms cawed sermons, morning and evening; the peacocks walked demurely on the terraces; the guinea-fowls looked more quaker-like than those savoury birds usually do.’ One may guess that the only person at the Hermitage who was *not* serious was Tommy, and no doubt his two little stepbrothers, Hobson and Brian, but they were almost too young to count.

Nurse Sarah, for one, found the house altogether too stiff and grand—she had taken care of Tommy when they lived in a cottage, which was very much more to her liking. However, Tommy’s fondness for her, and ‘the scrapes he got into,’ induced her to remain with him until he was old enough to go to school. Sarah was a Lancashire woman. She used to tell Tommy stories about witches when he was in bed at night, which was the only time when he would keep still and listen to what was said to him. In the daytime, Tommy would play tricks and smash windows, make raids upon the peaches in the garden and the jam in the house-keeper’s store-room. He upset his stepbrothers in the go-cart—in short, there was little of a mischievous

kind which Tommy did not do; but if Sarah could not make him well-behaved, at least she comforted him when he had been punished, which was very often indeed, or when he cried over the long hymns he was set to learn by his tutor.

At last Tommy was sent to Grey Friars School (Charterhouse), exchanging with delight ‘the splendour of Clapham for the rough, plentiful fare of the place, blacking his master’s shoes with perfect readiness, till he rose in the school, and the time came when he should have a fag of his own . . . bartering a black eye, per bearer, against a bloody nose, with a school-fellow, and shaking hands the next day; playing at cricket, hockey, prisoner’s base, and football, according to the season; and gorging himself and his friends with tarts, when he had money (and of this he had plenty) to spend. In short, Tommy enjoyed school life so much that he did not care to go home for a holiday now that Sally, his nurse, had gone to her own home in Lancashire. At Clapham he was always bringing down on himself his stepmother’s anger (which he certainly deserved); but when he had scarlet fever Sarah could not have been more watchful or affectionate than Mrs. Newcome showed herself to be. ‘She nursed him through his illness; allowed his food and medicine to be administered by no other hand; sat up with the boy through a night of his fever, and uttered not one single word of reproach when . . . young Tommy, in his temporary delirium, mistaking her for Nurse Sarah, addressed her as his dear, fat Sally . . . and, jumping up in his little bed, forgetful of his previous fancy, vowed that he would put on his clothes and run away to Sally.’

Now, this, when he was quite well, was what Tommy actually did. He ran away, not from school, but from





"Tommy appeared one morning at Sarah's cottage."



home, and appeared one morning at Sarah's cottage, two hundred miles from Clapham. He looked gaunt, hungry, and tired, and Sarah kissed him and cried over him, and put him to bed. He was roused from sleep by the arrival of his father, whip in hand, for Mr. Newcome had guessed at once whither the young runaway had fled.

'Seeing this instrument in the parent's hand, as Mr. Newcome pushed out the weeping, trembling Sarah and closed the door upon her, Tommy, scared out of a sweet sleep and a delightful dream of cricket, knew his fate; and getting out of bed, received his punishment without a word. When it was over, the boy held out his hand and said, "I can—I can take it from you, sir." Saying which, his eyes filled with tears for the first time, whereupon his father 'embraced the boy and kissed him, besought and prayed him to be rebellious no more. . . . The three dined together in Sarah's cottage.'

Fortunately, this incident was the means of 'a great and happy reconciliation. Mrs. Newcome never made the slightest allusion to Tom's absence after his return, but was quite gentle and affectionate with him, and that very night, read the parable of the Prodigal in a very low and quiet voice.'

Years afterwards, when Tom Newcome had become a good and brave soldier, and had a son and grandson of his own, he would often go to see his old nurse, Sally, at her cottage in Lancashire. When she grew infirm, he caused her to be well taken care of: and, indeed, when you have read *The Newcomes*, by William Makepeace Thackeray, you will understand that, for a man of his character, it was impossible to do otherwise. You will read how it happened that he ended his life poor, but not unhappy, within the walls of Grey Friars School, and how his Nurse Sarah could never understand why he had not been made a baronet!

JOYCE COBB.

### WOODEN CYCLE TYRES.

WHEN school is over, or the holidays begin, and you dash out into the country on your bicycle, just give one thought to something which the British Navy makes it possible for you to use. Your bicycle would not be so comfortable, would it, without its rubber tyres? And every bit of rubber has to come across the sea. In Germany, in the fourth year of the war, they have no rubber. All the boys and girls are riding upon wooden tyres! These are made in curved sections, some half-a-dozen sections to each wheel, and bolted on. Motor-cars are run on all sorts of spring arrangements, and the Kaiser is the only man allowed real rubber tyres for his car.

### SANDY THE BOLD.

SANDY sat on a basket-work chair on the veranda. Outside, the mid-day sun beat down on the dried-up compound. It was very hot and it would be hotter still before the day was done. Every day was bringing nearer the hot weather, which comes like a cruel unrelenting foe to the plains of India.

Sandy's small white face wore a worried expression. He was thinking—thinking so hard that there was a row of wrinkles across his forehead.

He was asking himself why he was always in disgrace.

Many times he had no real intention of being naughty, but before he realised it he was doing something he ought not to do. 'There is hardly a day in which I have not to punish you, Sandy,' Aunt Dorothy told him more than once.

During two days Sandy believed it was his red hair that was the cause of his troubles. He overheard the regimental doctor's wife, Mrs. Smith, telling Aunt Dorothy that red-haired children were always difficult to bring up.

The next day he took his aunt's scissors and cut off all his golden-red curls, but only more trouble followed. When Aunt Dorothy discovered her dressing-table covered with hair and her nephew with a shorn, untidy head, she sent him to bed without supper. Sandy was too proud and angry to give an explanation of his conduct; besides, Aunt Dorothy never waited to hear what her small nephew had to say in his own defence. Perhaps that was more than half the cause of the trouble. She was always in such a hurry to be off to ride, or play tennis, that she never had time to make friends with Sandy. She did not mean to be unkind to him, but she was very young and she had come to India to have a good time, as well as look after her brother's motherless little boy.

Sandy next sought the advice of Anne Macdonald, the Colonel's youngest daughter. Anne was two years older than Sandy, and, being one of six children, was wise for her years.

'You're really not naughtier than any one else, Sandy,' Anne said, as she encircled him in a motherly embrace. 'It's only that aunts never understand things as mothers do. What aunts call mischief and naughtiness, mothers only call natural high spirits. Besides, your Aunt Dorothy is no older than Mary.' (Anne's eldest sister.) 'I like the kind of mothers that are not too young and don't want to go off and amuse themselves.' The Colonel's wife had long left girlhood behind.

Sandy looked wistfully at the picture of his own mother in the drawing-room. She was young, it is true, but the expression in her eyes made Sandy feel she would have understood many things that were hidden from Aunt Dorothy.

To-day, Sandy had another trouble. 'Daddy' was going away. It was only for a few days it is true, but Sandy missed him when he was away more than any one knew. Captain Dundas never guessed what a hero he was in his little son's eyes. More than half Sandy's trouble over his misdeeds was that Aunt Dorothy always felt it her duty to tell Daddy.

If Sandy only could have explained matters to his father it would have been much better for every one, but his very devotion made him generally peculiarly silent before Daddy. Captain Dundas would tell himself that Sandy was a funny little chap, but that he wished Dorothy and he would pull better together.

Afternoon came, and evening. Sandy was being put to bed by Lutshu, his ayah. Lutshu had been with him ever since he was an infant. She loved him better than any one or anything in the world. Aunt Dorothy said that she spoilt him, and perhaps to a certain extent she was right.

Captain Dundas came into the nursery. It was a very different nursery from the nurseries of our children in England. There was no fireplace, no carpet on the floor. The bed, entirely covered with mosquito net, stood in the centre of the room, while a door led straight into the



compound, as the gardens of the East are called. 'Well, little son, I'm off. Major Ruskin and I go up to Jeypore by the mail to-night. Shall I bring you a tiger's claw or an elephant's tusk home with me?' At the door he turned. 'Remember while I'm away you are the man in charge here. Look after your Aunt Dorothy well, and be a good boy till I come home.' He went out of the room whistling a tune.

Sandy gazed after him in rapt admiration. Had any other boy in all the world such a wonderful father?

\* \* \* \* \*

Lutshu, the ayah, was whispering to the butler on the veranda. It was two days later, and in the afternoon. Sandy was supposed, like all other well-brought-up Anglo-Indian children, to be taking an afternoon sleep, but he had two eyes and two ears very wide open indeed.

'Oh, yes' (Lutshu spoke in Hindustani, which Sandy knew quite as well as English), 'it is the truth that I tell you. My mother-in-law's uncle heard it in the bazaar only yesterday. A man-eating tiger was seen at a village not ten miles away, and has eaten a baby. The Colonel Sahib denies the report, but then the Sahibs never believe bazaar talk. Would that our own Captain Sahib had not gone away and left the house unprotected.'

The butler pooh-poohed the story. He had a supreme contempt for women's tales, but Sandy believed every word Lutshu had said. He sat up in his bed. His face was paler than usual, and wrinkles of thought appeared on his forehead. Aunt Dorothy was out: she had been out all day, and would not be home till long after the hour he was usually asleep. But to-night he would not sleep; he would watch and wait till his aunt came home, and protect her against the awful man-eating tiger.

It was almost tea-time, so he got up and called Lutshu. After tea he would run across to the Colonel's bungalow and tell Anne about it. Anne would regard his resolve as nothing short of heroic, for Anne was timorous by nature.

Unfortunately Anne was out with her mother, so Sandy was denied her admiration. He walked home rather dejectedly. There are few of us who do not enjoy a little hero-worship.

Evening wore on. Darkness came suddenly, as it does in the East. At seven o'clock, as usual, Lutshu put Sandy to bed. She lowered the lamp and stole out noiselessly. No sooner was she gone than Sandy got up. He did it very quietly, for Lutshu had gone no further than the adjoining room, where she slept on a rug all night, ready should Sandy call her.

Sandy crossed the dining-room into his father's dressing-room. He got his sword, which he knew was kept behind the door. He reached the veranda in safety and sat down on a basket-work chair. He had made up his mind to wait on the veranda, with his father's sword beside him, in case of danger. When his aunt returned he would tell her not to be frightened, but, being a woman, he felt it was useless to expect her to be otherwise. He would assure her, however, that he would protect her.

Sandy shivered, though it was an intensely hot night. A clammy cold feeling seemed to surround his heart. 'I'm not afraid really,' he kept repeating to himself; but his teeth were chattering.

How long he waited he never knew; it seemed a

long, long time; indeed, Sandy never knew one night could last so long. He could hear the native watchman, who was supposed to keep guard, snoring in the compound. At first, to his excited imagination, the sound seemed like the growls of a tiger, and he rose to his feet with rather uncertain legs. He listened; then he heaved a sigh of relief when he realised that his ears had deceived him. He could see a faint light burning in Anne's room across at the Colonel's bungalow. Oh, to be lying in bed, as she was, and to be safely asleep!

Hour by hour went by. Aunt Dorothy, all unconscious of her little nephew's vigil, was dancing the hours away in a ball-room.

At last sleep overcame even Sandy's fears, and he slept with his red curls resting on his father's sword.

Thud-thud-thud rang the hoofs of a horse on the road leading to the Dundas bungalow. The noise came to Sandy through troubled dreams, and seemed like the roaring of many wild beasts. In vain he tried to protect his Aunt Dorothy against their approach. Nearer and nearer they came. 'Oh!' he sobbed in his sleep.

'Bless my soul! look at the child!' exclaimed Colonel Macdonald as he helped Aunt Dorothy out of the high dog-cart. The light of the lamp held by the groom fell on sleeping Sandy.

'Sandy,' cried Aunt Dorothy, 'wake up! Why on earth are you not in bed? You will have fever for weeks after this.'

Colonel Macdonald bent over the sleeping child. 'Why, Miss Dundas, he looks positively worn out. Now, Sandy,' he added, as Sandy, roused at last, sat up, 'tell us why you prefer to sleep on this hard chair to the comfortable bed your aunt has provided for you?'

'It was because of the man-eating tiger,' Sandy began; and because Anne's father was extraordinarily gentle and understanding, Sandy told him everything, not even hiding his fears.

Meantime Aunt Dorothy stood in her beautiful ball-dress leaning against the pillar of the verandah, and, though Sandy never knew it, there were tears on her long eyelashes when his story was done. Afterwards she insisted on carrying him to bed. It was absurd, for he was eight years old and tall for his age, but she wanted to show her gratitude to him in some way.

She kissed him when he was safely in bed. 'I'm afraid I have not been a good auntie to you always,' she said with something like a break in her voice; 'but I'll try and be better to you after this. I expect half the trouble you got into was as much my fault as yours.'

Sandy, with all his faults, was a gentleman, so he contradicted his aunt's self-accusations, though perhaps in his heart he knew some of them to be true.

Sandy did get fever, but it was only a mild attack, and he had never minded an illness so little. Anne came over every day to play with him, and Aunt Dorothy gave up the club and read all his favourite stories aloud to him. Even the cook sent him up wonderful dishes for his dinner and tea.

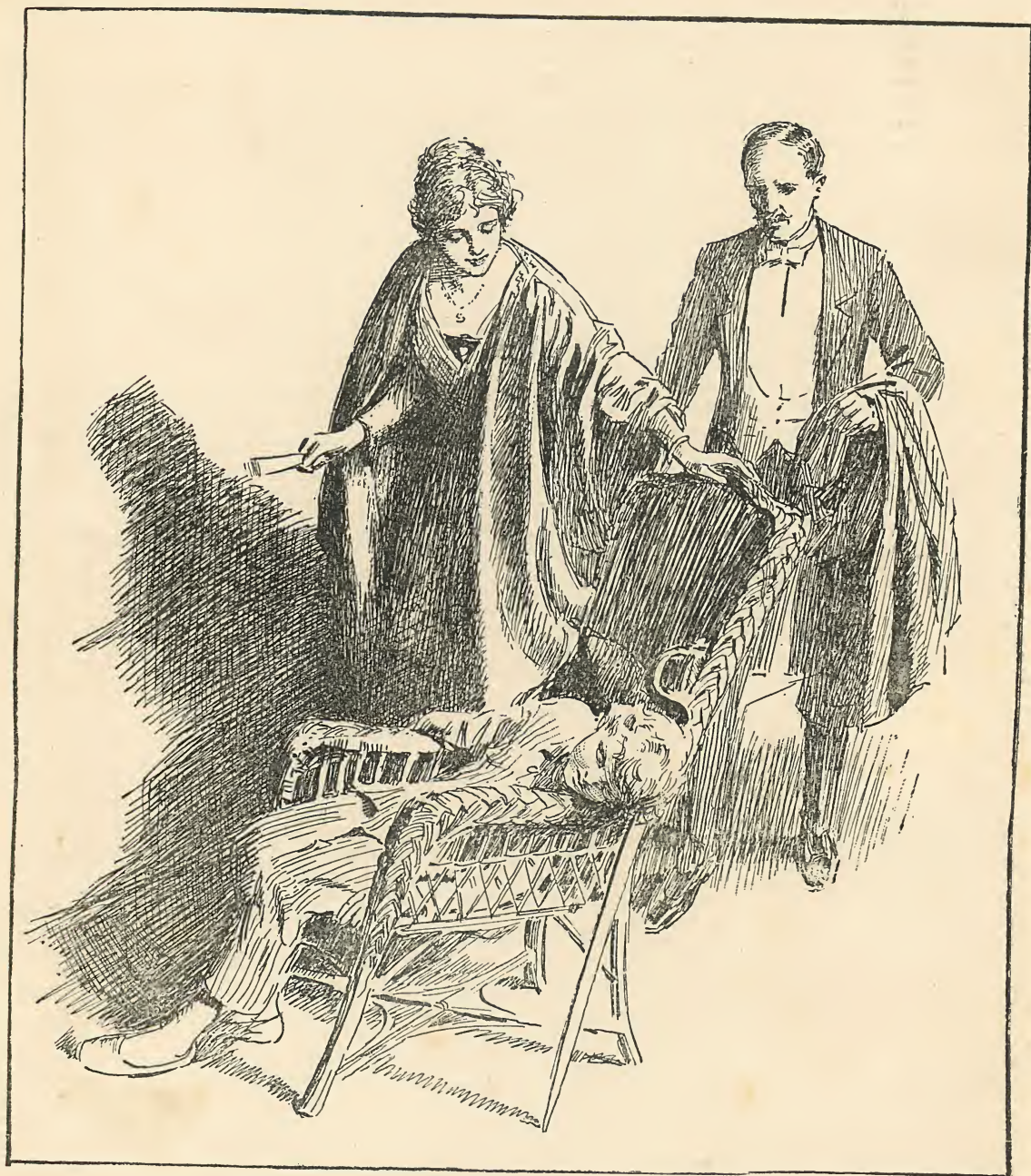
Captain Dundas, when he came home, gave Sandy a resounding slap on the back. 'You're made of the right stuff, little son.'

'But I was dreadfully afraid inside,' faltered Sandy.

'So are most of us in danger, Sandy. If you can overcome your fear is what really matters.'

HELEN M. TURNER.





“ ‘ He looks positively worn out ! ’ ”





"The shawl slipped down from her face. . . . It was not a woman's face at all, but a man's."



## THE WOMAN WITH FACE-ACHE.

I THINK I know a story (said Grannie to her grandchildren) which will satisfy you all, for it's an adventure that I had when I was a girl of eighteen, and it happened on Christmas Eve in this very same kitchen we are sitting in now.

It was proper Christmas weather we had that year: deep snow on the ground, the sky the colour of lead, and so cold that even with great log fires in all the living-rooms, one could hardly keep warm. In the morning my mother got a message telling her that her sister who lived at Horselea Farm, some three miles over the moor, had been taken very ill, and wanted her at once. Poor Mother was in a dreadful state about it, and so Father said that he would harness Black Peter, a great, strong plough-horse we had, and try to drive her there in the market cart, snow or no snow. He himself wanted to go down to Hartwell on business, and Horselea would be on his way.

Mother looked anxious at that, and turning to me, said, 'I don't like leaving Bessy all alone here the whole day.' But Father laughed at her. 'Our Bessy's a capable lass,' he said, 'she knows what she's doing, and I shall be home by seven o'clock; besides, no one would come to the farm in weather like this.'

Mother allowed him to persuade her, and an hour later they both started off in the market cart, muffled up to the eyes with shawls and wraps.

'I was not nervous in those days, and I rather enjoyed the thought of being left by myself, and having everything to look after. What with cooking a bit of dinner and cleaning up the kitchen, time soon passed. Then in the afternoon I put up the holly and mistletoe ready for Christmas Day. By tea-time it was quite dark, and I was beginning to think about Father's coming back, and wondering whether Mother would come with him or spend the night at Aunt Spender's over at Horselea. It must have been about six o'clock, for I had cleared away the tea, when suddenly there came a knock at the door. I went to open it, wondering who on earth could be out on the moors on a night like that, and there I saw a woman outside.

'Will you let me come in and rest awhile, Missy?' she said. 'I'm on my way down to Hartwell, but what with the snow and the cold, I'm fair tuckered out, and can't go a step further without resting a bit.'

'Come along in,' I said, for we always used to pride ourselves on never turning even a dog away from our doors. 'Come and sit by the fire and get yourself warm.'

'Thank you kindly, Miss,' was the reply in a hoarse muffled voice, and she stepped in and sat herself down in that very chair you see over there.

I didn't at all like the looks of her when I saw her by the full light of the lamp. She was very big and tall, and had a thick shawl wrapped round the lower part of her face, which accounted for her curious muffled voice. She was wearing a great big brown cloak too, and what with that and the scarf, and her bonnet pulled well down over her eyes, she was the very queerest-looking person I had ever set eyes upon.

'Won't you take off your cloak and shawl?' said I. 'You won't feel the good of them afterwards if you wear them in front of a fire like that.'

'No, no,' she answered, drawing the cloak all the closer. 'I'll keep them on, thank you. I've got such face-ache, I hardly know what to do, so I'd best keep on the shawl.'

She sat there holding her hands to the fire, and I began to get Father's supper ready. I was standing with my back to her near one of those big copper preserving-pans, which were my mother's pride and joy, when I chanced to look up, and noticed that I could see my strange visitor reflected in the bright pan just as if it had been a mirror. At that moment she moved a little closer to the fire, and as she did so the shawl slipped down from her face. I could hardly keep back a scream, because in that second, before she had time to replace it, I saw that it was not a woman's face at all, but a man's.

Well, you can imagine how I felt, a young lass of eighteen, alone with the creature, far away from help, and without a chance of my father coming back for an hour at least, probably more. I had just strength of mind enough to go on quietly with my work and not let him see that I knew he was a man, though I felt myself trembling with fright from head to foot. You see those were lawless days, and I had heard many a story of how unsuspecting farmers had been robbed—aye, and murdered, too, sometimes—as they came home from market with heavy purses in their pockets, and how their houses were broken into while they were away, so I knew that this man dressed up in woman's clothes had come for no good purpose.

Presently the fellow got up, having warmed himself comfortably, and coming over to me, he said roughly, 'Now, look here, my girl, just you show me where your father keeps his money.'

'He hasn't got any in the house,' I said, 'and if he had I shouldn't know where it was.'

'You can't take me in like that,' he answered. 'I know he sold his stock well at the Christmas market. Now, then, where is it? Tell me, quick, or it will be the worse for you,' he added, drawing a long knife from under the brown cloak.

I screamed; I couldn't help it. There was something so horrible about the long, shining steel. Then a sudden thought flashed across my brain. 'All right, I'll see if I can show you where it is,' I cried, 'only put that knife away first.'

He gave a great hoarse laugh. 'I thought that would bring you to your senses. No, no, my beauty, I will keep the knife handy till I have the money. Hurry up, now—I have no time to waste.'

I took up a tallow dip, lit it quickly, and opening that door on the left there, told him to go down the steps into the cellar.

'No, my dear,' he said, laughing again, 'I'm not so easily diddled as you think. You just go first with that dip, and, mind you, if you play any tricks, your father will find nothing but a stuck pig waiting for him when he comes home.'

Summoning all my courage, I walked down the steps, and showing him a loose stone in the floor, said, 'Now, if you take up that stone, you'll find all the money in a hole behind it.'

He laid hold of the stone greedily, but it did not come out at once. 'Here!' he shouted, 'hold the light closer.'

I came nearer, and held it while he bent over the stone and began working it out of the floor. Then, with a quick prayer to the Almighty, I blew out the light and ran for the kitchen as hard as I could run.

I can hear it all now: his exclamation as the light went out, the scramble to his feet, and his attempt to catch me. I was too quick for him though, and slammed the door in his face, drawing the great bolt



across it before he could reach the latch. His oaths and threats when he realised that he was trapped were terrible to hear; but I knew that I had him safe, for the door I had bolted was the only way out of the cellar, and he could bang on that for a year without breaking it down.

There I sat in the kitchen, trembling all over, until at last I heard voices outside, and a moment later Mother came in, saying how Aunt Spender was better, and Father had been buying me a new cloak in Hartwell. I shall never forget their amazement when I told them the story of my visitor and all that had happened. Nothing would satisfy my father but that he should go straight back for the police, in spite of the snow; and when he returned with them, they found that he was a man they'd wanted for murder and highway robbery for more than a year.

Father and they were pleased as Punch to get him, but I can tell you, it fairly spoilt my Christmas!

### THE PRINCESS'S CIRCLE.

AN Empress, now dead many years, was brought up very strictly as a child, and carefully prepared for the high position to which it was expected she would attain. One of the things that formed part of her education was rather curious. The young princess had occasionally to *faire cercle*—‘make a circle,’ as it was termed, before the trees in the parks belonging to the Grand Duke, her father. Each tree represented a lady or gentleman of the court, and the little girl had to go to each in turn and say something polite and pleasant. It must have been difficult to make just the right kind of speech to all these make-believe lords and ladies, but perhaps the exercise helped the princess when, as the highest lady of the land, she had to hold a real court.

S. BRAINE.

### BESTIAIRES.

THIS is the name given to a class of books popular in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, which must have been very interesting—as fairy tales. These books, usually illustrated, describe all the animals one ever heard of, real or fabled. They are not merely zoological treatises; they also explain the symbolism of the grotesque creatures sculptured on the churches and other buildings of the Middle Ages. Bestiaires were written in prose and in verse; sometimes in Latin, sometimes in the writer's mother-tongue.

Here is a quotation from one of these quaint beastie-books. The writer is describing that mythical animal, the unicorn. This is how he does it:

‘The unicorn,’ he says, ‘has but one horn in the middle of its forehead. It is the only animal which ventures to attack the elephant; and so sharp is the nail of its foot, that with one blow it slays that most terrible of all beasts. The hunters can catch the unicorn only by placing a young maiden in the forest which it haunts. No sooner does this marvellous animal see the maiden than it runs towards her, lies down at her feet, and so suffers itself to be taken by the hunters.’

The writer proceeds to give a highly fanciful interpretation of this very curious bit of Unnatural History.

E. D.

### SOMETHING NEW IN FERRY-BOATS.

IN the transport of men or goods much time and labour may be saved by the employment of ferry-boats. They have found this out in America, where, especially on the large lakes, there are many ferry-boats.

In some parts of Europe, also, boats of this kind are used. They ply amongst the isles of Denmark, and between Germany and Sweden, and on the Mediterranean between Italy and Sicily. Towards the end of the Russo-Japanese war, Trans-Siberian railway carriages were conveyed across Lake Baikal by means of ferry-boats.

The European war has brought about an improvement in the ferry-boating of trains. On February 22nd, 1918, a long train, composed of fifty carriages, crossed the Channel from Newhaven to Dieppe on a ferry-boat with a railed deck.

Already thousands of English railway carriages were running on French lines, carrying British soldiers, ammunition, &c., but these carriages had crossed the Channel empty and had been linked up and loaded with men and material after their arrival in France. The train which crossed on February 22nd, 1918, was the first whole train which, starting from the interior of England, already packed with men and their belongings, went straight on, with no unloading or changing, into the interior of France. (From ‘L'Illustration.’)

### THE BATHING MACHINE.

ERIC and Ettie were having a splendid game in the empty bathing machine. They pretended to be settlers in a log-house, with hundreds and hundreds of Red Indians trying to get in. Eric fired his air-gun through the tiny window high above his head, and made a tremendous banging, whilst Ettie imitated the Indian war cries. Altogether they made such a noise themselves that they never once noticed what was going on outside.

At last Eric stopped firing his gun. ‘Listen!’ he said. ‘Doesn't it really sound as though some one was trying to get in?’

Ettie listened too, and then she heard what Eric meant: a kind of slap-slap against the sides of the bathing machine.

‘Whatever can it be?’ Eric said, and he ran to open the door, because the window was too high to see out.

And what do you think they saw?

The sea had crept up closer and closer to the bathing machine while they were playing, and now it was dashing all round them in quite big waves.

Eric looked round the edge of the machine and saw that there was quite a wide stretch of water between them and the beach. Then he sat down upon the step and felt with his foot, and it was very deep, reaching much higher than his knee.

‘We shall have to stay here till the tide goes down,’ Ettie said.

‘Yes, but I believe before then the bathing machine will float right away like a boat,’ Eric answered.

‘Oh, then we shall really be shipwrecked, but it isn't nearly as nice as playing at it.’ And poor Ettie began to cry a little.

It was just as Eric said. The waves grew bigger and bigger, and every time they hit the bathing machine, it





“We shall have to stay here till the tide goes down.”

jolted from side to side. Poor Eric tried to comfort his little sister, but he felt very much frightened himself.

Then, just when it seemed as though the bathing machine would be carried right out to sea, the two children heard shouts from the beach, and they both shouted back as loud as they could.

In a few minutes a boy on a big horse came splashing through the water. He harnessed himself to the bathing machine and dragged it back to the beach.

But, after that, whenever Eric and Ettie wanted to play in a bathing machine they took good care to find out whether the tide was coming in!





THE TOURNAMENT.



# THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

## I.—THE SILVER BIRCH.

I AM starting, on a lovely summer day, to write my articles on this subject, and from my study window I can see some seven or eight of the varieties of trees which I have chosen to describe.

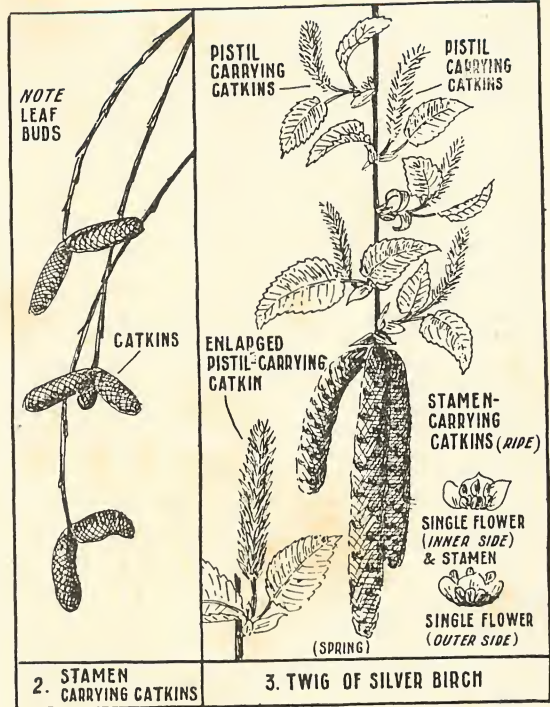
My home is situated on the outskirts of quite an ordinary small town, and what I can see from my window is not in any way an unusual number of trees to be seen from the windows of many houses. They are just ordinary trees. Over in the corner of a garden opposite is a group of Elms; next to them a Sycamore, and behind it a Horse Chestnut. Away in the next road I can see a fine Walnut, very large and ancient. Nearly opposite my window is a very beautiful Ash, which I have watched growing for some twenty years. In the next garden to ours are three Lombardy Poplars (we wish they were not there, for they drain the top of our garden of all moisture). A little way up the road



1. SILVER BIRCH IN WINTER

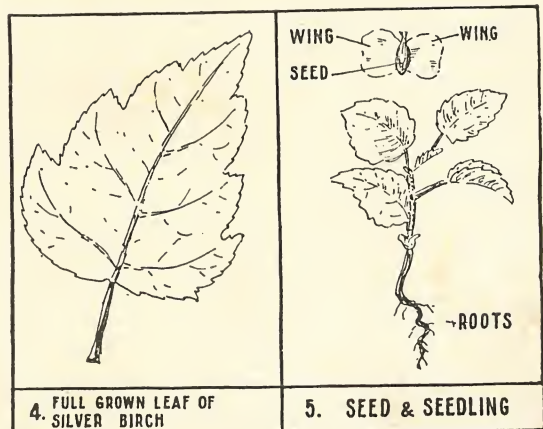
are two Black Poplars, and a little way down is a beautiful Lime. Besides these, I see Privet, Bay, Elder, Hawthorn, and some fruit trees; but these I do not think I shall have room for in this series.

Now, as I said before, all these are quite common trees; but I wonder how much any of you know about them? Would you even be able to name them all at sight? This is fairly easy with some of them in summer-time. For instance, every now and again I have a lovely scented breeze come in at my open window, and I know it has come direct from that glorious lime



down the road, which is full of sweet-scented blossoms hanging under their protecting scale leaves. You all know that scent, I expect. On the ground in that garden opposite are a number of 'keys' from the sycamore, and I expect you would know those also.

But when these trees are bare of leaves would you know what they were? Then it is really hard to detect the varieties if you have not studied them a little more closely than is the usual custom.



Now, I am going to try to interest you in all my tree friends in such a way that, no matter at what season of the year you meet them, you will be able to say, 'Ah! that is such-and-such a tree, because it has such-and-such a feature!'



Many people, even quite grown-up ones, know trees as just large masses of growth, trunks, branches, and leaves, which improve a view, give welcome shade on a hot day, or shelter in rain. But they know nothing of the flowers, fruits, and seedlings, and the wonder of their form and development; thus much pleasure in life is missed. I missed it all myself for many years, and so I know how much it has meant to me to find all these extra friends, so to speak; and I am therefore always anxious to introduce them to as many people as I can, and by pointing out all their beauties to help others to the pleasure I found.

In telling you of each variety of tree, I shall follow a definite rule, always speaking of their features in the same order as far as possible. Here is the order I shall use:—(1) General shape of the tree; (2) its bark and branching; (3) its leaf-buds in winter; (4) the unfolding of the leaf-buds; (5) the full-grown leaf; (6) the flowers; (7) the fruits; (8) the seedling (when possible); and finally (9) a few notes on the uses of the timber and other points of interest.

I shall describe the trees in no particular order, but I shall try to make each account as complete as possible. I have been taking photographs and making sketches for this series for months, and some sets are not quite finished yet—it is a question of seasons—and so I must start with those which are complete.

I think I will tell of the silver birch (*Betula alba*) first. This is, in a way, an appropriate beginning, because the tree is often called the Queen of the Forest, because it is so graceful in every feature. You will readily recognise her, even in the winter, for the pretty white bark is known to every one. In fig. 1 is a sketch of a silver birch in winter. You will notice its slender trunk and branches dividing into smaller and smaller twigs, all of which have a curved inclination downwards. The lesser branches are of a coppery-brown colour, the smallest being crimson-purple and very polished. The bark, you must have noticed, peels off in rings and shows a pinky under-layer, very beautiful to see. The twigs in winter are, many of them, tipped with tight, fat little catkins, which stick out at sharp angles. (Fig. 2.) The leaves are hidden in their winter overcoats of polished red-brown scale leaves. You see, the weight of the catkins is inclined to make the small twigs curve downwards. (You know what I mean by catkins, I hope? They are the 'lambs' tails,' or bunches of so-called 'flowers'.) It is a pretty sight after rain to see the drops hanging on the ends of the catkins.

At the end of April or the beginning of May the buds develop in dainty leaves and catkins of another kind. In fig. 3 is a sketch of a twig as it hung on a tree. Here you see the three original catkins on the end have lengthened and become the familiar 'lambs' tails.' These are quite limp and loose, and are discharging large quantities of yellow pollen from their stamens. (These catkins only carry flowers with stamens.) Above are the developed buds, which have thrown off their coats, and besides some scales at the base, they have two dainty leaves and another funny, little, very erect catkin. These latter catkins only carry pistils, and the pollen, falling on these, causes the seed to form from the pistils. The mature leaves are always rather small, and vary very much both in size and shape. The general outline might be called triangular; the edges are cut (or 'serrate,' as is the proper term), there being

a large set of notches, to the points of which run the main veins which branch from the mid-rib. Then each of these large notches is again cut up into several more teeth. Fig. 4 will fully illustrate this point. The second set of notches are not developed until the leaves are fully grown. The leaves are light in colour and tender in structure in early life. Later their colour becomes darker and the substance of the leaf harder, and the tint in autumn is glorious golden yellow.

In my sketch, in fig. 3, the leaves appear to be opposite one another, but as the season advances they are considerably separated, and one finds they are really arranged in sets of four round the stem, so that number five is immediately under or above number one, and so on.

The fruits which are developed in those catkins are very small, and each have two tiny filmy wings to assist them to pastures new. (Fig. 5, at the top.) These can be found in thousands under the trees in autumn, but they are so very minute that they want careful searching for.

The other day, after a careful search, I found a seedling silver birch. I was afraid I should not find one, for there seemed none under or near the trees. But suddenly I remembered the seeds are very light and carried by the wind, so I looked further afield and soon captured this dear little fellow I show you in fig. 5 (lower part). The original was only one and a half inches from top of leaf to tip of root!

Although such a dainty, delicate-looking tree, it is to be found in very cold conditions and at great heights. I have seen it growing on the mountains of Wales and Cumberland, among the rocks, where there seemed little or no nourishment and the winds of winter must be very rough. It gets twisted and gnarled often, but it holds on and increases. There is a variety which is only a bush, which is also found in mountains. The wood is not much use as timber, but the bark is used in tanning. I have read that Russian leather obtains its peculiar scent from this source.

The name birch comes from the Anglo-Saxon beorc, or birce, and means bark-tree, which is certainly a good name, for its white bark is its most striking feature, and as the tree is scantily supplied with only small leaves, this feature is always visible. To identify the seasons, you have only to look at the bark, and then you will know it at once.

E. M. BARLOW.

#### FLEETING SHOWERS.

THE wind came swiftly from the south  
And caught us as it swept along;  
We danced around the cave's dark mouth  
With laughter and with song.

We dressed us in our mantles grey,  
And footed it o'er vale and hill;  
The wind it whistled tunes so gay,  
We could not well be still.

The earth all baked with summer's sun,  
We softened 'neath our hurrying feet,  
And passed before our work was done,  
We were so fleet.

Then dropped the wind as suddenly  
As once it swiftly urged us on.  
We ceased to dance; the melody  
It played was gone.

LUCIE C. LE FANU.



# THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By W. RAINEY.

(Continued from page 18.)

ON the morning following the visit and exit of Uncle Sowerby, the blackbirds and thrushes were in consternation at the unusual sight of a middle-aged gentleman, of some sixteen stone weight, walking rapidly round and round the garden, his arms bent at his sides and hands clenched in the manner of a running man. Round and round he went, at a pace of at least five miles an hour, the perspiration glistening on his ample forehead and trickling on to his eyebrows. On his features was an expression of set purpose. The spectacle was so different from that presented by the dawdling movements of old Chapman and the occasional wild Indian chasings of the boys, that the business of extracting long and reluctant worms had to be abandoned with screams of protest. A mother starling perched on the wall with a fat, slug in her beak feared to cross the open space between it and the gable of the house where her exacting family were heard asking for more. She endeavoured to dodge the revolving figure by counter-revolutions within the cover of the trees, but finally had to give it up and take refuge among the chimneys. The big rooster on the other side of the high paddock wall knew by occult means that something preternatural was taking place in the garden, and by an awful effort flew up to the top of the wall, hurled one shrill challenge from his scraggy neck, and, lest the challenge should be accepted, launched himself hurriedly back again into the bosom of his family delirious with congratulations.

Two boys' faces peeped over the low hedge that separated the kitchen garden and gazed in blank astonishment at the doughty pedestrian. They bobbed down as he passed, panting, within two feet of them.

'Johnny Walker,' whispered Phil.

'Still going strong,' added Vic.

But the devotee was oblivious of the nudging and spluttering on the other side of the privet till he came round again to the same spot, when the stifled explosions which could no longer be suppressed brought him to a standstill.

'Come out of that, you young rascals!' he cried, as he mopped his forehead. 'Haven't you seen an old gentleman taking a constitutional before? Ninety-two times I've been round this blessed garden, and the paths are not of the best. There's a bit at that corner where some brickbats crop up; I've brought my big toe against it sixteen times, and if you ever live to know what corns are, you'll understand. Forty minutes is what I give myself at home, but my watch is run down, as I forgot to bring the key, so I said to myself I'd do the garden a hundred times. If this sort of thing won't take one's fat down I don't know what will. Eight months I've been at it, and I weigh myself once a week, and there's no sure and certain difference—an ounce more or less sometimes—but no sure and certain difference; I don't know what to think about it. It must take a bit out of me; but then, on the other hand, it gives me such an astonishing appetite for breakfast. But look here, boys, I want to have the matter of the "Reynolds" over again. I'm not at all satisfied with it.'

Uncle William sat down on the garden seat and leaned forward, resting his palms on his knees, for he was still panting from the violence of his curative treatment.

'Now, it seems to me that things look tolerably black against that artist acquaintance of yours, Vic. The carrying away of that parcel exactly the same size the portrait would be if rolled up breadthways wants a lot of getting over. I see that Vic has a very strong feeling that he is innocent, and consequently that the other parties are guilty. Now, Phil, I understand that you have occasionally seen this artist about the village, and you went to the "Dolphin" with the detective and Vic, and saw the gentleman and lady.'

'Not the lady,' cried Phil. 'No fear; she'd cleared out.'

'What's that?' cried Uncle William, starting.

'She'd bolted,' said Phil. 'Haden't she, Vic? Had a telegram that her mother was ill in London, or something of the sort.'

'That puts a somewhat different complexion on the matter. You didn't tell your Uncle Sowerby this, Victor?'

'What was the use?' said Vic. 'He'd made up his mind. The detective knows all about it; let him tell him. He browbeat me and didn't give me a chance.'

'Now, Victor, I'm giving you a chance, and I want you to speak quite freely to me and tell me everything. I am your uncle—certainly only by marriage, the same as Uncle Sowerby, but still your uncle—and, what is more, your father's friend; I expect you to speak quite frankly to me.'

At this moment the breakfast-bell rang. 'We'll continue this talk after breakfast,' said Uncle William.

It was evident that Uncle William's curative treatment did have the effect he lamented, for the porridge, bacon, and toast he disposed of was astonishing, and in war-time, with bacon out of the back at sixteenpence and streaky at fourtēnpence, came near being a scandal. Vic and Phil had knocked off bacon months before, and as the hens in the paddock, imbued with the same spirit, had knocked off laying eggs, porridge and toast, with home-made marmalade, satisfied the immediate cravings of their appetites, leaving a sufficient margin for unconsidered trifles at odd times as the day wore on. Phil was in the act of passing his cup for the second time to Vic, who was acting the 'lady of the house,' when he started and cocked his ear at a faint sound outside.

'Aeroplane,' he cried.

'Motor,' said Vic.

'As if I didn't know the difference between the whirr of an aero and that of a motor! Come on, Vic; it's out at the back.'

The breakfast-table was deserted, for Uncle William was as quick as the boys, and was out on the lawn, looking up in the sky, spinning round and exclaiming, 'Where, where?'

'There she is, a Bleriot; there, Uncle, quite low down. She's coming down in Mr. Boye's meadow, Phil. She's dipping. Come on, Phil; get upon the wall. Give us a leg up.'

'Here, boys,' shouted Uncle William; 'I've seen scores of them, but I've never seen one alight. Give me a leg up. Here, bring the wheelbarrow. Confound my sixteen stone! Put a board across.'

(Continued on page 34.)





"Round and round he went."





“When the boys turned their heads at the sound of a slight crack, he was lying in the currant-bushes.”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By W. RAINY.

(Continued from page 31.)

THE aeroplane descended very close to the ground, and then, to the disappointment of the boys, rose with a graceful sweep; but so did not Uncle William, for when the boys turned their heads at the sound of a slight crack, he was lying in the currant-bushes.

Uncle William was a brick. He took it all in good part, though it was really Phil's fault.

'I should never do for an airman,' he said, as he dusted the knees of his trousers and other parts of his person. 'That three feet was quite enough. It nearly shook the life out of me. Fancy falling three thousand! Come, boys! I've a gift for terra-firma and the garden seat. Let's thrash that "Reynolds" out. I shall have to go home this evening, and it doesn't seem as if I had been any use so far. Let's see. Oh, you were going to tell me, frank and free, just as if I were a boy of your own age, why, in spite of the roll business, you are so confident of the artist. If you happen to be right, the detective is quite on the wrong track. It may be in the hands of a scoundrel of sufficient means to place him above the need of trying to dispose of it for a year or two, till the hue and cry have subsided, and then ship it over to America, and we should hear no more of it. A man who would steal a masterpiece of a well-known painter like Sir Joshua Reynolds is no common thief, you may be sure, but some one who knows the ropes, and can bide his time.'

'Yes, I quite understood that,' replied Vic. 'Phil and I have been talking over the very same point. You ask me why I'm so confident about the artist. Well, it's like this. Here are two men. One of them is a thief. I have talked with both of them, with one a good deal. I have seen little indications of character. You ask which is the thief? I have no hesitation in putting my finger on the man at the "Dolphin." You may say, "But you are young, and may easily be deceived by a clever schemer." I reply, that is quite true, but when there are only two to judge between, I think I can distinguish the adventurer from the real gentleman, and I have no hesitation in putting my finger on the man at the "Dolphin." You may say this is no evidence. I reply, certainly not; but it is to me sufficient reason why I should watch the man at the "Dolphin," and track him down, and that is what I mean to do. Let the detective follow up the artist, if he likes, by all means, but Phil and I are going to stick like leeches to the man at the "Dolphin." Unfortunately the woman gave us the slip at the start, and no doubt the "Reynolds" went with her. Certainly it was not in the rooms when we visited them with the detective. Was it, Phil? The gentleman, as we'll call him—here's his card:

"STANLEY COBB,  
The Willows,  
Tooting,  
London, s.w."

Quite modest, quite simple—might be anything by the sound of it. Well, as I was saying, he invited the detective to search the rooms at his leisure, which he did in a sort of way. Phil and I kept our eyes twinkling in one room whilst he was in the other. There was no "Reynolds," of course: the lady had

taken it beneath her waterproof to a place of safety. The gentleman may stay on at the "Dolphin" a day or a week, but he will join the lady sooner or later, you may be sure, and we'll stick to him like barnacles. That's our theory and that's our plan of campaign.'

Uncle William sat pondering some few minutes before he spoke: 'How do you intend guarding against the gentleman giving you the slip, as the lady has done?'

'Oh, we have fixed that up all right,' replied the two boys in a breath. 'The head waiter at the "Dolphin" is commandeered; he's not unknown to the House of Lestranger; and Teddy, the boot-boy, is promoted to be dispatch-rider on my old bike. As soon as Mr. Stanley Cobb shows the least sign of getting a move on him, Teddy will be in the saddle and here in exactly twelve minutes, and we shall be off in another ten.'

'There's something in what you say,' mused Uncle William; 'and if the detective is following up the artist, I don't see that you can be far wrong in tracking the "Dolphin" gentleman.'

'I must do something, Uncle; I couldn't face Father with the "Reynolds" gone—it will break him up awfully: it was about the only thing we'd got left of the old prosperous times, and he stuck to that like he'll stick to his guns out there—I must do something.'

'Yes, my boy, I know, I know,' said Uncle William, shaking his head. 'Now, there's another point,' he continued slowly. 'This gentleman, this—what's his name?'

'Mr. Stanley Cobb.'

'Yes, Cobb—Stanley Cobb. If you're right, and he is the man, it strikes me you'll find this Cobb a hard nut to crack. You say you intend to stick to him like barnacles, but he knows both of you by sight, and when he sees that he is followed, he won't be long in taking some measures to throw you off.'

Phil laughed boisterously. 'We've fixed that up, too, Mr. Dixon!' he cried.

'You know, Uncle,' explained Vic, 'we're Scouts, or we were till six months ago—now we belong to the O.T.C., but we have our old Scout's togs. Phil brought his to knock about in. They're all laid out in our bedroom, and directly we get the cue from Teddy, we're into them and in ten minutes we're at the railway station. He won't know us in the Scout get-up.'

'Um,' grunted Uncle William, 'you seem to have worked it out pretty well. Now, what I want to know is, Where do I come in?' He leaned back in the garden seat, swelled out his waistcoat to the utmost, put his thumbs into the arm-holes—as was his wont, took a deep breath, and continued: 'Look at me—I'm not a "negligible quantity," as they say in Parliament—where do I come in? What about money, for instance?' he added.

'Oh, we've got some money,' replied Vic; 'we've been saving up ever since the beginning of the war.'

'War loan?' queried Uncle William.

'No,' replied Vic. 'We had a big scheme on foot till this "Reynolds" disaster knocked the wind out of us. We've saved a pretty good sum—Phil and I. We were going for a trip on the Continent.'

'On the Continent!' echoed Uncle William in astonishment. 'What would your father say to that?'

'I asked him,' said Vic. 'He doesn't object.'

'He gives you your head too much. Poor fellow, I suppose he can't help himself. But it strikes me, young man, you won't find it so easy to get on the Continent



just now—they don't want tourists there. I don't suppose you could leave the country without satisfying the authorities that you have sufficient business to justify it—you'd have to get a passport.'

'We have got them!' snapped Phil triumphantly.

(Continued on page 46.)

### ACTING THE GOAT.

**T**OMMY WILSON really was particularly annoying on a certain wet afternoon when he was obliged to stay indoors with his two cousins, Ted and Mabel. Instead of settling down to some occupation, as they did, he amused himself by flicking little bits of twisted paper at Mabel, as she tried to read, and by meddling with Ted's paints as he attempted to sketch in a chum's autograph album.

At last Ted's patience became exhausted. 'Look here, Tommy, do stop acting the goat,' he exclaimed angrily.

'Say sheep, instead, because it is an even sillier animal than the goat,' said Mabel scornfully, for she, too, was very vexed with Tommy.

Just then, Mabel's eldest brother John, who was quite grown up, came into the room. He guessed at once that a quarrel was beginning, but pretending not to notice anything wrong, he said cheerfully: 'Slang expressions like "Acting the goat" are forbidden. Besides, neither the sheep nor the goat is quite so silly as you youngsters seem to imagine. It is true that when these animals are frightened, they appear to act foolishly, but then, so do many people. And I can tell you some stories that will make you have a little higher opinion of the sheep and the goat.'

'Please tell us the goat stories first,' said Mabel, still clinging to her choice.

'Well,' said John, 'this story is a very old one, dating so far back as the year 1715, the year of the Jacobite Rebellion. It was after the Battle of Preston, that a gentleman who had been fighting on the side of the rebels fled to the Western Highlands. He sought refuge in a cave which he determined to make his hiding-place until he could return to France. As he crept into the dim light of the cave, he saw something moving. He drew his dirk, but did not strike, being afraid of hurting some companion in distress. Creeping forward cautiously, he discovered a goat, with her kid, stretched out on the ground. The animal appeared to be in great pain, and, feeling her body and limbs, the gentleman ascertained that her leg was broken. He bound it up with his garter, and then offered the goat some bread. But the poor animal refused it, and stretched out a parched tongue, as if to proclaim her thirst. Then the gentleman offered her water, which she drank eagerly, and afterwards she ate the bread. At midnight the kindly fugitive ventured out of the cave and cut an armful of grass and some tender twigs, which the goat accepted with every manifestation of gratitude and joy. The poor prisoner was glad of the animal's company, and he fed and caressed her tenderly, noting with satisfaction that the injured limb was gradually getting stronger.'

'One day, the servant who brought the supplies fell sick, and a strange servant came to the cave. The goat furiously opposed his entrance, presenting her horns in all directions, and it was not until her benefactor came forward and accepted the food that she became calm again.

The gentleman was convinced that had the searching soldiers attacked the cave, his grateful patient would have given her life in his defence.'

'What a lovely story!' said Mabel. 'Never again shall I call the goat a silly animal.'

'No,' said John; 'and if you saw a goat defending her kid from her greatest enemy, the fox, you would think her very clever.'

'How does she do it?' asked Ted.

'Generally she spies Master Reynard at a distance,' said John. 'Immediately she hides the kid in the thicket, and prepares to meet the fox. Very stealthily he approaches the trembling kid, who instinctively understands the danger, but the dam rushes towards him at every point, with lowered horns, and she never gives in until the enemy is driven away or she is utterly exhausted.'

'If the goat can see a high crag or stone when Master Reynard is about, she mounts it and places the kid under her body. The fox walks round and round, waiting for a favourable opportunity to spring and seize his prey. Sometimes he succeeds in doing so, but the goat rushes forward and thrusts her horns into his flank with such ferocity that usually he is only too glad to drop the kid and slink away.'

'When he does succeed, it is usually when the mother has become thoroughly exhausted or when he has surprised her off guard.'

'So you see,' finished John, with a twinkle in his eye, as he looked at Ted, "'Acting the Goat" can truly mean acting with great courage and devotion.'

AGNES DAY.

### MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

#### II.—THE PLANE.

**I** PROPOSE to tell you now of a very favourite tree of mine, the Plane (*Plantanus orientalis*). Strictly speaking, I suppose I ought not to include it under forest trees—at least as far as England is concerned—but I am sure that you will not regret having heard what I have to tell you about it.

Its English home is certainly London; there you may see it in the poorest districts, in city churchyards, and in West-end squares, and it always seems to be happy and contented wherever it is found.

It came originally from America, where it is sometimes called button-tree (I will tell you why presently). I will first tell you why it is so common in London. First of all, it is always shedding its bark, and this allows it to breathe freely. When it gets a little choked up with soot and grime, off come a few flakes of bark, showing the clean trunk beneath, and the tree gets a chance to take breath for a time. Then again the leaves become coated with dirt in the same way, but they are very smooth and shiny, and so when there is a shower, the whole lot is washed off, and they are as clean and as bright as ever. These, I think, are two of the chief reasons why this tree takes so kindly to town life. When you are next in London, notice what a number of planes you will see if only you will look for them. I have often been surprised, in city offices or shops, to see through some back window a fine plane, quite contented and growing in a little back yard!

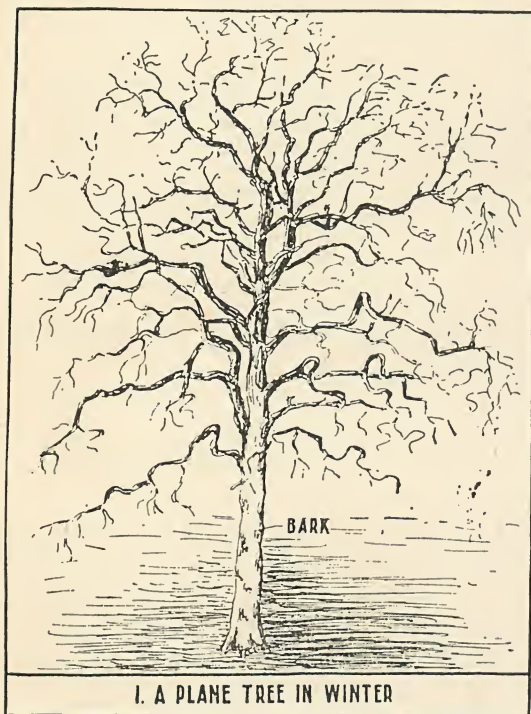
Now to give you details of my favourite. First of all, here in fig. 1 is a sketch made from a photograph.



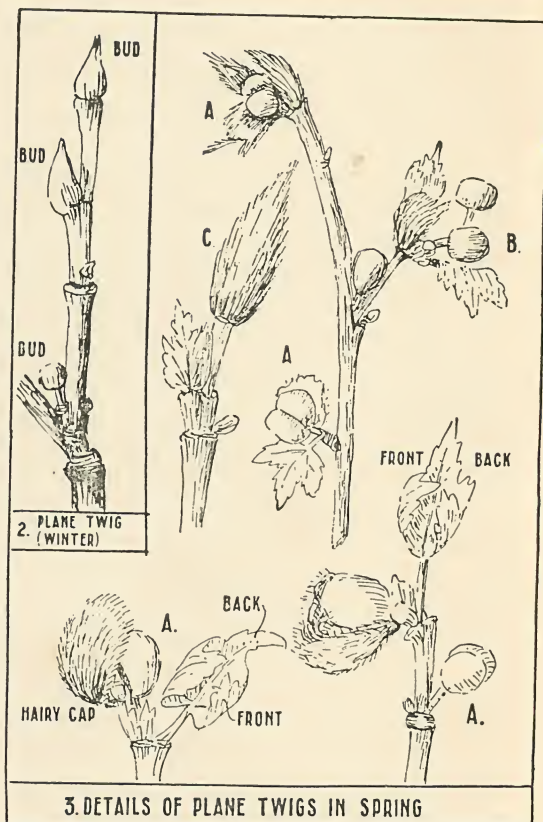
This was taken in winter; its bark was nearly all off, and the yellow, clean trunk shone in the winter sun, attracting attention to it for quite a distance. You will note how bold and strong is its general attitude. Its many branches bend and twist in all directions, as though it were seeking first this way and then that to thrust its leaves and flowers out into the light. The grey bark peels off not only the trunk but the branches, and gives the tree a most clean appearance.

In fig. 2 I show you a sketch which I made of a winter twig. You will note that most buds are covered with sheaths like extinguishers, but one is round and ball-like.

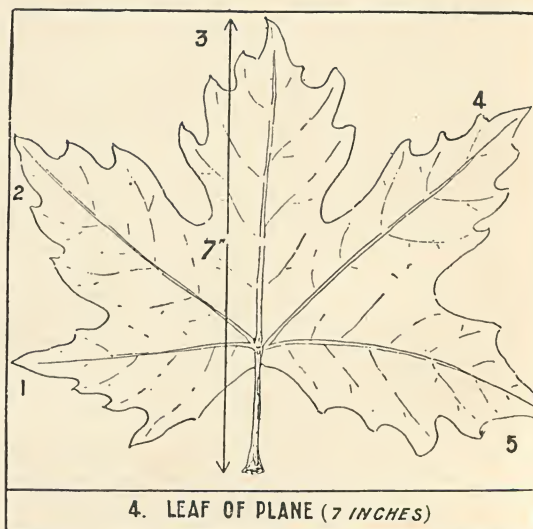
When, in early spring, I made more notes for this



article, I was astonished to find the tree so much further developed, and I brought home several twigs to draw. I could go on making studies of this interesting stage in the life history indefinitely, for it is very fascinating. See how those funny ball-shaped buds have developed (fig. 3). These buds are now covered with hairy, warm, brown caps, which burst and fall, disclosing young leaves and the strange catkins of the tree. These catkins, instead of being 'tails' like the poplar or the birch, are ball-like. In my sketches you have examples of leaves and catkins just emerging from the scales. The catkins at first appear like two halves of a ball (A). Later they become rounder and are seen to be each a ball, with a stem between (B). At C there is a bud which evidently has no catkin inside, as it is longer and extinguisher-shaped. The catkins are bright green, but the leaves are warm brown, and so thickly coated with hairs that they seem as though made of velvet. These leaves, too, have a particular interest at



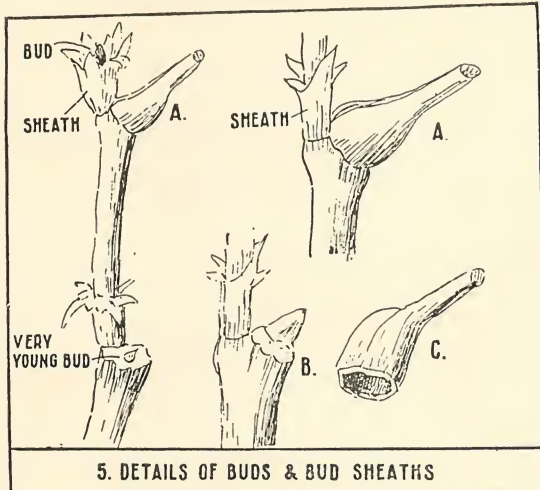
this stage of their growth, for they are folded *backwards* in the bud (D), so that the *back* of the leaf is only slightly visible. The twigs themselves are partly warm brown and partly ash grey, the upper side brown and the lower grey. I had these twigs in water before me





as I wrote, and I watched them developing. I advise you to do so too.

Those tiny leaves grow and grow, and as they do so



5. DETAILS OF BUDS & BUD SHEATHS

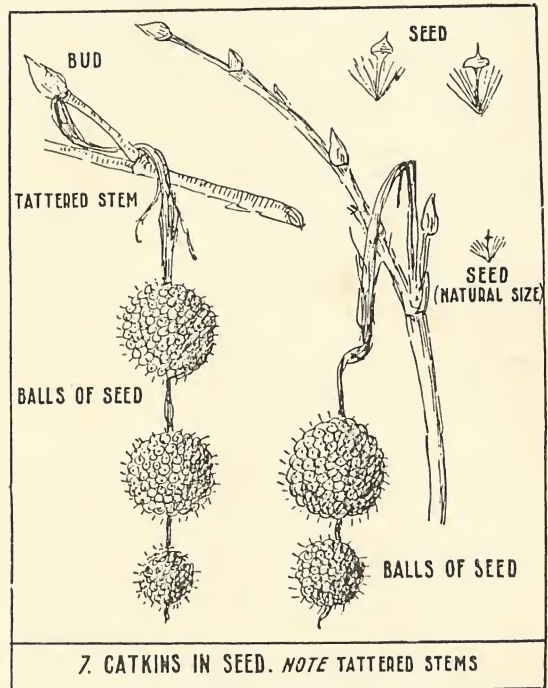
they throw off their furry coats and take on a beautiful, clear, shining green, with very distinct veins. Their edges are much cut; the general outline is varied, but three and five are the usual number of main divisions



6. PISTIL CARRYING BALL CATKINS OF PLANE

(fig. 4). These are further divided into sharp points. I collected eight or ten leaves from which to choose my illustration; they are all so different that I have had difficulty in making up my mind which to use, so you

will be prepared to find varied shapes. These leaves have rather long stalks, and there is a very interesting point about their junction with the main stem. At fig. 5 (A) I show you a leaf in position (or rather I show you the leaf-stalk). Now, there is no apparent bud there in the angle, as is the usual case. But it is there—only it is covered up. At B I draw that same twig, but I have carefully lifted off the leaf, and behold! there is the fat little bud! The fact is, the end of the leaf-stalk is hollow like a thimble (c), so it covers the bud and protects it till the fall of the leaf in autumn. Of course, by removing the stalk now I have hurried things, just to show you how it works. I also want you to observe in these illustrations the strange little ruffles round the bases of the shoots and round the developing shoot. This



7. CATKINS IN SEED. NOTE TATTERED STEMS

tree seems to have been designed for hard times, for it has many contrivances for its comfort.

Next we come to the flowers. These are carried, as I have already told you, in ball-like catkins. You have seen them when very young, in fig. 3, and now I show you one variety when fully developed (fig. 6). These catkins are composed of flowers carrying only pistils, but there are others which carry only stamens. These in No. 6 are about an inch wide, and the stem on which they hang is from five to six inches long. In this stage the balls are bright green in colour and covered with tiny white points, which are really the styles of the pistils. This catkin is hard and composed of some hundreds of undeveloped seed-vessels, which at this stage are green.

The other form of catkin I have unfortunately missed this year, and I have not a drawing of it by me. It is much smaller than the pistil-carrying variety, and has a cover to each of its stamens; these covers close in



tightly over the pollen in wet weather, each one fitting closely against its neighbours. This is another of Dame Nature's wonderful contrivances for the care of her children. Vast quantities of pollen are formed within these balls, and, in suitable dry weather, the covers lift, and the breeze, shaking the balls gently, releases the pollen, which is carried on the wind to the catkins having only pistils, and thus the act of fertilisation is accomplished.

Now the pistil-carrying catkins remain hanging on the trees until well on into the winter, and it would seem from the look of them (fig. 7) that the tree has tried to shake them off, for the stalks are all frayed and torn, in fact in tatters! Eventually they do fall, and then they break up, and the individual seed-vessels are carried away by the wind, for each is provided with a quantity of brown silky hairs, which spread out and help to carry it away. At A I show you one seed-vessel; they resemble tiny tacks more than anything.

The plane-tree is sometimes confused with the sycamore on account of the likeness of the leaves; but those on the plane are arranged alternately on the stem, and those of the sycamore are opposite. To add to the confusion, the tree known as sycamore in England is known as plane in Scotland!

The timber of the plane is of a pale colour (yellow); it is tough and has a fine grain. I read that it is used in the manufacture of pianos, carriages, and furniture.

Now you can always identify the plane by its ever-shedding bark, so that is all you have to remember for that tree!

E. M. BARLOW.

### THE CHRISTMAS EGG.

A Christmas Recitation.

SAID Nibble to his brother rat:  
 'I can't think what old Santa's at;  
 He fills *our* stockings ev'ry year  
 With jolly presents and good cheer;  
 Fine mouldy crusts and nice cheese-rind;  
 But—nothing's ever left behind  
 For Mother dear on Christmas night;  
 Now, Ratto—that does *not* seem right!

Said Ratto to his brother then:  
 'To-morrow Christmas comes again  
 Let us two ratties go and find  
 A present for our mother kind!  
 An egg, perhaps; she's very fond  
 Of those; and just beside the pond  
 A hen-house stands; we might go there,  
 And fetch a fresh egg back with care!'

So off they went—the kind wee chaps—  
 They might be going burgling, perhaps,  
 But they meant well, and didn't know  
 That eggs weren't laid for ratties; so,  
 'Hurrah!' they shouted on their way;  
 'Mother shall have on Christmas Day  
 One egg at least upon her shelves,  
 For we will place it there ourselves!'

Alas! Alack! and Dearie Me!  
 How fragile those eggs seemed to be;  
 Though Ratto tried and Nibble, too,  
 Each egg they lifted slipped right through

Their claws, down to the earthy floor,  
 Until they'd smashed about a score;  
 And Christmas Day was nearly there:  
 The ratties were in great despair.

At last said Nibble: 'Ratto, we  
 Must take this last egg carefully.  
 Lie on your back, and hold it tight;  
 And do not stir from left to right;  
 I'll drag you homeward by the tail!  
 'Cheero!' said Ratto, turning pale;  
 'I'll bear the pain for Mother's sake;  
 Her Christmas present *must* not break!'

It took an hour—and maybe two;  
 But those rats pushed the business through.  
 They brought that egg home safe and sound,  
 And 'Mother dear,' they said, 'we've found  
 This egg, ourselves—a Christmas present  
 For you; we're sure it should taste pleasant;  
 Accept it from us both, we beg!'  
 And handed her—a china egg!

Dear Mother Rat was kind and clever;  
 And so she didn't tell them ever  
 About the queer mistake they'd made;  
 Not she—the finest hen's egg laid  
 Would not have pleased her more, I know,  
 Than the nest-egg they'd brought her! So  
 She packed it carefully away  
 In memory of Christmas Day!

E. TALBOT.

### THE JAPANESE DOLL.

JAPAN is the paradise of dolls. In that country, at one time, certain dolls were said to have become alive. Lafcadio Hearn—who has told us so much about Japan—says that he once asked a charming Japanese girl how a doll could live. 'Why,' was her reply, '*if you love it enough, it will live.*'

It is a beautiful idea.

In old Japan, little girls took such good care of their dolls that these beloved and honoured companions were handed down from one generation to another, and sometimes lived (if we may use the word) for more than a hundred years. The life-sized dolls represent children of two or three years old. It was believed that if these dolls were ill-treated or neglected they would fret, or be angry, and bring misfortune upon their owners.

When a Japanese doll, after a long and happy life, gets broken at last, it is regarded as dead. But it is not treated as rubbish and thrown away. Neither is it buried. It is laid gently and reverently at the foot of a particular tree—the *enoki* tree.

The third of March is the Japanese girls' festival day and the 'Feast of Dolls.'

### GREAT-AUNT ANTHEA'S MONEY.

GREAT-AUNT ANTHEA was fond of me, and I loved her from the time that I was a wee tiny child—before, even, I knew who she was, I suppose. Anyhow, Mother says that it began when I was a very



little thing and was brought down to the drawing-room one afternoon. There were several people in the room besides Father and Mother, and I cried and wouldn't go to any one except to Great-aunt Anthea, who was on a visit to us at the time. This flattered her very much, particularly, Mother says, because I sat on her knee and stroked her prune-silk dress and said 'Pretty, pretty!' and cried and clung to her when Nurse came to take me away.

I have always been glad that happened, for as I grew older, although I felt fond of Aunt, I was always far too much in awe of her to tell her so. I am sorry now that I felt like that.

She was a very strange woman, Aunt Anthea—eccentric, every one said—and I suppose things proved in the end that that was true.

Father was her only nephew, and she was fond of him, I'm sure; but, somehow or other, he and she never got on well together. She was very 'ordering-about,' and Father wouldn't stand that from anybody. Why should he? He is awfully quick-tempered. 'Peppery and poor,' Aunt Anthea called him once while she was on her last visit to us. We children were in the room at the time, and, although Mother ordered us up to the nursery pretty quick when she saw how things were going, I couldn't help hearing that much.

Aunt Anthea went away next day, and Father kicked the drawing-room cushions and said that he wouldn't cringe to any old woman for all the money in the world, but Mother looked dreadfully worried, and said, 'Think of the children;' and that made Father worse than ever, and he shouted out quite loud, 'Think of the children! I never think of anything else, or have a chance to—boot bills and school bills!' We were all quite pleased when that week was over, and Father had settled down to his books again.

When things were better, Mother told me a little about it. I am the eldest, and she says I am sensible for my age, and I expect that is why. Anyhow, she told me that we should all have to be very careful of our frocks and boots because Aunt Anthea was not coming to see us again, and that she had told Father that she should change her will as soon as she got home and leave all her money to the hospitals.

Of course I knew what that meant, because Aunt Anthea was always talking about her will, and telling us all that her money would come to Father, and that some day we should be very rich.

We hated hearing her talk like that, and it always made me feel red up to my ears. So in a way it was quite a relief to know that we were not going to be well off after she was dead. Still, I understood quite well how Mother felt.

About a year after Aunt Anthea's last visit there came a letter from her. It arrived at breakfast-time, and there was quite a commotion. At first Father said that he wouldn't read it, but that he would burn it or send it back; but I knew quite well that he was just as anxious, really, as Mother and all of us were, to hear what was inside.

He opened it at last, and it was very short, and certainly it surprised us very much. She just said that she was still in the same mind and would never come to see us again, but that if Joan (that's me) would like to come and pay her a month's visit she would be pleased

to see me, and that I was to bring plenty of sewing and a cotton sun-bonnet.

The boys giggled at that, but they soon stopped because Father was very upset at the letter, and declared that I should not go. Mother hardly spoke, and I didn't say a word, so I was surprised when Father went out of the room after breakfast, calling out, 'Have it your own way—have it your own way! Let the child do as she likes. Settle it up between you, but don't speak to me about it again!'

Mother said he meant that I could go, and so I went. I didn't look forward to it a bit that time. I really felt rather miserable, for it was the very middle of July, and our garden is always lovely then, and the boys were back from school; but I knew that Aunt Anthea wanted me or she would never have written. She was very proud, prouder than Father almost, and I have the same feelings too somewhere in me—anyhow, I knew how she felt.

So I went; and I really enjoyed it very much when I had got used to the quietness and strangeness. We sat in the garden a great deal (that was why she told me to bring the sun-bonnet), and she did some lovely lace-work and I sewed. And sometimes I used to read to her, but I rather dreaded that, for she was very particular about the way I pronounced every word.

I loved her more when I stayed with her than I ever had before. She was very kind to me, and never talked about dying or leaving us her money as she did at home, but she told me stories about when she was a young girl, and she showed me her dear old sampler, and taught me how to embroider.

It wasn't until nearly the very end of my visit to her that she opened her old spinet one day and showed it to me. And because I asked her, she sat down and played a tune that sounded tinkling and old, and reminded me of her thin blue china. And then she sang a song. It was an old one; I forget all the words, but the beginning was 'My dear and only love, I pray'—and when Aunt Anthea sang it I shut my eyes, and, if it hadn't been for the little quaver in her voice that came just sometimes, I could imagine her quite young and dressed in stiff white muslins with pink ribbons long ago. Somehow it made me feel sad and happy together, and I loved Aunt Anthea more—she seemed more *real* somehow.

I went home soon afterwards, and told Mother, and she said that Aunt Anthea was very beautiful when she was a girl, and that she would have been married to a soldier only that there was a quarrel between them, and they never saw each other again.

Next year I stayed with Aunt Anthea again; and I stayed with her the year after that too, when I was fifteen, and that time she was kinder to me than ever. I begged her every evening to sing to me at the spinet, and I always shut my eyes and saw her as a young and beautiful girl, and wished that I could have known her when she was my own age.

Before I went away she asked me if I would like to come and live with her, and not go home again except for a month every year. I couldn't *possibly* have done that, and I told her so, and she kissed me and didn't say anything more about it. I have always hoped that she was not hurt or sad at what I said, particularly because I never saw her again. She died quite suddenly a few months afterwards.

(Concluded on page 42.)





“Father kicked the drawing-room cushions.”





"It was Aunt Anthea's will!"



## GREAT-AUNT ANTHEA'S MONEY.

*(Concluded from page 39.)*

I FELT terribly miserable when the news came; her lawyer brought it. He came over to see Father, and to tell him that Aunt Anthea had died of heart-failure and that she had left no will behind. That meant that Father was to have all her money, because he and all of us were her only relations, and, although the lawyer was very much upset because there was no will, he said it was quite natural because Aunt Anthea had been taken ill so suddenly, and had not had time to make one.

He congratulated Father; but Father was furious and angry when he heard it. He said that he would not touch a farthing of the money.

Mother looked more worried than ever, for the boys were growing up, and such lots of things were wanted always; but Father only stamped round and talked about his 'honour,' and said that Aunt Anthea would have made a will if she had had time and would have left all her money to the hospitals, as she had meant to do, and to the hospitals the money should go.

The lawyer was very much put out, but he managed to hide his feelings, and went away saying that he would carry out Father's instructions.

There was one thing that I felt very sad about. Aunt Anthea had always told me that she wanted me to take care of her spinet for her some day, and I had always loved it for her sake, and I couldn't bear to think that it would be sold, and perhaps go to people who wouldn't care a bit about it. Besides that, there were some very old silver muffineers; they were strange old things, and she had always told me that she wanted Father to have them. 'They will suit his fancy, my dear; like to like,' she used to say.

I knew she was having a little joke, because she had always thought of Father as 'peppery,' but in those days I used to pretend that I didn't see what she meant.

I told Mother about these things, and she told me to tell Father. So I did, feeling rather frightened. But he was quite kind and understanding, and spoke to the lawyer about it; and after a little while the spinet and the muffineers came home, and Father said that not another thing would he touch.

He directed the lawyer to choose half-a-dozen hospitals and to divide her money between them, and the lawyer used to come nearly every day to try to make him 'see reason,' as he said.

I pitied poor Mother, and understood how she felt; but I understood how Father felt too, and I thought that if Aunt Anthea knew she would understand Father better, and love him better than she ever had before. I hope she knew about it.

Then one day something dreadful happened. Jack, the youngest of us, who was quite small, suddenly was taken terribly ill. It was a case, our doctor said, for an operation at once by the best surgeon possible. Mother was half frantic: she begged Father with all her might to tell the lawyer to stop trying to find hospitals to benefit, and to keep the money.

'Think of Jack. Think of all the children,' said poor Mother, 'and don't let your pride stand in their way.'

'Pride!' shouted Father. 'Have you never heard of honour and principle?'

But the specialist came and the surgeon came and the operation was successful, and I thought that Father had changed after all. But he hadn't. He had sent for a man to value his library, which was the thing he was fondest of in the world, I had always thought until now, and he was going to sell his old folios to pay the surgeon's and the specialist's fees!

I really thought my heart would break. Jack was going to get well—that was the greatest thing, of course; but everything else was wrong. I felt sure that Aunt Anthea, who was really so kind at heart, would have wished Father to use her money, and I *could* not see who was right, Father or Mother.

I came to the conclusion that they were both right, but I couldn't understand how that could be.

I went to bed, and cried and cried for hours.

As soon as I fell asleep it seemed as if I began to dream, and to dream of Aunt Anthea. She was at the spinet, singing, 'My dear and only Love,' looking young and beautiful in stiff white muslin with pink ribbons. She was singing so sweetly and with the prettiest smile. I woke up, and for a moment almost thought that I could hear the spinet still playing in the drawing-room below (Father had let it stand there when it was sent over); but of course then I knew that I had been dreaming, and I went to sleep again.

Then I dreamt again, and again about Aunt Anthea. She was dressed in her prune silk dress and was looking just as she did on the last day I saw her, and she was standing by the spinet with a paper in her hand, and I heard her say, 'For Joan,' and she pushed the paper right down behind the spinet keys.

I woke up again, and this time I felt quite funny, especially as I still seemed to hear her saying, 'For Joan,' in her real voice.

I tried to go to sleep again, but I couldn't for ever so long. Then I dozed off, and had exactly the same dream again.

Something *made* me get up after that, and just as the hall clock was striking four I went downstairs into the drawing-room and pulled back the curtains and looked at the spinet. Everything had seemed so strange in my dreams, and I wanted to be sure that the spinet was there.

It was, of course, and the idea just came to me to look into it and see whether there *was* a paper where I had seen Aunt Anthea put one in my dream.

I opened it, and put my hand right in and drew up a long, thin envelope. You will have guessed by now what it was. It was Aunt Anthea's will!

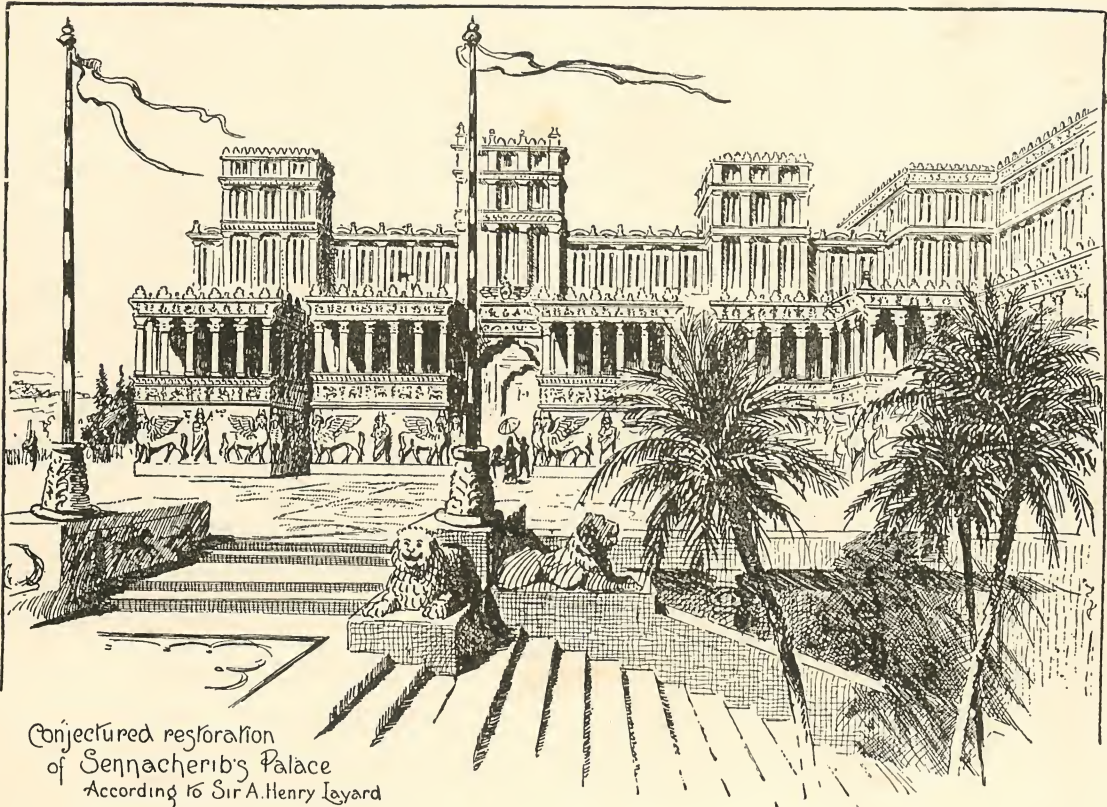
When the lawyer came next morning and opened it, he found that she had had it made out by another lawyer in London. He seemed annoyed that he had not drawn it up himself, but, as he said, it didn't alter the fact that it was a real will; and—she had left everything to *me*.

It was the strangest thing that I ever could have imagined; but if anything could be stranger, it was the fact that Father did not mind at all. He kissed me, and said that he was glad.

Everything was right after that, for fortunately the lawyer hadn't promised anything to the hospitals, so they were not disappointed, and Father has his folios still.

Mother says she thinks that Aunt Anthea grew fond of me while I was staying there, and was afraid that, if she left the money to me, Father would not like it,





Conjectured restoration  
of Sennacherib's Palace  
According to Sir A. Henry Layard

### BURIED CITIES.

BY A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

#### II.—BABYLON AND NINEVEH.

**L**ONG, long ago, when the greater part of Europe was covered with swamps and dense forests, there were nations in Africa and Asia which had already advanced far along the road of civilisation. These were Egypt, Babylonia, and Assyria; but while Menes, the first king of united Egypt, is said to have lived 5000 B.C., the Chaldean Empire can trace its origin back to a still earlier date: the modern explorers tell us that one of the cities, Nippur, existed no less than ten thousand years ago.

We will travel eastward, then, to the country which is now called Mesopotamia, and visit the ruins of two great cities, Babylon and Nineveh, the one upon the Euphrates and the other further north, near to the river Tigris and opposite the Turkish town of Mosul.

Babylonia and Assyria were for many centuries the most powerful nations in Asia, and, although rivals and often enemies, they were closely akin to each other, their religion, science, and art being almost the same. In the wars which raged between them, sometimes the one and sometimes the other was victorious, and there were several kings who ruled over both countries.

Sennacherib, Nebuchadnezzar, Belshazzar—the names are very familiar to us, and we all know how the

armies of Babylon over-ran Syria and how the Israelites were carried away and held in captivity by the waters of Babylon. They were released at last, in 539 B.C., when their conquerors were in their turn defeated by the Persians, and then the city fell rapidly into decay.

Nineveh had already been destroyed in 621 by the rebel Nabopolassar, and so completely was it wiped out of existence that in 499 B.C., when Xenophon led his Greek army of ten thousand men across the country from Susa to the Black Sea, he passed close to its ruins without recognising the site of the once famous and magnificent capital of Assyria.

After that it is not surprising to find that all trace of the city was lost, and that people believed the huge mounds under which it lay hidden to be natural hillocks.

And so years passed away and Babylon and Nineveh remained buried, no efforts being made to recover their treasures, although excavators were already at work in Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, and among the ashes of Pompeii. The chief reason for this neglect was, no doubt, because Mesopotamia was in the hands of the Turks, and they, being Mohammedans, hated anything that was connected in any way with the art or religion of their forerunners. They knew, however, that strange things were hidden away beneath the great mounds which they believed to be haunted by the gods and



and that she put her will inside the spinet so that if I did as she told me and cared for the spinet for her sake, then I should be sure to find it some day.

I don't know why she put it there, but I have always been quite sure of one thing, and always shall be, and that is, that somehow or other Aunt Anthea knew the trouble we were in, and that it was she who sent me the dream that led to the finding of her will.

ETHEL TALBOT.

## LADY YELLOW AND LADY WHITE.

An Eastern Legend.

THE chrysanthemum, as we know, is the national flower of Japan. Many are the legends associated with it. Here is one of them.

Once there grew, side by side in a pleasant meadow, a yellow and a white chrysanthemum. An old gardener who was passing was greatly attracted by the yellow flower.

'Lady Yellow,' he said to her, 'if you will come with me, I will make you even more beautiful than you are already. I will give you fine clothes to wear, and all sorts of nice things to eat.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you,' cried Lady Yellow. 'Of course I will come. Can we start at once?'

'Yes,' replied the old man, and he lifted up the flower and carried her away to his own garden. So excited was Lady Yellow that she quite forgot to say 'Good-bye' to Lady White.

Left alone, the poor white flower wept. She was not a bit jealous, and did not fret because she had been unnoticed; but she loved her sister dearly, and felt very lonely without her. Now, all the day long, there was nobody to speak a word to!

Lady Yellow, who had not such an affectionate disposition as Lady White, was very happy in her new home. She grew more beautiful every day, until none would have recognised the former field flower in this gorgeous inhabitant of the old man's garden. Yet at first she sometimes thought of her sister, and wondered whether she felt very lonely.

One day an important-looking person came in a palanquin to see the gardener. He told the old man that he was searching for a perfect chrysanthemum which his royal master might use as a design for a crest. The gardener showed Lady Yellow to his visitor, but she, although so beautiful, did not please him. He said that he did not want a fine big flower with ever so many long petals, but just a simple white one with sixteen petals.

As the old gardener did not possess such a flower, and had forgotten all about Lady White, the prince's messenger went away disappointed. He did not go home the same way that he had come, but, as luck would have it, passed by the field in which dwelt Lady White. She was still crying, and the gentleman stopped his palanquin to ask the reason of her tears. When he had heard the story of her loneliness, he told her that he had seen Lady Yellow. 'But in my opinion,' he said, 'you are far lovelier than she is.'

Then he told Lady White that he wanted her as a design for his master's crest, and so startled was she to hear this that she nearly jumped off her stalk. With the utmost care she was placed in the palanquin and

taken to the prince's palace. There she was treated with great honour and respect, everybody declaring that she was the most perfectly formed flower ever seen. Fortunately all this praise did not spoil her in the least; she was always humble and gentle.

From all quarters artists came to sketch her, and soon she saw her own white face on all the prince's possessions. It adorned his walls, his curtains, his quilts and cushions, his lacquer boxes, his clothes, his armour. Lady White was painted in all kinds of ingenious and charming ways. Surely this pure white chrysanthemum, with her sixteen petals, made the most beautiful crest in the world!

And now who so happy as Lady White? Happy, because of use. And her happy face lives on for ever.

Lady Yellow, too, was happy for a time. She also was praised, petted, admired. Her vain nature drank in these praises as readily as her long curly petals drank in the refreshing dew. She thought of none but herself; even her sister was soon forgotten. And by-and-by she met with a sad fate. One day she was seized with a strange, sudden stiffness in all her limbs, her head drooped, her heart ceased to beat; and when the old gardener came along and saw what had happened, he picked her up and flung her upon a rubbish-heap.

E. DYKE.

## A FAIRY RHYME.

MONDAY'S the fairies' washing-day :

The early morning hours  
Find them all working hard away;  
Their wash-tubs are the flowers.  
The cup-like ones are best, they say  
Those catch the dew, you know,  
And fairies' dresses washed that way  
Are white as driven snow.

TUESDAY'S the fairies' drying-day ;

So Tuesdays should be fine,  
And rather windy, by the way,  
And then the Sun should shine;  
And rose-bushes should hide each thorn  
That day—I'll tell you why—  
It's lest the dresses should be torn  
When they're hung out to dry.

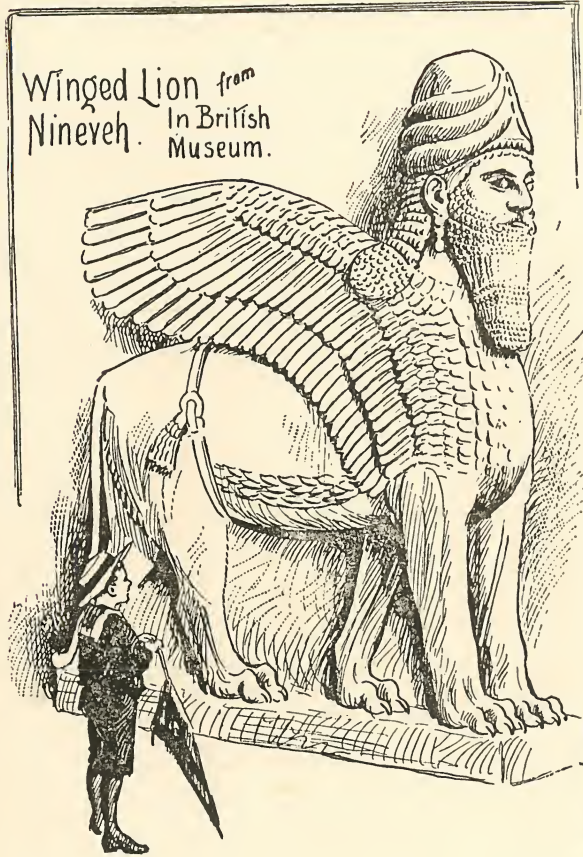
Then WEDNESDAY is ironing-day :

The Sunbeams for a joke  
Come down to help. That's work, they say,  
Too hard for fairy folk;  
They press out all the creases, and  
In quite a little while  
Those dresses look as grand as grand,  
And how the fairies smile !

THURSDAY'S the fairies' darning-day :

Then, seated in a row  
Upon an apple-blossom spray,  
The fairies sit and sew;  
They darn with silk each scrap of stuff  
That by mistake they tore,  
And, if their silk's not quite enough,  
The Spiders bring them more !





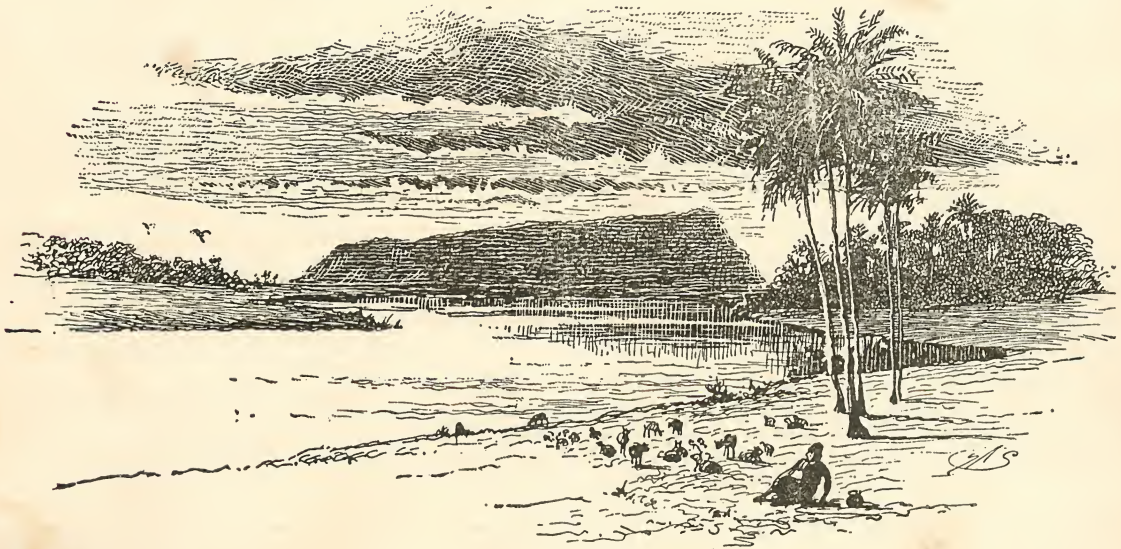
demons of the old faith, and sometimes when a statue or sculptured stone was washed clear of mud and rubbish during the rainy season, one of the Mussulman priests would collect his followers, and, going to the ruins, they would deface the idolatrous image and break it in pieces.

An old mosque, said to contain the tomb of the prophet Jonah, stood on the mounds of Nineveh, and when, during the nineteenth century, excavators began at last to busy themselves in the neighbourhood, they were hindered by the Turkish authorities in the belief that a holy place of the Mohammedan religion would not be disturbed.

It was in 1820 that an Englishman named Rich first began to suspect that the ruins of Nineveh might be hidden beneath the strangely shaped hills near the Tigris, but although he found fragments of pottery and inscribed bricks which showed that the rubbish heaps might prove to be treasure houses, his excavations were not very successful. It is said that during the next twenty years of research everything found in both Nineveh and Babylon would hardly have filled a wooden case three feet square.

The work, however, had been begun, and it now went on apace. A French explorer, Botta, was more fortunate than his predecessor had been, and in 1845 another Englishman, Layard, set himself to the task. and Nineveh was rediscovered and many buildings were brought to light from the dust and rubbish beneath which they had lain hidden twelve hundred years. Statues, weapons, inscriptions, ornaments, walls, temples, and palaces—it is impossible to describe all the wonderful things that were unearthed, and it is said that when the Arab workmen first brought to light one of the huge stone bulls which used to stand as guardians at the gates of the city, they rushed to their master declaring that they had found Nimrod himself.

Several of these colossal statues have been transported to London, but, when we see them there, in the Assyrian



The Mound of Babil.  
Babylon.



Courts of the British Museum, few of us realise the difficulties that had to be encountered and overcome before they could be removed from the ruins of Nineveh. Layard describes how the first of these giants was taken to the Tigris, and tells of a specially constructed cart which had to be provided to carry the immense weight, of three hundred men dragging it, of Kurdish musicians and Arab horsemen who took part in the procession, and of bands of women who followed, uttering shrill cries of triumph and encouragement.

So much has now been discovered among the ruins of the two ancient cities and from the inscriptions which have been deciphered that archæologists are able to tell us what Nineveh and Babylon were like in the days of their splendour and power. The former, we are told, was no less than fifteen miles square, while Nineveh was surrounded with a wall so wide that seven chariots could gallop along it abreast. There were tall, narrow passages through the walls, with bronze gates, and on either side were the stone winged monsters who were supposed to protect the city, not only from attacks of enemies, but from earthquakes, plagues, and famines.

Trials were sometimes held at these gates, and merchants met there to barter their wares, while idlers loitered in the sunshine or slept in the shade of the great statues.

In Babylon the ruins of a wonderful edifice have been found, which is supposed to have been built by King Nebuchadnezzar. It was in seven stories, the lower of which was constructed of black brick, the second of orange, the third of red, while the fourth was covered with plates of solid gold.

The palaces of Babylon and Nineveh were very magnificent, more strongly built and imposing even than the temples. They were raised on brick platforms, sometimes several stories high, and had stately entrance gates, with guardian statues, and tall poles from which floated the royal standard of the reigning monarch. Thousands of servants and courtiers thronged the immense enclosed yards, and we hear of exquisite sculptures, thrones of ivory and gold, and hanging gardens, which were considered among the wonders of the ancient world.

The houses of the common people, on the other hand, were simply built, and not unlike Eastern homes of to-day. They were usually of one story, with flat roofs, on which the women prepared food, washed clothes, played with their children, or amused themselves with gossip and embroidery.

There was very little furniture in these houses, and what there was seems to have been of the simplest description, but there were always charms and amulets to protect the family from evil spirits.

The ancient inscriptions which have been found not only tell us about the everyday life of the people of Babylon, but also about their learning and belief in magic. We must not forget that the Chaldeans were great students of astrology, and that it was from this country in the East that the three wise men came, one winter-time, nearly two thousand years ago, and journeyed to Bethlehem with their mystic gifts of gold, incense, and myrrh.

Akkad, another ancient city, had a wonderful library, in which were many works on astrology, astronomy, and magic; and many strange superstitions still existing in Europe, Asia, and Africa can be traced back through the ages to the buried cities of Chaldea.

## WHY OLD NESTS DISAPPEAR.

WE generally think of the clothes moth as an insect which enters our houses and spends the great part of its life in destroying our valuable furs and clothes, but outside in its natural state it renders us useful service. This consists in the removal of the nests of birds from the branches of the trees and bushes after they have been deserted by their late inmates.

The moth itself does not take an active share in the task, leaving that duty to its larvæ (*i.e.*, the maggots which are hatched from its eggs). These feed upon the hair, wool, feathers, &c., which are used by the birds in building their nests. By the destruction of such binding materials, and the burrowing of air passages, the winds and the rain have free scope to break up the nests and disperse the twigs.

That the services of these little animals are quite necessary may be realised when we remember that hair is almost indestructible. As is well known, it is entirely unaffected by the ordinary agencies with which nature brings about decay. The fiercest storms may beat upon it year after year without effect. It may be buried beneath the ground for centuries of time with a like result, as has been proved by the discovery, in the ancient tombs of Egypt, of tresses of hair, which, in spite of their long burial, still preserve their strength and beauty.

Unless, therefore, the moths removed this hair in the deserted nests of birds, the branches of nearly all our trees must sooner or later be choked up by the increasing amount of twigs, wool, moss, &c., which is being constantly deposited upon them; for, with very few exceptions, no bird uses an old nest in two successive seasons, and even in these exceptional cases she nearly always gives the nest a new lining.

Of course no defence can be made for the clothes moths when they enter our houses, but we ought not to think that they are, therefore, the natural foes of mankind. Our civilisation has compelled the little insects to adapt themselves to circumstances, that is all.

W. G. WHITE.

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By W. RAINY.

(Continued from page 35.)

'WELL, I never!' said Uncle William. 'More plots, and schemes, and dark doings. I don't know what the youngsters are coming to now-a-days. The girls are all turned into boys, and the boys into—er—'

'Super-men,' suggested Phil.

'But, seriously,' continued Uncle William, patting his coat and feeling about in his breast-pocket, 'seriously, now, this Stanley Cobb is going to lead you a chase; he's going to London, or somewhere—going to stay at hotels, perhaps—there's travelling expenses to be considered, and you can't sit on doorsteps at night, and you'll want something to eat—at least, I should—all this means money. I'm going to finance this expedition.' A fat pocket-book was produced; he turned over some papers and drew out ten one-pound notes. 'I'm not going to be left out of this,' he said fiercely as he thrust



them into Vic's hand; 'and there's another thing: you know my address, don't you? Have you got my telephone number? Here we are. Now, if you get in a hole, ring me up, say where you are, and I shall be with you as fast as sixteen stone can travel. There, I think that will do. By-the-by, don't you ever get a newspaper down in these parts?'

'Yes, the boy leaves the *Times* every morning,' replied Vic.

'Then why didn't you say so? I haven't missed the newspaper for fourteen months. Have you looked at it?'

'Yes, I always look down the "Casualty List" first thing,' Vic replied gravely.

'Ah! Let me see it, there's a good lad—a good lad!' repeated Uncle William, turning to Phil and jerking his head in the direction of the retreating figure of Vic. 'Good lad. Bitter cruel times these. There's scarce any one but what's on the rack about somebody at the Front, or who has been at the Front and will never come back again. See this,' he continued huskily as he jerked out his elbow towards Phil, calling attention to the band of crape around his arm. 'My boy.'

'I'm sorry,' said Phil the boisterous, in a feeble voice, and there was silence for some moments. 'I have a brother out there,' continued Phil, in the same tone.

'Ha!' exclaimed Uncle William.

'Prisoner,' said Phil.

'Ha!' repeated Uncle William. 'Germany?'

'No, Holland. Five years older than me. Joined the Naval Division at the beginning of the war. Cut up in Antwerp. Interned in a beastly hole in Holland now. Had a frightful time last winter.'

'Ha!' again exclaimed Uncle William.

'Place called Groningen,' continued Phil. 'The Dutch treat them all right—not like the Germans, but they're in a horribly dismal place, and the cold and damp were awful in the winter, and they're dreadfully down in the mouth after a year of it.'

'Ha! poor fellows,' said Uncle William.

'Heard of him from a young officer in consumption—sent home, you know. Dick says he will make a bolt of it when he gets the chance. If I were over there I'd soon have him out.'

'You?' said Uncle William, turning round on the seat and looking Phil up and down. 'You have plenty of confidence in yourself, young man.'

'Yes, I have,' replied Phil simply. 'I can manage the language all right. I speak German A1, and if you know German you soon pick up Dutch. I'm good at languages, you know; it's about the only thing I am good at.'

Vic had returned and handed the newspaper to his uncle, who did not open it, but kept it folded as it was and sat tapping it on his knee.

Phil was sitting forward with his elbows on his knees, looking down at the path and screwing his heel into the gravel. He looked up sideways and said, 'I was telling your uncle about Dick.'

Vic had overheard the last few sentences and chimed in, 'Yes, Phil's a regular don at languages; he can speak French, German, Dutch, and a bit of Spanish. I believe he could pick up Chinese in half a term.'

'Well, you see it's like this, Mr. Dixon,' explained Phil. 'Ours is a funny family. We've never had any proper home; we have dodged about all over the place. Father's an engineer, you know, and always mixed up

with railway construction, and has lived in almost every country in Europe, until he and mother dumped me down at Midhurst and Dick in London, and went off to India. So as kiddies we were always chumming in with foreigners and picking up their languages. As soon as we'd unpacked our sticks at one place we started packing them to go to another, and sometimes we didn't unpack at all, but lived *en pension*. It seems awfully rummy to be down here at Vic's place, where his family has been chained to the same spot for centuries, where the fields and the church and the trees are all as much a part of them as the hair on their heads—my grandfather built out this wing, and my grandmother planted this tree—it seems awfully comic to me, but rather nice. I suppose I shall be a rolling stone, like my father, and there's no doubt about Dick's being a chip of the old block.'

On the afternoon of the same day a small boy on a big bicycle was seen scorching along the dusty road that led to Appledrum Manor. His head was down over the handle-bars, and the saddle being too high for his short legs, he was as much off it as on, as he wriggled from side to side to throw his weight first on one pedal, then on the other. His movements were certainly energetic, and he made a very fair pace.

'Teddy, by all that's good!' shouted Vic. 'What's the news?'

Teddy hopped off the machine, and in a hoarse whisper said, 'Gent's going by the 3.50 up train, and here's a note from Beasley.'

'Hip! hip!' shouted Phil. 'Clear the decks for action. What does he say?'

Vic opened the envelope and drew from it three half-sheets of note-paper, and read from one of them:—

'Dear Sir,—I enclose copies of two telegrams received by the Filbert. He's leaving by the 3.50 to Victoria, which means London Bridge.—Yours truly, H. B.'

'Let's look at the telegrams,' said Phil.

Both boys pored over the enclosures, but could make little of them. 'We'll study them out in the train,' said Vic. 'There's heaps of time—more than an hour.' He raised his voice, shouting, 'He's breaking cover, Uncle. He's off.'

Uncle William had returned to his *Times* after lunch, and was in the middle of a leading article on 'Economy in War Time.' 'What? Who?' he snapped.

'Why, Stanley Cobb, Esq., The Willows, Tooting. He's going by the 3.50 up train.'

'Is he though?' said Uncle William, looking at his watch, which had yielded to Vic's key, and was now going. '3.50: that will suit me very well. I'm going the same way. I'll have a look at him.'

'Hurrah!' cried Phil. 'The thing's beginning to hum!'

'Is that Teddy, the dispatch-rider?' inquired Uncle William. 'Is he going back to the town? Here, Teddy, put this shilling in your pocket, get back as fast as you can, and send me a taxi. I'll pack my bag.'

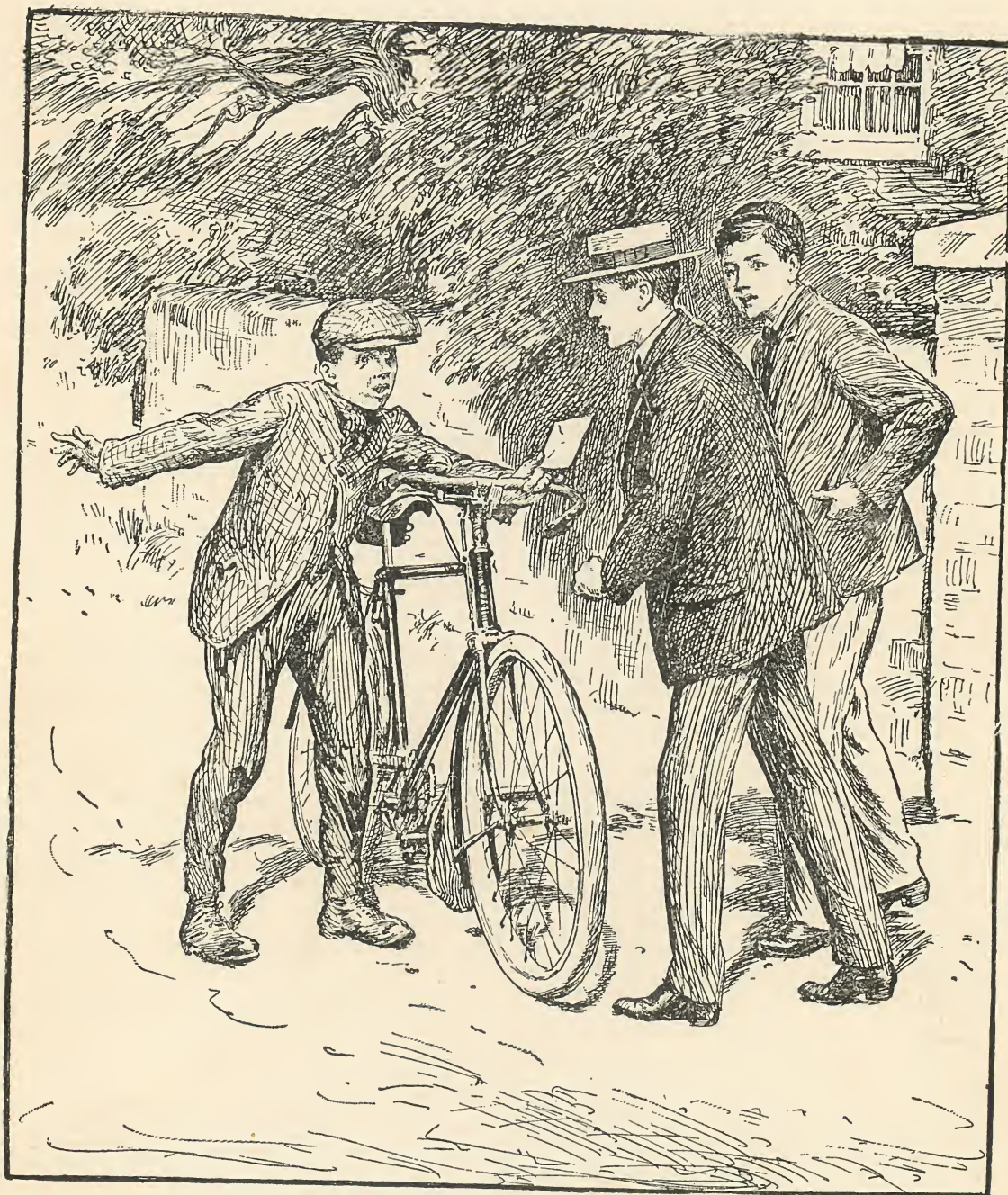
'Off you go, Teddy, and if you see two Scouts at the station, you needn't take any notice of them. We may be away a few days. Remember your orders, and give that note to Mrs. Horn. Understand?'

Judging by the grin on Teddy's face, there were very few things he did not understand.

'Now then, Phil; now for the togs.'

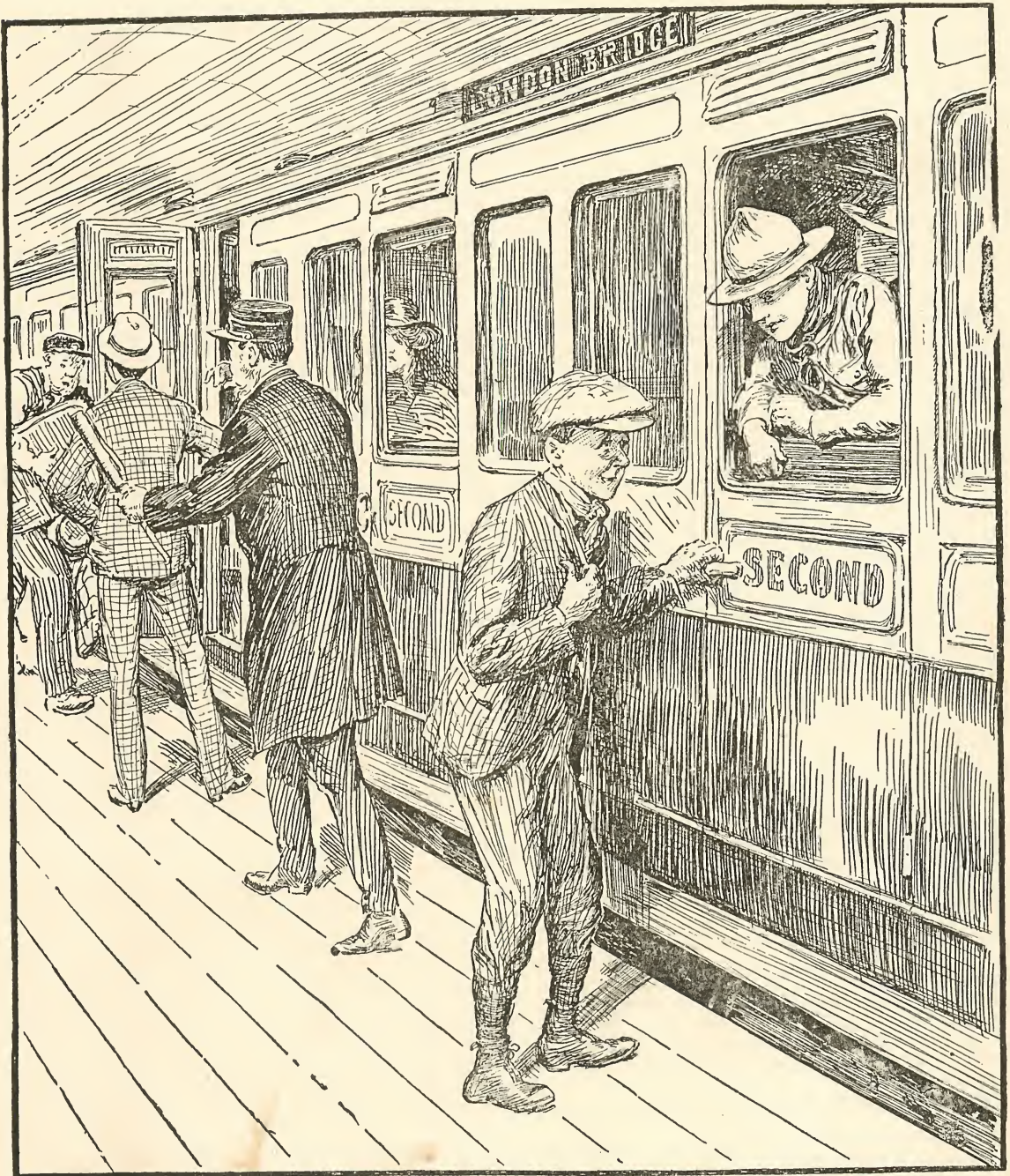
(Continued on page 50.)





“‘What’s the news?’ shouted Vic.”





“His luggage is labelled Victoria, but he will change at Sutton.”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By W. RAINEY.

(Continued from page 47.)

THERE were seldom many people going by the 3.50 train. A lady or two, a clergyman, and a small group at the bookstall were the only passengers waiting on the up platform at Chichester Station; so that when the 'bus from the 'Dolphin' drove up, the gentleman who alighted had the full attention of the one porter who was on duty. This worthy made as much as possible of the portmanteau and dressing-case, the one walking-stick and umbrella. He put much thought into the labelling of the portmanteau, which was wasted, for eventually the gentleman took it into the carriage with him. However, it brought him the expected tip, and so was well invested. The gentleman was tall, slight, well-dressed, wore a 'Trilby' hat of dark green, and carried a light overcoat on his arm. His face was long, his features good, but his eyes were pale, giving an expression of looking inwards, instead of outwards, which was not altogether agreeable.

When the engine rolled in, and the porter shouted, 'Front part Victoria, back part London Bridge,' he entered a first-class carriage in the front. There was the usual bustle on a small scale, and the porter began slamming the doors for the train's departure.

A portly, middle-aged gentleman and two Boy Scouts appeared on the platform, passed to the rear of the train, and got into a second-class compartment. A small, sharp-faced boy, with trousers tucked into his socks, in lieu of trouser-clips, turned the handle of the door after them, saying to the Boy Scout who hung out of the window, 'His luggage is labelled "Victoria," but he's got it in with him. He will change at Sutton.'

'Well, Uncle, did you see him?' said one of the Boy Scouts, turning to the stout gentleman.

'Yes; I had a good look at him from the waiting-room window.'

'What do you think of him?'

'Well, I didn't see anything very remarkable. He might be anything from a duke to a commercial traveller; but if it had been Goodwood week, I should have put him down as a racing-man. I should have gone into the same carriage with him, but I thought it might give the plot away.'

With the motion of the train, Phil's spirits were beginning to bubble over, and, as they had the compartment to themselves, and Uncle William was again absorbed in the *Times*, he began singing, 'It's a long way to Tipperary'; but he finished abruptly, partly because he was not musical, and partly because that line of the song was all he knew, but mainly because Vic had taken out of his pocket the copies of telegrams sent him by the head waiter of the 'Dolphin,' and was frowning at them.

'Let's have a look, Vic; I'm good at hieroglyphics,' he said.

The first ran: 'We are both quite well.—MEG.'

'Meg is Margaret,' said Phil. 'That's from the lady, I guess; but it doesn't throw much light on the subject.'

'We are both quite well,' Vic read again.

'Yes; we are both quite well,' repeated Phil.

'What do you make of that?' said Vic.

'I don't make anything of it,' replied Phil. 'Let's have a look at the other.'

'Wait a minute,' Vic rejoined. '"We are both quite well."'

'So you said before,' said Phil.

'Don't be an ass, Phil.'

'Certainly not, if you've got the copyright; but it's catching, you know.'

'Awfully smart,' said Vic scornfully. 'You're so jolly sharp, it's a wonder you can't make this out: "We are both quite well."'

'There's nothing to make out, if you parrot it over fifty times: "We are both quite well; we are both quite well; we are both quite well; we are"—'

'Stop it, Phil Kinchin, else I'll stick something into you. Listen to me.'

'Well, gas away, then.'

'"We are both quite well."'

'Yes; "we are both quite well."'

'If she was called away because her mother was taken ill, how can she say, "We are both quite well"? This doesn't refer to her mother; in fact, her mother is a Mrs. Harris, and doesn't exist. She refers to somebody else or something else. Now, if she wanted to let the Filbert know that she and the "Reynolds" had arrived quite safely, couldn't she put it this way, "We are both quite well"?'

'There's something in that,' said Phil. 'I think you're about right.'

'I wish we had the original telegram; then we might see where it was sent from.'

'Yes,' Phil agreed. 'But, as it is, we shall have to follow the Filbert. What does the other say?'

Vic turned up the other. It read: 'All in order.—KLOMPEDAM.'

'That's a queer name,' said Vic.

'Enemy alien,' said Phil.

'The message may mean much the same as the other, as if she had placed it in somebody else's hands, and he was following out instructions. Sounds like a man, doesn't it—a business man? But that name is a corker—must be a foreigner, at any rate.'

'"Klompedam"—Phil scrutinised it—"Klompedam"—I never saw a name like it. I believe it's the name of a place—a place in Holland. Half the places in Holland end in a "d-a-m." Let's show it to Mr. Dixon.'

Both telegrams were shown to Uncle William, and he quite agreed with Phil that 'Klompedam' must be the name of a place in Holland.

'I never heard of such a place,' said he; 'but then I haven't been to Holland or had any dealings with that country. I have only known one Dutchman in the course of my life. His name was Bokum, which means "pickled herring," so he told me. They have some odd names in that country, I know. The termination is unmistakable.'

When they arrived at Sutton Station, where the train divided, the boys squeezed their heads out of the window and watched with glee Mr. Stanley Cobb struggling with his portmanteau, as he quitted the fore part of the train and entered a compartment in the London Bridge portion.

'All in order,' said Vic, grinning.

'We are both quite well,' said Phil. 'There will be a bit of a crush at London Bridge. We shall have to be smart, or we shall lose our man. What are you going to do, Uncle? We shall have to hang on to the Filbert, and we may get separated.'



'Can't say, my boy,' replied Uncle William. 'When I make up my mind what to do in an emergency, it seldom comes off. I have an hour or two to dispose of, and I should like to see the end of this first move. If I get home in time for supper, I shall be satisfied.'

(Continued on page 62.)

### THE WIZARD.

IN the emerald gloom, between the trees,  
He sits all day with his chin on his knees,  
His white beard stroking the mossy grass,  
While his keen, dark eyes watch all who pass.

Never a wayfarer crosses his lair,  
But he knows his thoughts and what brings him  
there;

Never a farmer goes that way  
But he knows the cost of his new-pressed hay.

Never a peasant-girl passes by  
But he counts the pigs in her mother's sty,  
And guesses the price that her eggs will bring,  
And hears the song that her sisters sing.

Never a winsome, run-away pair  
Make their tryst in the forest there,  
And laugh to have cheated their kith and kin,  
But he knows the church they'll be married in.

Cunning old wizard!—he knows all things,  
Knows maids and boys, and beggars and kings;  
And none suspect him of being wise—  
The old Whitebeard, with the keen, dark eyes.

DORIS DAVIDSON.

### THE WILD SWAN.

OF all the birds which can be seen on our northern lochs, the common whooper or wild swan is among the most handsome. It is a regular winter visitor to our western isles, and is seen at its best and in greatest abundance on the inland waters situated there.

The breeding-grounds of those that come to Scotland are almost certainly situated in Iceland and Finland, though some may come from remote Spitzbergen, and thither in March or April our winter visitants proceed, and join in great flocks with those which have passed the winter on the open waters of the coast. Like Finland, Iceland is admirably suited to a bird with the peculiar habits of the swan. Every pair want a loch to themselves, and in both these countries the lochs, or, as they would be called in the Highlands, lochans, are almost without number. The swans build their nest on a small island, or, if there is no island, on a spit of land or a part of the loch shore which is sufficiently marshy to be difficult of approach, there piling up a platform of the twigs of the willow and scrub birch, intermingled with moss and grass. A pair return to the same nest year after year, and if any interloper has tried to take possession, will fight for their property.

The question of ownership being settled, the pair set about renovating the old nest, which thus grows in size from year to year until it often reaches the height of two or three feet. On the top of this, on a fresh layer of moss, the creamy white eggs are deposited. They are hatched out about the middle of June, and the

young ones are ready to fly before the rigour of the Arctic winter locks up their home supply of food.

The wild swan may live for half a century. He does not take a mate till his third year, and when he does, is said to mate for life. These wonderful birds feed chiefly on vegetable substances, as the seeds and roots of aquatic plants, but also on fish spawn, of which they are said to be great destroyers. They have a hissing note like geese, which they emit when offended, and deal tremendous blows with their wings in attacks or defence.

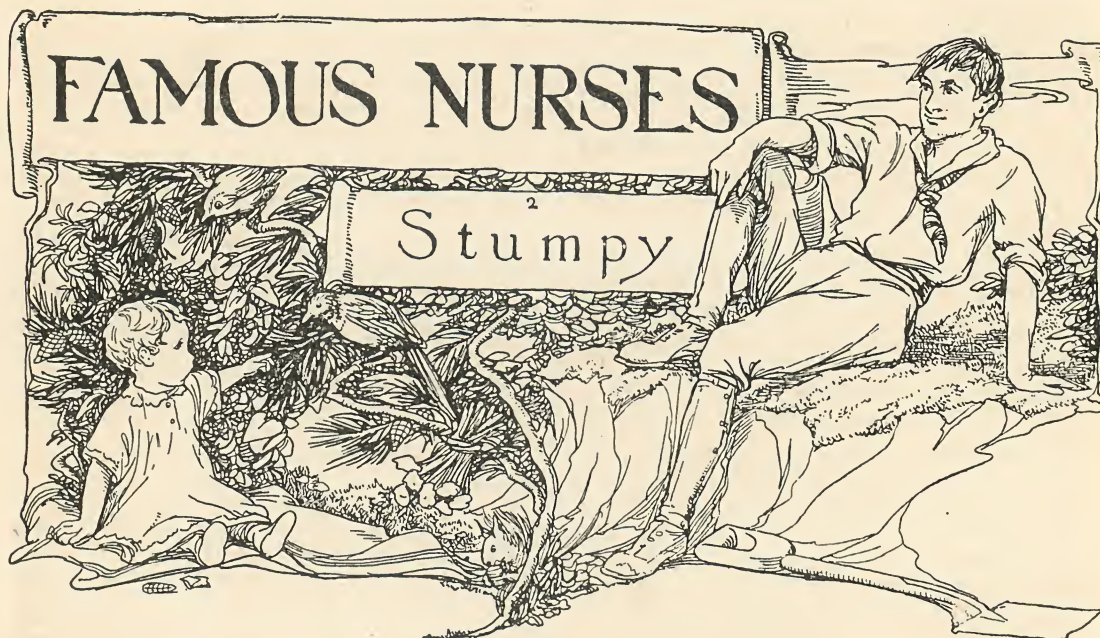
The ancients called the swan the Bird of Apollo or of Orpheus, and ascribed to it remarkable musical powers, which it was supposed to exercise particularly when its death approached. About a century ago the wild swan used to breed in the Orkney Islands. There was a time when swans were used as food in this country and were served up at every great feast, and old books are very particular in directions how to prepare and cook them.

### THE TALL HAT.

IF there is one thing I dislike more than another,' said the tall hat, 'it is windy weather. For a cap or a bowler it is quite a different thing. They can laugh at the rude, insulting hurricane as it rushes by, and even if they do get blown off their masters' heads, very little harm is done. But I would have you remember that a Top-hat has to take care of its dignity. The cloth cap is only *just* respectable, and sometimes is not even *that*. The bowler is a cheeky kind of chap who can put up with any amount of nonsense, and has never been taught to feel half as much self-respect as I am called upon to show. Ask Master Thomas if this is not true. Master Thomas is bright and prim; Master Thomas is sixteen; Master Thomas is always careful to have his necktie straight, and when he and I first became acquainted about a week ago, he brushed me lovingly with a velvet pad till I shone all round like an ebony mirror. Then we went out together for a gentlemanly walk. I sat on his head like a king on his throne. I bowed in a stately way to some people we met, and once or twice, in obedience to his command, rose right up into the air with nothing to support me but the tips of his fingers. After a while I noticed that this only took place when some lady went by. It was a royal walk, and I felt proud to cut such a shine in public; but all at once the happiness was turned to fear, and the glory to humiliation. Slipping round the corner of a horrid street, we met a bad-mannered gust of wind which was hiding there on purpose to tease me. With a sudden cuff it knocked me clean into the air, then chased me down the street as I bumped along, making a noise that attracted the attention of every passer-by. Poor Thomas did his best to rescue me, but the wind was evidently bent on having a game at football, for it kicked me on and on till with a mighty splash I fell plump into an ornamental pond at the end of the street. Then the disgraceful wind left me alone, and Thomas fished me out with the help of a gentleman's umbrella. Thomas's face was solemn; Thomas's heart was sad. I had come out throned in majesty on his upright head; I went home again under his arm. Can anybody wonder that if there is one thing I dislike more than another, it is windy weather?'

JOHN LEA.





**T**OMMY LUCK was born in Roaring Camp in California. Between two hills and a swift-flowing river, the camp lay in a triangular valley, and of the hundred men who dwelt there, digging for gold, many were criminals who had fled from justice; all were wild and lawless. The only woman in the camp was Tommy Luck's mother. But it was not her home: she had wandered thither from some other camp, and so little was known of her that when she died, soon after Tommy was born, nobody could say who his father was or where he was to be found. In short, the baby would have died too if one of the miners, known as Stumpy (no doubt because his figure was short and thick) had not fed him with donkey's milk. By-and-by he wrapped Tommy in red flannel, placed him in a candle-box on a table in the rough cabin where his mother had lived, and put a hat beside the candle-box. He then opened the door, and the camp-men came in, curious to see the youngest inhabitant of Roaring Camp, whom hitherto they had known only by his wails.

'Gentlemen,' said Stumpy, 'will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything towards the orphan will find a hat handy.'

The procession filed in. 'Is that him?' asked one man. 'Mighty small specimen,' said another. And one after another the men dropped their contributions into the hat. Besides loose gold and silver there was a revolver, a tobacco-box, a scarf-pin, and a surgeon's lancet; in fact, every man had a gift for Tommy Luck, who lay silent and solemn in his candle-box.

Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the circus procession. As Kentuck, one of the roughest men in the camp, bent over the box, 'the child ... caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish, and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his

weather-beaten cheek.' Then he took his finger away, more gently than might have been expected of him, and as he went out held it a little apart from the others, examining it curiously.

'He rastled (wrestled) with my finger,' said Kentuck to the man next him when they stood outside the cabin, and that night, when the camp was quiet, and only Stumpy sat up, watching his charge, Kentuck knocked at the door.

'How goes it?' asked he of Stumpy.

'All serene,' replied Stumpy.

'Anything up?'

'Nothing.'

There was a pause, an embarrassing one, for Kentuck was half ashamed of his interest in Tommy. Then he held up his finger to Stumpy. 'Little chap rastled with it!' he repeated—and so withdrew.

Soon after, there was a meeting in the camp. One man proposed that Tommy should be sent away to the next camp, where it might be possible to find some woman who would be his nurse.

But this suggestion met with fierce opposition. The child belonged to Roaring Camp, and at Roaring Camp he must remain, and there was great satisfaction when Stumpy offered to take care of Tommy. So it was settled. Nobody would have thought that Stumpy was capable of caring for so young a child, or indeed for any child at all, he being as reckless and rough as the majority of men in that camp. But he was never rough to Tommy. The boy thrived. Perhaps the mountain air had something to do with it, but Stumpy said it was the asses' milk on which he was fed.

It was not until he was a month old that the boy ceased to be called 'the Kid,' or 'Stumpy's boy.' The men declared that he had brought 'the luck' to Roaring Camp, and so it was agreed to call him 'Luck,' 'with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience.'





"The child caught at his finger."



From that time a change came over Roaring Camp. It began in Tommy's cabin, which Stumpy kept clean and whitewashed. The miners had sent eighty miles to the nearest town for a rosewood cradle, and the other furniture looked so mean and rough beside it that the camp store, known as 'Tuttle's grocery,' procured for Stumpy a carpet and mirrors. Then, Stumpy would not allow any man to hold 'the Luck' unless he was clean, and so it came about that even Kentuck, who had lost the habit of washing, would appear every afternoon in a clean shirt, his face shining from soap and water.

'On the long summer days "the Luck" was usually carried to the gulch (or gorge) from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken.' There he would lie on a blanket, whilst the men worked in the ditches below. As he grew older they would bring him flowers, or bright pebbles from the bed of the creek. 'It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hill-sides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content.' At all events, Stumpy found him always good and quiet; and once, when he dropped over a bank on his head in the soft earth, he stayed there with his mottled legs in the air without uttering a sound for at least five minutes. 'He was extricated without a murmur.' His playfellows were the birds and the squirrels and the flowers, and he was as happy as the day is long, till, in the winter of 1851, the river overflowed its banks. Such a winter had never been known. Snow lay deep on the mountains, and every little creek became a river. At last, a great torrent of water swept over Roaring Camp, and you will read about this flood in a story called *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, by the famous American author, Bret Harte. It is a story with a sad ending, for Tommy was drowned in the flood, although Kentuck lost his own life trying to save the child. He was found on the river-bank, with Tommy in his arms.

'Tell the boys I've got the luck with me now,' said Kentuck with a brave smile, before he died. We who read Bret Harte's story may be glad that he writes of this love for 'the Luck' as the happiest thing in the wild, adventurous lives of Kentuck and of Stumpy, the 'miner nurse.'

JOYCE COBB.

### THE LITTLE SOLDIER.

LITTLE Leslie was the youngest of a family of seven brothers and sisters. Rosie and Kitty came next to him, and then came Tom, Harry, George—and Jack, the eldest. Of course, Jack was very much older than Leslie—old enough, in fact, to be a Lieutenant in His Majesty's army, and Leslie thought what a great thing it must be to be a soldier. The other brothers thought the same, and when Jack came home from France, on leave, how excited all the boys were, and how eagerly they listened to Jack's stories of the cheerfulness, the patience, and the heroism of the British soldier.

At last came the day when the Lieutenant must rejoin his regiment. 'Good-bye, you chaps,' he said to his brothers. 'Hurry up, and get old enough to join the colours.'

'I shall be next,' said George with pride, 'I am almost sixteen.'

'Yes, each one in turn,' said the Lieutenant, 'till we've rounded up the little chap,' he finished, smiling at Leslie.

And Leslie thought it just splendid of his soldier brother to say that.

Then the Lieutenant saluted his father and the boys, and he kissed Mother, Rosie, and Kitty. Leslie was whispering to himself 'Will he, oh! will he——'

But no, he *didn't* kiss him, too.

Instead, he gave him an extra smart salute, all to himself, and said cheerfully, 'Well, good-bye, old man; keep fit, you know.' And away he went. No one guessed how Leslie's little heart swelled with pride, as he watched Jack out of sight.

But everything must be different now that Jack had saluted him, Leslie told himself.

Then Father and Mother went indoors, and Rosie and Kitty ran for their dolls. The three brothers were going towards the field behind the house. This field was quite a miniature battlefield, with trenches and dug-outs all complete.

'Come along, Leslie,' called Kitty just then, running out of the house again with her doll.

And as Leslie looked at the little girls and then at his brothers, his heart gave a great leap, for he had resolved to do something very daring.

'No,' he answered Kitty, very decidedly, and then hurried off after the boys as fast as he could go.

Soon he caught them up.

'Hullo! what's up, Kid?' said Tom, staring in surprise at the little panting figure.

'I want to play soldiers with you,' said Leslie boldly.

Tom just stared and whistled, but George said sharply, 'Go and play with Rosie and Kitty.'

'Shan't,' said Leslie stoutly. 'I can't play with girls and dolls *now*.'

'Why?' questioned George in astonishment; 'you're only a baby.'

'Because Jack saluted me,' the little boy said proudly, 'so I'm not a baby any more.'

The three big brothers stared at the little one in silent astonishment for a second or so, and then an understanding look came in Harry's eyes.

'Right-O, Kid!' he said; 'come on,' and he took Leslie's hand.

'He will spoil the fun; it's too rough a game for him,' objected George, frowning.

'Be a sportsman, and give the youngster a chance,' Tom said then, as he took Leslie's other hand.

Leslie gave each hand that held his a grateful squeeze, and looking steadily and very pleadingly into George's face he said, 'I shan't spoil the game—Jack saluted me.'

That seemed to settle it, for George only said, 'Fall in.' Then Harry and Tom dropped his hands, and he had to stretch his little legs as far as he could to march in step with his soldier brothers.

The enemy—the Wilson and the Jackson boys—and the allies, the Smith boys—were already on the field when they reached it. They stared in surprise at the very young recruit, but to Leslie's joy they said nothing. Besides, George was their Colonel, in turns, so that they didn't object to his wishes in any way.

Then followed an exciting five minutes for Leslie, while Tom explained to him the game.

Tom was a 'Captain,' and Leslie was to accompany him into the front-line trench to take observations. While the Captain used his periscope, absolute silence and obedi-



ence were necessary. Then they were to return with their report to the 'Colonel' and, if the conditions reported were favourable, he would command his own men to charge. Then they would leap over the parapets of their trenches, and charge the enemy. So Leslie crept behind Tom along the communication trench that led from the back to the front trenches.

He was very excited, and could not have been more serious if he had been a real soldier fighting in France.

Soon Tom had fixed his periscope, and, a moment later, he ordered Leslie to move forward a little.

Poor Leslie did not understand the command, and so Tom gave him a quick little push.

Now, the trench was very sticky and muddy, and the little fellow, taken by surprise when Tom pushed him, stumbled forward and fell, with one leg doubled up under him. A terrible sharp, twisting pain shot through his ankle, and he was going to scream out aloud, when he remembered that his officer had commanded silence. So he pressed both little fists tightly over his mouth, but the tears *would* run quickly down his little face.

The Captain had not noticed the accident, and as he turned to go back with his report he ordered Leslie to follow him.

The poor young soldier heard the command, and knew that at all costs he must obey his officer. Very hard he tried to drag along his hurt leg, and crawl after his captain, but, oh, what agony it was! 'But I must!' he told himself as he tried again and again. 'I won't spoil the game.' But after one big effort he fainted, just as he heard the Colonel cry, 'Charge!'

It was just then that Mother hurried on to the battlefield. 'Where is Leslie?' she cried. 'Oh, isn't he here? He must have gone after Jack.'

Then Tom hurried to the front trench, where he saw his little brother lying white and still. His own face went very white as he signalled the others to come.

'Why, he has fainted!' cried Mother in alarm. 'What has happened?' But no one could tell her.

Then, as she lifted Leslie up, the pain started again in his ankle, and revived him.

'Oh, my foot, my foot!' he cried; and Mother said, 'I believe he has sprained his ankle.'

The 'men' of the Royal Army Medical Corps were quickly on the scene. They felt tremendously proud of having a *real* accident at last, for they had a first-rate ambulance. But they were very sorry that the wounded soldier was little Leslie, for all that. They would much rather it had been the Colonel.

Very quickly they set to work and cut off the boot from the little swollen foot, and cleverly bound it up. Then, very tenderly, the four carriers lifted their wounded comrade on to the ambulance and gently carried him home.

Some hours later, after the doctor had attended to the injured ankle and praised the clever work of the R.A.M.C., Leslie felt much better. Mother was with him, and presently Father and the boys came to see him too.

'How did it happen, youngster?' inquired Tom, and Leslie told him.

'But why didn't you call out to Tom when you fell?' asked Mother.

Very reproachfully her little boy looked at her as he replied decidedly, 'I couldn't. The Captain said "Silence," and I was a soldier, and Jack saluted me.'

Then the tears filled Mother's eyes as she reached out her arms to embrace her little hero.

But Father drew her gently back, and then gave him a smart salute, and, in a choking voice, he said, 'A little boy, my son, but a great soldier.'

Then, very gravely, the boys saluted him, too, and then Leslie whispered to George, 'I didn't spoil the game, did I?'

'Spoil it! By Jove, no!' said George emphatically, and, going closer to the wounded hero, he said, in a queer voice like Father's, 'Look here, Kid, you're in for the V.C. one day, sure.'

But then Leslie was quite satisfied with being—just a Little Soldier. AGNES DAY.

### AN EXCITING NIGHT.

IN a corner of Oxfordshire stands a beautiful old house, which at the time of the Civil War was occupied by staunch Royalists. In the house there is a room called the 'Cavalier' room, opening from which is a secret chamber.

On one occasion, at least, the hiding-place proved extremely useful, its door at that time being hidden by the arras which draped the walls.

The owner of the house, Arthur Jones, was one of the fugitives from Worcester battlefield on September 3rd, 1651. After thirty miles of hard riding, he reached his home, and put his tired horse into its stable. His wife admitted him into the house, but he had scarcely begun his much-needed meal when he heard the tread of horses' feet on the road. Soon the riders were hammering on the door. Arthur Jones took refuge in the secret chamber; then his wife went to speak with the men outside. They demanded entrance in the name of the Parliament. Mrs. Jones was compelled to let them in, and also to accompany them while they searched the house. The notable 'malignant' whom they said they were seeking was, as it afterwards appeared, the young King himself. Although the intruders searched the 'Cavalier' room, they failed, fortunately, to find the secret door. For some reason, however, they chose to have supper in that room, and ordered their unwilling hostess to send it up. How dismayed the poor lady must have been! for there was no other exit from her husband's hiding-place. But she was equal to the occasion. Before sending up the supper, she put enough laudanum into the wine to secure a good night's rest for her unwelcome visitors.

By-and-by, when they had well eaten and drunk, she stole up, and listened at the door. The men were asleep, and breathing heavily. Mrs. Jones cautiously entered the room, opened the door of the secret chamber, and released her husband. He went at once to the stable. Finding that his own horse had not yet recovered from its fatigue, he helped himself to that of the Parliamentary commander, and on it rode off.

One can imagine the rage of the pursuers in the morning, when they found that their 'malignant' had been in the house, and had now escaped with the aid of their own best animal! They still imagined him to be Charles Stuart, and Mrs. Jones did not undeceive them.

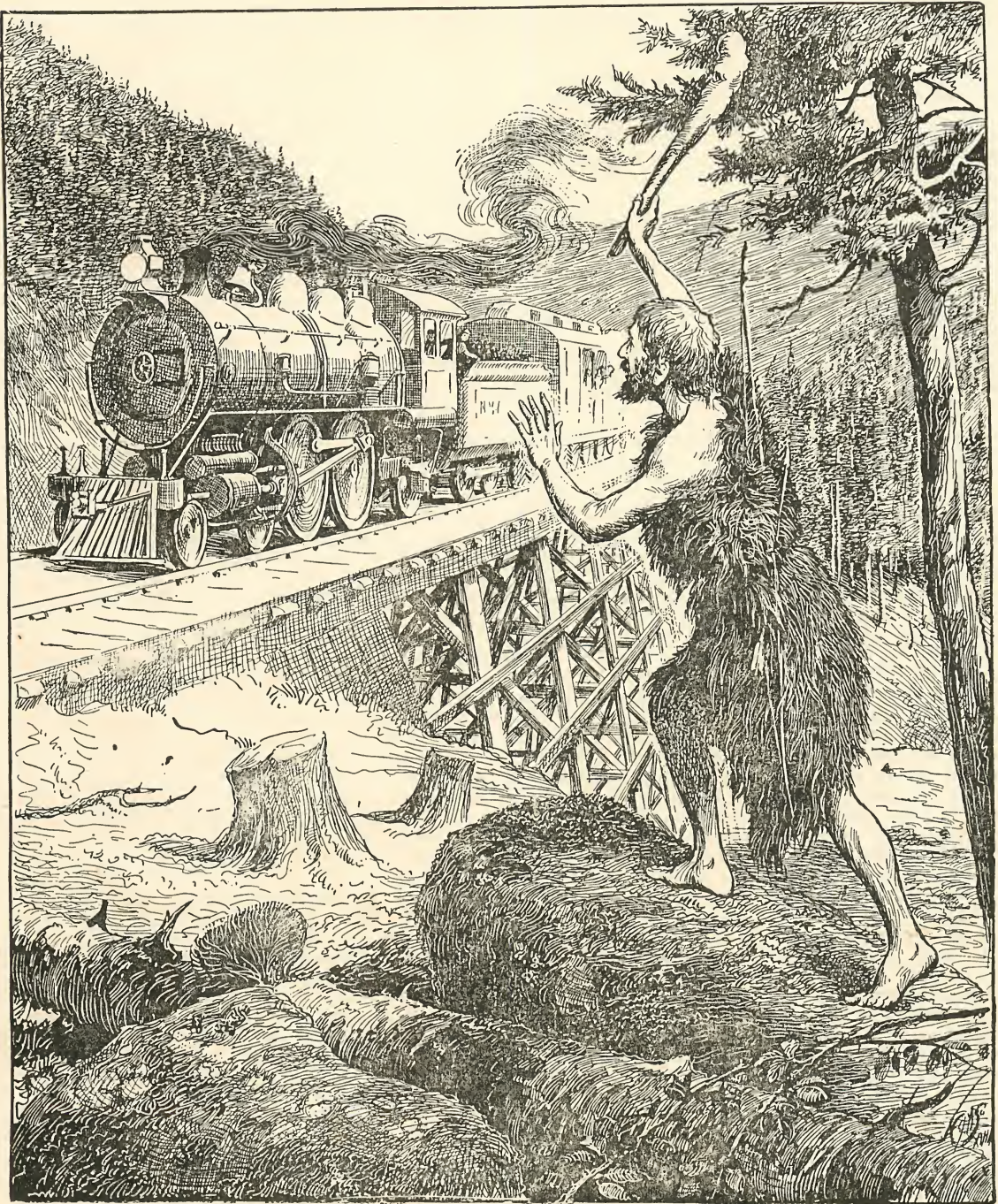
Of course they were very angry with *her*. That, probably, did not trouble her in the least. Yet she must have felt relieved when they galloped away.





"Mrs. Jones opened the door of the secret chamber, and released her husband."





At last, clad in skins, he signalled a passing train."



## ALONE IN THE WILDERNESS.

'SO I disrobed and started for the wilds, leaving my clothes behind, and taking absolutely nothing with me.'

We are astonished to find that quite recently in the world's history a man, Joseph Knowles by name, did really leave civilisation and live alone, naked and without weapons, in the great woods of Maine. What could be his reason for trying such an experiment?

He tells us that he believed life in the present day was not simple enough. He wondered whether man, through being too civilised, had lost the power of living as nature intended him to live.

This thought took possession of him, and he talked it over with his friends. They laughed at the idea of going back to primitive life, and asked what could be done without fire? How could one get food? Would a man not require weapons?

These, and many other questions, Knowles answered. He was an expert woodsman, and felt sure that he could live alone in the woods for a certain time, without any help from the outside world.

Finally, after making all arrangements, he walked out of civilisation into primitive life, naked and unarmed. His companions teased him. 'We shall see you back to-night,' they cried. He bade them good-bye at ten in the morning, his body glistening in the steadily falling rain. This continued throughout the first and second days and nights. During that time Knowles moved vaguely amid the glades, chiefly distressed by the thought that the State of Maine had refused him a permit to kill what game he really needed, and knowing that to live he must kill.

He tried to make a fire by means of friction, but everything was too wet. So he wandered on continually during the first and second nights. He says, 'I didn't suffer much, but I wasn't exactly comfortable!'

Next morning, however, the sun came out, so he lay down beyond the trees and had a good sleep. When he woke he felt hungry for the first time since entering the woods. He turned towards the 'burnt lands'—spaces cleared by fire—to find fruit. Here he gathered blackberries and blueberries in plenty. Then he made horns of birch bark, fastened by strips of wood, and filled them with the fruit. Making for a stream, he found a shallow pool, dammed it at one end, and thus caught two trout.

By-and-by he built a rude shelter, and again tried to light a fire. This time, to his joy, he succeeded. 'It was merry, that fire—just like a companion.'

Laying his trout in a spring, he made a bed by putting down fir-boughs and covering them with leaves, on which he slept comfortably till morning. Awaking, he quickened his fire and hurried to the spring. Alas, the trout were gone! Fresh mink-tracks told their own tale, and he had to breakfast off his berries.

Later, he was looking up-stream, when splash! he saw an otter leaving the bank with a fish in its mouth. He shouted and threw a stone. In a minute the otter had vanished, and the fish floated down towards him. He secured it with joy, and hurrying to camp, cooked and ate it.

So he lived for awhile. One late afternoon he heard a crash, and a deer tore through the brush, pursued by two bears. It was evidently wounded, and the bears tore after it like galloping balls of fur. He watched the

contest with excitement till the deer was slain. Then, hurrying out, he drove off the bears.

He buried the deer, covering it with stones and branches. To his dismay, when he returned next morning, it was gone. Knowles was keenly disappointed. He needed the flesh for food, and the skin for clothing. But it was no use fretting, so he searched a swamp and tried a feast of frogs' legs. It was his first and last meal on this diet! He went back to his berries, and also caught fish with his hands. He got a plentiful supply, and building a 'smoke-hole' of rocks, prepared a reserve.

By this time he knew he could exist. He had enough to eat and plenty of fire. He built fires in different camps, and banking them, left them to smoulder. 'Fire,' he says, 'is the greatest asset in the woods. It gives warmth, companionship, and protection.'

Knowles next made himself a bow and arrow, which he found most useful. He also describes how he caught a partridge in a noose. He was sitting on a fallen tree, when he heard the leaves rustle, and, looking up, saw the bird watching him. At once the idea came of catching it. So he made a slip-noose of cedar bark-lining, tied this to a stick, and cautiously approached his quarry. He held the noose in front of it, gradually coming nearer. Soon the bird stretched its neck forward, ran its head into the noose, and was caught.

After a good meal Knowles was full of energy. So he began to write a diary. He had already started a calendar. He prepared sheets of birch-bark, and after jotting down his experiences, made sketches of various forest scenes. His book is charmingly illustrated with these.

One morning he saw a red deer going down to drink by the spring. He took no notice of her, so she remained in full view. Presently appeared a beautiful white fawn, and stood as immovable as her mother. So still was she that she seemed chiselled out of white marble. Day after day the two returned, and he would talk to them.

When the nights grew colder, Knowles began to need protection. He knew that, in spite of the game laws, he must get some skins, so he planned a bear-trap. He chose his site, and with much difficulty dug a pit about four feet deep. Then he set and baited a trap, and covered it over. After two nights, sure enough, there was his bear! He took his club, and after a tussle, managed to kill it. Then getting out the carcass, he skinned it—with sharp stones instead of a knife. It was a tremendous task, but when finished and prepared, the skin made a fine, warm coat, and he had a good supply of meat from the flesh.

So his life wore on. He had many interesting experiences. Once he woke to find a black snake coiled under his chin. Another time he got caught in a swamp, and suffered much before he could get out. Exhausted, he lay on a log in the faint moonlight, through the longest night he ever spent. He did not escape without an attack of fever, but being in a healthy state he soon threw this off.

His greatest suffering was that of the mind. The intense loneliness tried him so, that he was often tempted to go back to civilisation before the appointed time. Then, too, he was haunted by the fear that the game-wardens would put a stop to his experiment. When, therefore, the time was nearly up, he wrote a birch-bark message to his friends, appointing to meet them at a certain place beyond the wardens' control.



Putting this in a spot agreed upon, he started off through the woods on a sixty-mile walk in the rain.

At last, clad in skins, he came out on to the road, and signalled a passing train. This stopped and picked him up, and he got a grand reception. The townsfolk were expecting him, and the streets were choked with humanity, eager to welcome him.

He was afterwards medically examined, and was found to be in wonderful condition. His skin was perfectly healthy, and its pores closed automatically to shield him from sudden chills. F. M. BURDITT.

### THE SKY SAILOR.

MY bedroom has what Mother calls  
The drawback of three outside walls;  
I don't quite know what that may mean,  
I only know I've never been  
On blowy, rainy, winter nights  
In any room so full of sights.

The wind comes rocking round my bed  
Until I'm in a ship instead;  
My room and I hoist anchor, and  
The house is left behind on land,  
While we go sailing, sailing by,  
Towards the dark blue midnight sky.

And first we pass the baby clouds  
That frisk around the ship in crowds,  
And next we thread our shining way  
Between the silver stars at play,  
And then I know that very soon  
We'll sight the mountains of the moon.

But still, however high we roam,  
The morning finds us down at home;  
If only I just once could lie  
Awake until we reach the sky,  
I would take care to tie my ship  
So fast there that she couldn't slip!

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

### THE QUARRELSOME FARMERS.

A VERY long time ago there lived on a small island off the west coast of Ireland two farmers, who owned a flock of sheep between them. After a time, having quarrelled, they dissolved partnership, and divided the flock between them.

Unfortunately, there was one odd sheep 'left over,' and as the farmers could not agree as to how this was to be disposed of, they decided to let it remain as common property.

Soon afterwards, one of the farmers, wanting some wool, proposed that the sheep should be shorn, but to this the other farmer objected. So it was arranged between them that the man who desired the wool should shear one side of the sheep for himself.

A few days later, the sheep was found dead in a ditch. This was the cause of a fresh quarrel. One farmer asserted that the animal's death was due to the sheering, which had given it a chill. The other farmer said that the wool remaining on one side of the sheep had caused it to lose its balance, and so to fall into the ditch. These two foolish farmers 'went to law' about the matter, and were soon reduced to penury.

### THE NEW HOUSE.

'I'M afraid of the new house,' said Betty.  
'That's because you're silly,' said Jack.

But perhaps it was because Betty was tired, for the children had been working hard all day. It was term-day, and it had been such a busy one; early in the morning they had wakened in the old house to help Mother prepare for the flitting. There were people still in their new house, she said, and they wouldn't be gone till twelve o'clock. But at half-past twelve the children and Mother arrived in a cab, with the vans not far behind them, and found their new home empty.

'I'd like to have seen the people that's gone,' said Betty.

But there was no trace of them left, only papers on the floors.

That was in the morning, and now night-time had come. Jack and Betty were tucked away in their own cots in a new room. It felt strange and funny to Betty; she was missing her old home. 'I'm glad I have got you, Jack,' she said. 'I suppose there couldn't be burglars or ghosts in a new house, could there?'

'Considering that there was no one in it when we came——' began Jack. Then he stopped; the window blind was fluttering in a funny way in the half-darkness, and the night-light flame was flickering. 'It's only the wind, Betty,' he said.

'Is it?' Betty sat up in bed, and her voice sounded frightened. 'Oh, Jack! what's that?'

And really it was very strange. The blind began to flap and flap, and the creeper outside creaked and shook in the queerest way. 'I'm—afraid of wind when it does things like that,' whispered Betty. 'Oh, Jack, I do wish we were in the old house!'

'Rubbish!' began Jack, in his bravest tones. But he sat up in bed suddenly and gave a gasp, for outside the window there was a voice—just outside the window. 'Can I come in?' it said.

'No!' said Betty, with almost a scream; it would have been quite a scream only she was so frightened; she raced down under the clothes and lay there shivering until—until she suddenly heard Jack begin to laugh. 'Betty,' he called, 'Come out and look!'

And what do you think Betty saw when she did peep out from under the blankets? There was a boy in the room—a jolly little chap, just about the size of Jack—he was panting, and he looked very shy. 'I say,' he said, 'I'm dreadfully sorry; but—I simply had to come! It's my little sister, she won't go to sleep without her Teddy Bear, and—it's here! We used to live in this house, you know, till to-day, and in the bustle of flitting the bear's got left in that cupboard by the fireplace; I know the exact spot. I said I'd fetch it—and she won't go to sleep till I do.'

'But—why did you climb up the creeper?' asked Betty, sitting up in bed. 'I—thought you were a ghost!'

'Ghosts don't climb up creepers,' laughed the jolly boy. 'I know I oughtn't to have done it; but—well, I rang at the bell and no one came; so I thought perhaps the new people hadn't moved in yet. Then—I saw the window open and I climbed up.'

'Mother's at the post with a letter for Daddy,' said Betty. She stared with round eyes while the boys





“She stared while the boys found the bear in the cupboard.”

found the bear in the cupboard, and then she laughed. ‘It’s like an adventure, isn’t it?’ she said. ‘But—I’m so glad you’re not a ghost!’

‘So am I!’ said the jolly boy, and he disappeared.

But not for long. Next day he was back again with his little sister to make friends all over again; and in a very few days they were all just as much friends as though they had known each other all their lives.





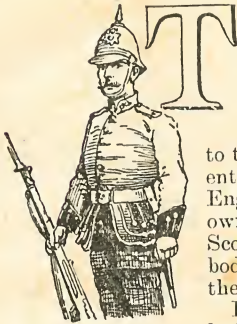
WHO WANTS A BITE?



## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

## II.—THE ROYAL SCOTS.



THE Buffs, as we have seen, can claim to be the oldest regiment in the British Army, but the proud distinction of being the First Regiment of Foot belongs to the Royal Scots. This regiment entered the service of the King of England in 1633, but it traces its own origin back to the band of Scottish archers, who formed the bodyguard of the French kings in the Middle Ages.

Legend tells us that Charles III. had Scots among his followers, and that archers accompanied St. Louis on his First Crusade, and it is certain that there were Scottish men-at-arms in France as early as 1421. In 1590 companies of foot were recruited in Scotland to fight under Henry IV. against the League.

About this time, too, the famous Scotch Brigade was serving in Flanders, but the Royal Scots, as part of the British Army, cannot claim descent from any of these troops, for until 1603, when the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united under James I., the Scottish soldiers not only did not fight *for* England, but very often they fought *against* her, as at Beaujé, where the army of the Duke of Clarence met the Burgundians, together with six thousand Scots under the Earl of

Buchan, and lost one thousand five hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

'Ah, the Scots are the only antidote to the English,' the Pope is said to have exclaimed when he heard of this battle.

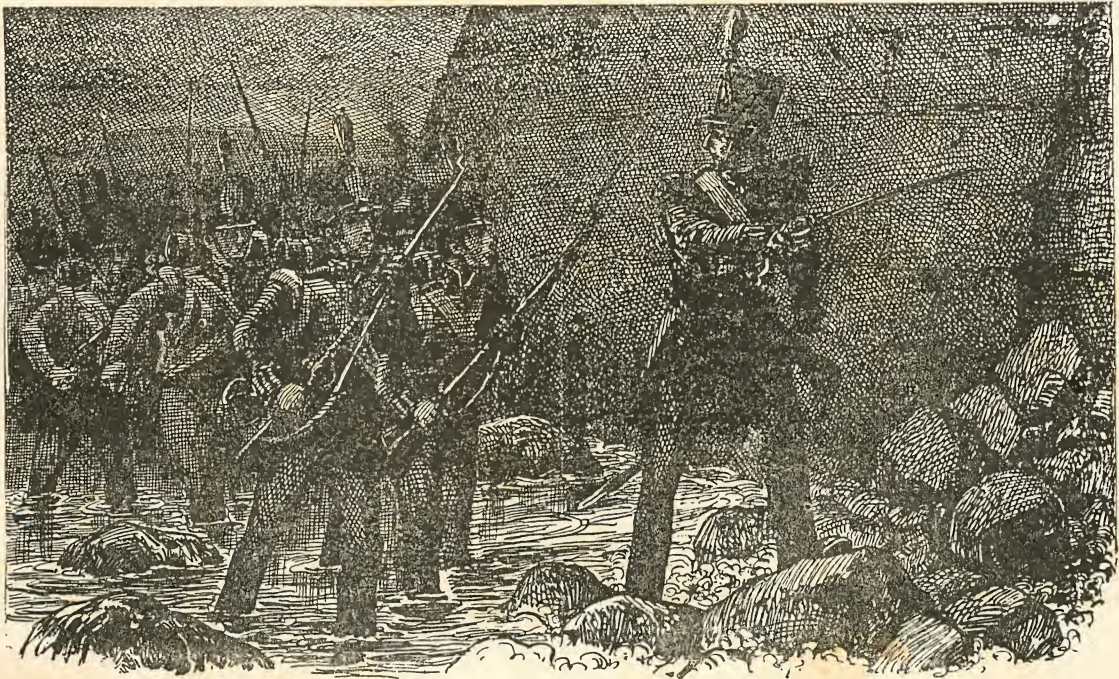
In 1612, however, we find that Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden had two regiments of Scots serving under him, and they fought bravely in many battles and sieges during the Thirty Years' War.



COLLAR BADGE.

So well known, indeed, did they become for their courage and reckless daring, that an old historian relates how 'the Germans were many times glad to beat the old Scotch March to frighten or alarm the enemy.'

These regiments were called the Green Brigade, from the colour of their standards, and they remained with the King of Sweden for twenty years. Really, however, they were more mercenaries than volunteers, and cared little for the cause for which they were fighting, and in 1632, when their leader, Hepburn, quarrelled



"They had to wade through water and clamber over slippery rocks."



with Gustavus Adolphus, they changed their allegiance and entered the service of Louis XIV.

The next year, although still destined for service abroad, the regiment was recruited in Scotland under the Royal Warrant of Charles I., and thus can claim to be British from that date.

Even after this time the Scots still fought almost continually under Louis XIV. for many years, and they were given the nickname of 'Pontius Pilate's Guards,' because, boasting their descent from the Mediæval Archers, they claimed precedence even over the ancient regiment of Picardie.

It was not until 1667 that the Royal Scots became part of the British Army in fact, as well as in name.

In 1689, Tangier, which then belonged to England, was besieged by the Moors, and sixteen companies of Scots were sent out in H.M.S. *Phoenix* to the relief of the garrison. The men acquitted themselves well, and the Moors were defeated, but three years later the English occupation of the town came to an end.

Soon after their return to England the regiment formed part of the King's army during Monmouth's Rebellion. It is said that Monmouth was horrified to see them in the ranks of his enemies, for he had commanded them in France and knew their valour. He may well have been distressed, for the Scots fought with great courage at Sedgemoor, and one of their officers captured the rebel standard, with its motto, 'Fear none but God.'

In 1688 the Scots were loyal to King James, their colonel, Lord Dumbarton, following him into exile, and the next year, when the regiment was ordered to Holland by the new monarch, William III., it mutinied and marched northward, reaching Lincolnshire before they were overtaken, outnumbered, and forced to surrender. William admired the Scots for their loyalty to his predecessor, and would not have them punished. Before long they were reconciled to the new régime and sailed for Holland, where they distinguished themselves at the battle of Steinkerk and the siege of Namur.

During the war of the Spanish Succession the Royal Scots were again on the Continent, fighting at Schellenberg, at Blenheim, and in Flanders. We find them in 1708 forming part of the guard of a great convoy of ammunition waggons, going from Ostend to Lille, and they were also at the siege of Tournai in 1709.

This campaign ended with the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, but three years later the Royal Scots were fighting once more, and this time in their own native land and against their own countrymen at Culloden, when the rebel army of James Stuart was defeated.

During the next century the regiment fought at Fontenoy, in North America, in Egypt, in the West Indies, and in India, and they also took part in the Peninsular War, when so many British regiments won honours and distinction.

Corunna, Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, and St. Sebastian—the Royal Scots have all these names on their colours, and they behaved with great bravery at the siege of St. Sebastian, when they formed part of the storming party which attempted to carry the great breach made in the walls of the town by the British artillery.

St. Sebastian is situated on a tidal river, and when the Scots left their trenches in the darkness of that midsummer night, June 24th, 1813, they had to wade

through water and clamber over slippery, seaweed-covered rocks in their advance. In spite of difficulties, however, they managed to reach the walls of the town unobserved by the enemy, but then they were seen, and, by some mischance, were exposed to the fire, not only of the French guns, but also to that of the British. Major Fraser, their leader, was killed, and the troops lost heavily, for the river was rising, and this added to the difficulties and horrors of the situation.

This enterprise ended in disaster, but the assaults were renewed again and again, and on July 31st the town was captured, 'the ultimate success,' as Graham, the British commander, wrote, 'depending on the repeated attacks of the Royal Scots.'

In 1815 the regiment fought both at Quatre Bras and the following day at Waterloo, four officers and a sergeant-major being killed at the latter battle in defence of the King's Colour.

It is said that at Waterloo 'they fought with a constancy and valour which could not be overcome.'

Certainly the records of the Royal Scots are worthy of its position as the first infantry regiment in the British Army, and the old stories of seventeenth and eighteenth century battles are equalled by those of more modern times. The Crimean War added new names to the long list of honours, and they fought in Burmah, in China, and through the South African campaign of 1899-1902.

'Nemo me impune lacessit' ('No one provokes me with impunity') that is the motto of the Royal Scots, as it is of several other Scottish regiments, and during the Boer War it was well paraphrased into the two words, 'No surrender,' for, during those long years, when so many successes were achieved by an under-rated enemy, not a single officer or man of the regiment allowed himself to be taken prisoner.

#### A LANE.

A RIBBON white across the hill  
Beside a lonely pine.  
I leaned upon my window-sill  
And watched it: it was mine.

It came from out the valley cool,  
It almost met the sky.  
A child came up the hill from school,  
A cart went creaking by.

Above it clouds went sailing low;  
The crescent moon at night  
Shone on it: by it rushes grow  
Deep green against its white.

LUCIE C. LE FANU.

#### THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY W. RAINEY.

(Continued from page 51.)

AS Vic surmised, there was a bit of a crush at London Bridge, for a corridor train was about to depart on the other side of the platform, and the two streams of passengers became mixed. Fortunately, whilst Mr.



Stanley Cobb had luggage, they had nothing beyond Uncle William's hand-bag; the Scouts' small belongings were packed in their haversacks at their backs and were no encumbrance. Mr. Stanley Cobb had singled out a porter before the train had fully stopped and was moving off to the barrier with the rapidity of an experienced traveller.

'Stick close to him, Phil—he will take a cab: listen where he's to be set down.'

In spite of his sixteen stone, Uncle William was through before the Scouts, and engaged a taxi: the Filbert as promptly secured another. Said Uncle William to the chauffeur, 'Be good enough to follow that taxi and put us down when it stops.'

Then the various vehicles began to file out of the station and the two taxis kept in touch.

'I think he said Liverpool Street Station,' reported Phil.

'Then probably he does not intend staying in London: I hope he is not going to give us a long chase. London is the worst place to find a man if you once lose him. Look at the crowds on the bridge: it's knocking-off time and they're streaming out into the suburbs—a sight, isn't it? They are all going south—in my direction—and there's as many going north, and east, and west at this very moment—wonderful, isn't it? I used to be fond of London when I was younger, but I have dropped out of it of late—the traffic gets on my nerves—Tower Bridge, Monument, St. Paul's,' he ruminated, and nodded to each as to a passing acquaintance, then lapsed into silence, muttering, 'Liverpool Street—Great Eastern—um.'

In an incredibly short time the two taxis were drawn up outside the booking-office of the Great Eastern terminus. Uncle William was in no hurry to alight, but fussed about and puffed till Mr. Stanley Cobb had passed inside. Then, as he turned to pay the chauffeur he said to the Scouts, 'Follow close and listen for the name of the station he books for.' That the gentleman in the dark green Trilby hat knew his way about was evident: he wasted no time in studying time-tables or making inquiries. He gave one glance at the clock, strode to the ticket office, uttered three words, and deigned no reply to the clerk's polite inquiry as to whether he would take an insurance ticket against accident. So quick was he that a Boy Scout scarcely had time to sidle up and run his finger and eye down the time-table that hung beside the ticket-office window. The Scout returned to his comrade and a stout gentleman with slow steps and a very long face. The three words were, 'Amsterdam, first, single.'

The Scouts and Uncle William stood looking at each other blankly for some moments; then Mr. Dixon said, 'There's no help for it, boys—it's a question of follow or give it up.' He turned to a porter and inquired the time of starting of the train to Amsterdam.

'Boat train to Hook of Holland, eight o'clock,' said the man.

'It's a quarter to eight now,' said Uncle William. 'Which is it to be, follow or give it up? I can't come with you—I really can't. Your aunt is far from well—sort of nervous breakdown after our trouble; and that last Zeppelin raid made her worse. If I did not return home to-night as arranged, I don't know what the consequences might be. Which is it—follow, or give it up?'

'Follow,' said Vic, setting his teeth.

'Follow,' echoed Phil, with an alarming twinkle in his eye.

'Get your tickets, then. Dear! dear! I don't like it at all. Take second cabin, and then you can keep out of his sight. I don't like it one bit.'

Mr. Stanley Cobb had stowed away his luggage, removed the dark green Trilby hat, and was now wearing a travelling-cap and serenely promenading in front of his chosen compartment, smoking a cigarette. His portmanteau was under the seat; his walking-stick, umbrella, and overcoat were reserving for him a comfortable corner, and he smoked his cigarette as if he were at peace with the whole world. He drew the smoke gently through the gilt-tipped mouthpiece, reversed the cigarette daintily in his fingers, and gently blew it back at the lighted end, as though whispering, 'Now I have done with it, you can have it back again.'

'He's a cool hand,' said Uncle William. 'Now get into your places. I don't at all like letting you go off like this—I don't indeed. You've had no tea, either. Wait a bit, there's four minutes; I'll get you something to eat.'

He was back again in a trice, with two paper bags and a box of chocolates, and placed them in their hands as the guard blew his whistle, and a party, which he thrust back from the foot-board, started 'Auld Lang Syne.'

'Don't forget. Wire me if you get in a hole and I'll be over in a —' was the last they heard of Uncle William, as 'Auld Lang Syne' turned into a cheer and the engine snorted.

It was about ten o'clock when the Scouts arrived at Harwich, and, stumbling up the gangway, set foot on the steamboat of the same name. The dark green Trilby hat was on in front of them and went aft to the first saloon, whilst they turned forward to the second cabin.

'Ah!' exclaimed Phil, taking a deep breath. 'Vic, my boy, this is like old times to me—I smell the briny.'

'Engine oil, you mean,' said Vic.

'On board the lugger, and the Filbert is below. Oh! ho! Hoist the mainsail, and hey for the cliffs of Holland. Perish the thought of mouldy Midhurst and the "Upper Fifth"—Baxter, Froggy, and the Head! Avaunt! This is the stunningest adventure I've had since Father brought us over from Lisbon in the cargo-boat. Vic, my boy, see what it means—Holland. We'll kill two birds with one stone. We'll get the "Reynolds" back and then set Dick free. What a mercy I've taught you a bit of Dutch.'

'Don't make such a row—they'll think we're escaped lunatics. Yes; it's a staggerer, Phil. Who'd have thought when we crawled out of bed this morning that we should be here to-night? It's a staggerer.'

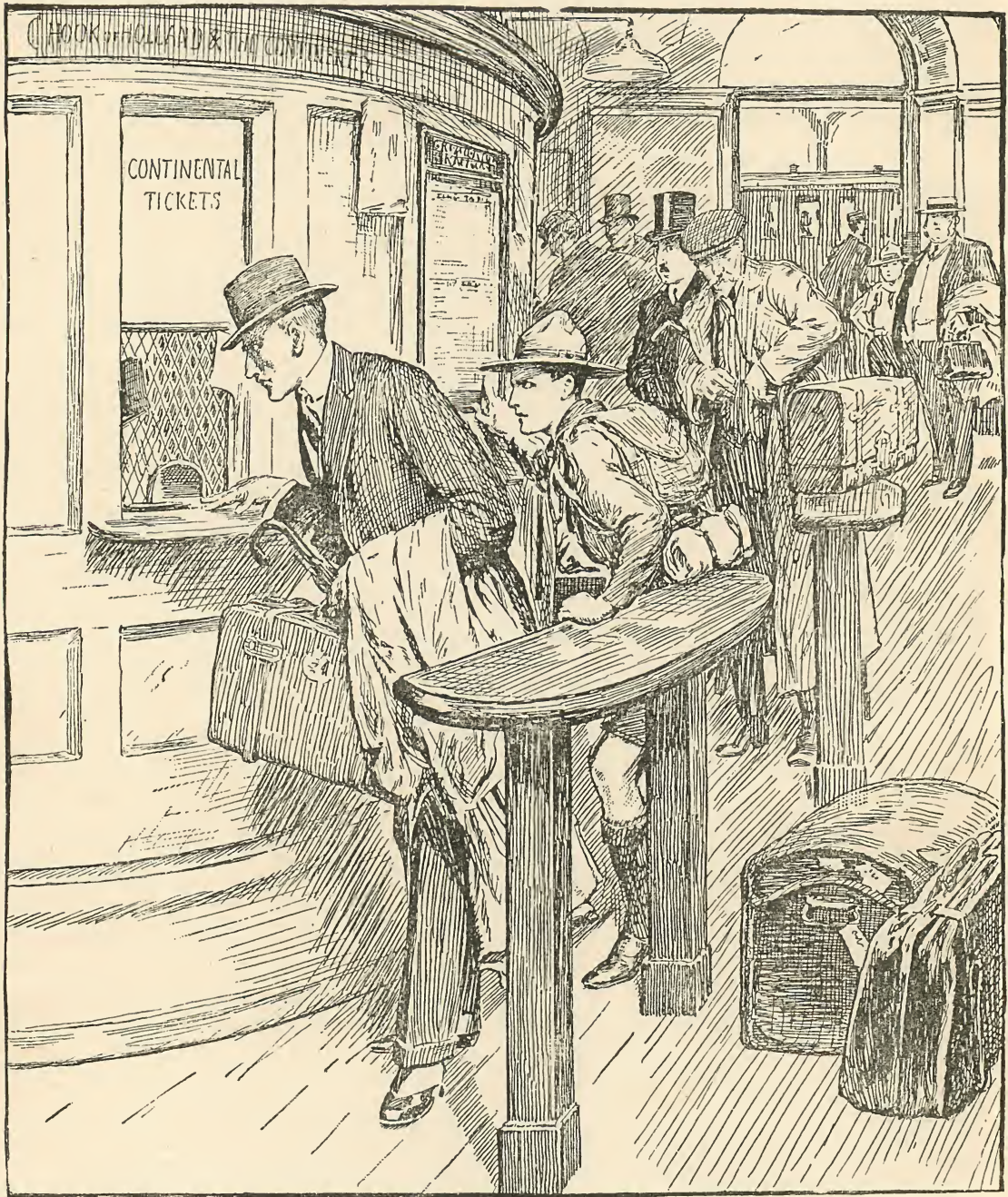
The boys leaned over the rail and looked into the dark water.

'Isn't Uncle William a good sort?' said Vic.

'He's a brick,' replied Phil. 'If I've much more to do with him I'll adopt him. I've been going about all my life looking for an uncle like him. Yes; you'll have to go halves, Vic: I adopt him. Solemnly, from this moment, under these stars—for better or for worse, for richer or poorer—I adopt him. There's enough for both of us.'

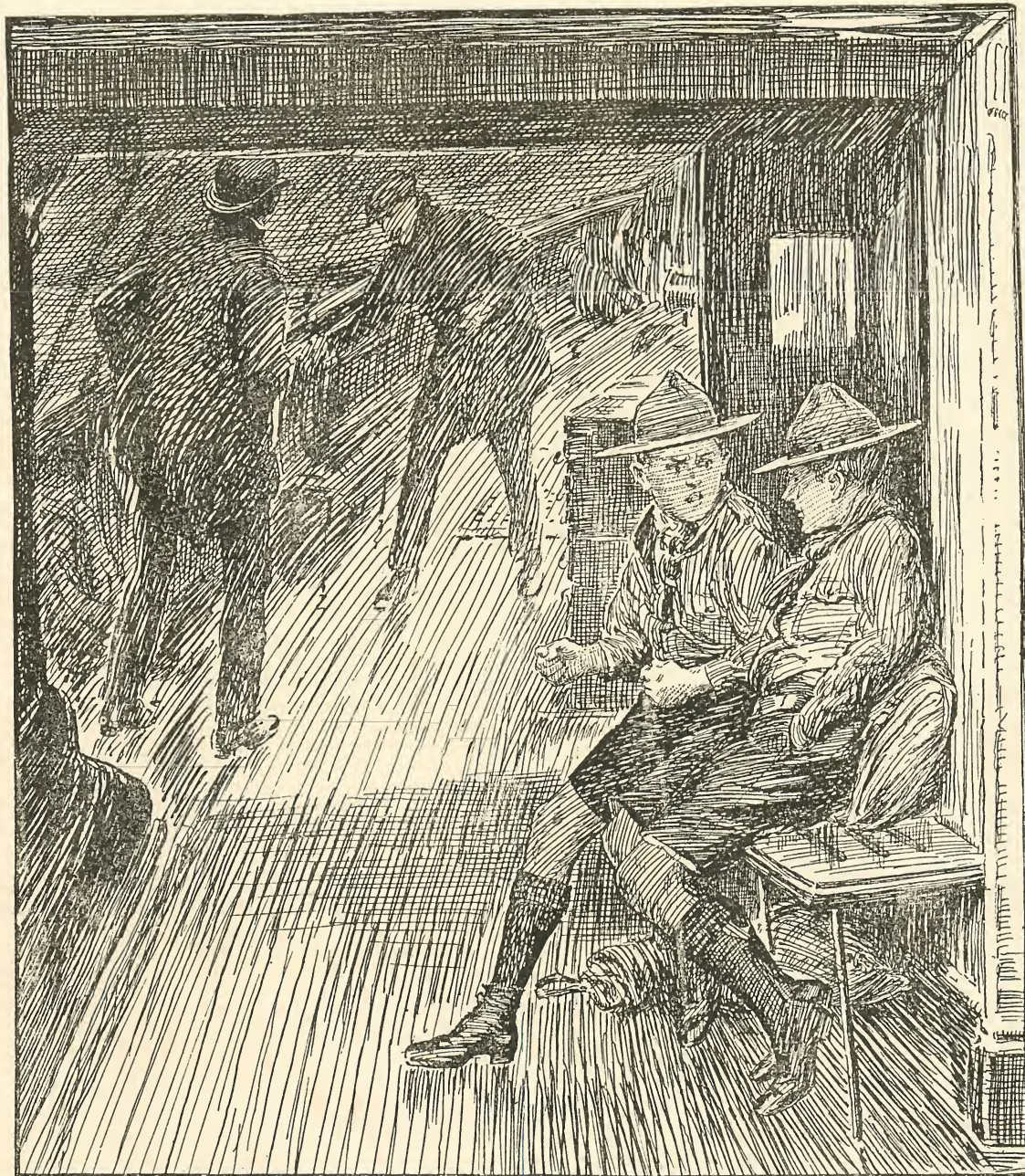
(Continued on page 66.)





“The three words were—‘Amsterdam, first, single.’”





"The Scouts elected to spend the night on deck."



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 63.)

THE passengers were all aboard, the baggage stowed away, and the hatches on; the bell tinkled, the funnel emitted a blood-curdling 'whoop,' and the *Harwich* began to move. There was not much light allowed, either on the quays or on the boat. Most of the passengers were below, but some few wandered about the decks like unquiet ghosts, and some sat screwed up in corners of the deck seats, their coat-collars up to their ears, preferring the night air to that of the close cabins. The Scouts elected to do likewise, and spend the night on deck. They tucked themselves into a cosy corner to leeward, and discoursed in an intermittent manner on many suggestive themes—submarines, torpedoes, mines, Zeppelins: these were subjects suited to the occasion and better realised in their present surroundings than in the parlour at home. Then they nodded; then they shifted their position and shivered, and finally reconsidered their decision; and came to the conclusion that, merely as a matter of policy, it was better to go below and get a good night's rest to prepare them for the arduous duties which might devolve upon them on the morrow.

Soon after daybreak the *Harwich* lay off the Hook of Holland, and the passengers gathered at the rail and prepared to land. The Scouts had had a good night, had soused themselves with cold water on waking and treated themselves to a cup of hot coffee. They felt fresh and fit, but empty.

'What about Dutch money?' said Phil, with a start. 'I'd forgotten that. I'll see if the steward can change a pound note. Keep your eye on the Filbert.'

He was back again in a few minutes, slapping his pocket and remarking: 'They sell it cheap; I've got a pocketful. It will want some handling, though. Five cents to a penny; a hundred cents to a gulden—that's a florin; half a gulden—that equals a franc, tenpence; and these little chaps, that get up your finger-nails, are twopenny-pieces—"dubbeltjes," they call them. I had almost forgotten the coinage, but when he said "dubbeltjes" it brought it all back again. I'd better be treasurer at first till you get used to it. When it makes my leg sore, you can take the job over.'

They passed their haversacks through the Customs, and found a corridor train in waiting, and before nine o'clock were at the Station Central, Amsterdam.

Mr. Stanley Cobb, after depositing his luggage in the cloak-room, made his way to a restaurant a short distance from the station. The Scouts followed, nothing loth, for they were hungry as shipwrecked mariners. Allowing a few moments for Mr. Cobb to get himself settled, they walked in, and would gladly have walked out again, had not their retreat been cut off by a gawky young man who acted as waiter.

The restaurant was different from any they had seen. Instead of being furnished with a number of small tables ranged along the sides, with an aisle down the middle, there was but one very long table running the full length of the room, and at this sat a number of gentlemen and a sprinkling of ladies at breakfast, with all the freedom of a family party. A ripple of conversation ran round the table to the accompaniment of a clatter of plates and knives, punctuated by the

occasional dropping of a fork, at which the lanky young man who removed the plates was an adept.

The restaurant, it appeared, was also a second-rate hotel on a small scale, and those seated at the table were for the most part staying there, but any one was at liberty to push open the door and enter from the street, and take his full part in food and conversation, provided he could pay one gulden for his breakfast.

The Scouts selected places as far removed as possible from Mr. Stanley Cobb, who was unfolding a napkin and demurely looking at his plate. They sat beside a very tall, stout lady, who dominated the far end of the table and seemed to require two chairs for the exercise of her energies. As a rule, both Vic and Phil were very shy of ladies, but Scouts must be prepared to take advantage of any available cover. The company was of mixed nationality, and the conversation brisk and in many tongues. Every one seemed to address every one else, even to the full length of the table; consequently, some of the sentences rang out in a surprising manner above the general hum. Two subjects seemed to inspire all tongues when they were not employed in calling 'Bernard,' the name of the waiter. The War and Art were the two subjects, and the way these intertwined and exploded in different catchwords was kaleidoscopic to the ear and very bewildering: 'Your Von Hindenburgs and Klucks—such delicate effects—a disgrace to civilisation—that's what I say—a regular Rembrandt—abominable—reminds you of Venice—and those delightful Old Masters—let them fight it out themselves—pure Gothic—frightfulness—so picturesque—ah! ah! can't see it myself—blind to all considerations of—submarine warfare—and the most exquisite wood-carving.'

There were two or three gentlemen—apparently men of business—who took no part in the conversation, but doggedly kept their noses to their plates and gulped down coffee with their mouths still full of bread. These soon pushed back their chairs and disappeared, but the rest appeared to be people of leisure on pleasure bent, and, especially the ladies, in no haste to leave the table. The statuesque lady beside Vic, who took a comprehensive part, was American; the small, middle-aged gentleman, who sat very low in his seat at her other side, was her husband, and the two thin young ladies next to Phil were their daughters. The Scouts had inadvertently wedged themselves between parents and offspring. The two young ladies were intensely artistic, the mother commanding in her breadth of outlook and general sympathies, whilst 'Poppa' counted for nothing, and seemed to find his only interest in turning over the leaves of a time-table.

In the intervals of strenuous debates with gentlemen half-way down the table, the lady turned a motherly eye on the lads and smiled encouragingly. 'You are young travellers,' she said. 'Boy Scouts, aren't you? We've got them in America. Sort of young gentlemen cowboys, aren't they? Very jolly, I think.'

'Awfully jolly,' echoed the young ladies.

'What do you think of Holland?' inquired the lady.

'We only arrived this morning and haven't seen anything yet,' replied Vic.

'And you're by yourselves, with no grown-ups—how adventurous.'

'Awfully exciting,' the young ladies echoed.

'You must see the "Groote Kerk,"' the lady advised, 'and the palace, and the Zoo, and the markets —'



'And the Rijks Museum,' interjected one of the young ladies. 'Oh! the Rembrandts,' and she raised one hand languidly in ecstasy. 'You mustn't miss the pictures, whatever you do.'

'Perhaps the young gentlemen don't care for pictures,' said Momma, after answering a question on the rate of exchange across the table. 'It isn't everybody that's so keen on Art; for my part it's the human life that interests me.'

'I don't know anything about Art,' said Phil, blushing—he always blushed when ladies addressed him, and couldn't cure himself anyhow—'but my friend here, he's awfully gone on painting; he does some ripping water-colour sketches. He'd make a name at it if he stuck to it—and wasn't lazy,' he added maliciously.

The young ladies now regarded Vic with great interest, and it was his turn to blush, and he nearly had an accident with the piece of toast he was swallowing.

'Oh, if you're an artist,' said the younger of the two, 'you'll find plenty of stuff in Holland. Won't he, Selina?'

'He must see the "Dead Cities."'

'And Volendam,' urged Selina. 'The fishing-boats and the dear, ugly men. So picturesque.'

'And so dirty,' interposed Momma.

'Oh, you don't mind that in Art,' Selina remonstrated. 'The most picturesque places are always like that. Such small in conveniences don't affect the spirit of the artist. His mind is set on other things.'

'Do you like pastels?' the other young lady inquired of Phil in a confidential tone, forgetting in her enthusiasm that it was Vic who was the artist.

Phil said he did, thinking it was something good to eat—presumably sweetstuff.

'So do I,' mused the young lady. 'You can produce such soft effects.'

Phil was getting out of his depth.

'So delightfully indefinite—so dreamy.'

Phil gave it up in desperation, and asked if she would kindly pass the sugar, which had the desired effect, and Selina burst in:

'Oh, they must go to Marken, Julia—the island of Marken! It's unique—it's sweet; and the interiors—oh, the interiors, Julia—enchanting!'

Momma turned from a conversation with a lady two removed the other side of her husband, and concluded her remarks with her face turned towards the Scouts: 'Bread is very good, but the everlasting veal is awful.'

'I've done fifteen water-colours,' confided Selina, 'and two smoke effects over Schiedam, which look almost like Chicago.'

(Continued on page 79.)

## BURIED CITIES.

### III.—EGYPT.

THOUSANDS of years ago, when, in Asia, the Chaldeans were studying the stars, writing their magic books, and building great palaces and temples, there was, in Africa, a country with a civilisation perhaps even more wonderful and advanced. This was Egypt, and, although the old art and learning and science have passed away, we still find their traces in the

ruins that are scattered through the green delta plain and in the golden deserts beyond.

The ancient cities of this strange country are not only dead cities, but cities of the dead, for the ancient Egyptians were a deeply religious people, and, believing firmly in the immortality of the soul, they considered the present life much less important than the future. With this idea in their minds, they built their dwelling-houses of the frailest possible materials, but lavished time and trouble and expense on the tombs where their dead were laid to rest.

In Babylon and Nineveh the most splendid and important buildings seem always to have been the royal palaces, but in Egypt this was not the case; and throughout the land, although the homes and royal residences and public buildings have disappeared completely, the tombs and the great temples remain.

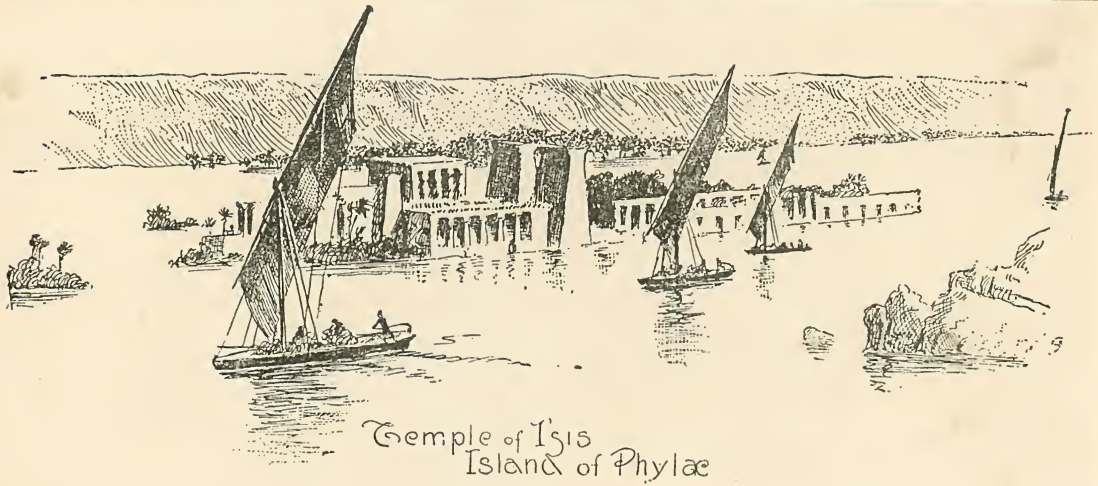
In Memphis, which in former times was a large and populous city, even the temples have disappeared, but beyond the fertile plain where they once stood rises the high desert plateau, and along its border stretches for miles what must certainly be the most wonderful and majestic cemetery in the whole world. First we see the great royal tombs, the pyramids, rising like mountains against the sky, with the great statue of the Sphinx—'Father of Immensity,' the Arabs call it—as their guardian. Then there come the private tombs of wealthy citizens, Ti and Ptah-hotep and Sabu, ornamented with delicate wall-pictures, and the gloomy Serapis vaults, with the huge ungainly stone coffins of the sacred bulls. Lastly, round the groups of pyramids and in the valleys that lie between them, are the humble graves of poorer people—the men, women, and children of ancient Egypt—while the blue and white and brown beads with which their embalmed bodies were decked for burial are scattered everywhere on the yellow sand.

Egypt, as far as its old civilisation is concerned, is a dead and buried land, but it seems to lie only just below the surface of the new modern life, when we sift the golden sand through our fingers and find the tiny beads, some of them dating from prehistoric times, for the dry soil and the hot sun have preserved the old civilisation of Egypt, as the priests of old embalmed the bodies of the dead, and every day new treasures and new wonders are being brought to light.

There is no ancient land about which we know so much, for the hieroglyphic writings and the pictures in temples and tombs show us how life was lived and enjoyed all those thousands of years ago. We see the men fighting and hunting and working in the fields and irrigation trenches; we see the women tending their children and decking themselves with jewels and flowers; we see the laden ships returning from long voyages; the kings slaying their enemies single-handed, and the triumphal processions when prisoners of war from the north and the south, negroes and Parthians and Jews, were brought back in triumph, fettered with the symbolic lotus and papyrus of Upper and Lower Egypt.

It is all like a wonderful illustrated book—a Book of the Dead—that is unrolled before our eyes in a long pictured scroll, and which stretches, like the Nile itself, from Rosetta on the Mediterranean, where the stone that gave the clue to the hieroglyphic language was discovered, down southward, past tombs and statues and temples, to where Egypt shrinks to a narrow fringe





of green bordering the great river, and loses itself in the orange sands and black, inscribed rocks of the Sudan.

While Memphis was the largest and most important town of Upper Egypt, as Cairo, built out of its ruins, is to-day, the chief city of the South was Thebes, with its hundred gates, its avenues of sphinxes, and its huge

temples. This city, which has now dwindled down to the little village of Luxor, must once have been very large and imposing, for the ruins are scattered far and wide over the plain, which stretches for miles on either bank of the Nile. The eastern side in old days was the place of the living, and here may still be seen the huge ruins of Karnak, where the sun god, Amen-Ra, his







The Temple of Rameses,  
Luxor.

wife, Muth (goddess of the Moon), and their hawk-headed son, Khons, were worshipped.

On the western bank of the river was the city of the dead, with its long lines of memorial temples—the Ramasseum, Medenet Habu, Der-el-Bahri, and Kurnah—where the deeds and virtues of dead kings and queens were commemorated; while behind, in their rock-hewn, painted tombs, those same kings and queens

lay buried, to be found in our own day, with their treasures at their sides and the withered garlands of five thousand years ago on their breasts.

It is these treasure-troves, together with the ancient writings and pictures, that show us what life in ancient Egypt was like; and one lesson we learn is that it was not very different to life in modern Egypt to-day. The food was the same: flat loaves of bread, roasted meat,



fruit and vegetables, and the baskets in which the dates and pears are found in the tombs are exactly like those which we may buy in the bazaars of Esneh and Edfou now. The beautiful gilded chairs lately discovered at Thebes have claw feet and cane-woven seats, like modern furniture; Cleopatra's jewels could quite well be worn by a Court lady of the twentieth century; and, when a royal tomb was opened in 1906, the bees flew into the cave from the sunshine outside and settled on five-thousand-year-old honey which trickled from a shattered jar.

We know, too, what homes these people lived in, all those centuries ago, for little clay models have been found, ghost-houses, laid beside the embalmed bodies, so that the souls might have dwellings waiting for them in the mysterious under-world for which they were bound. And these ghost-houses are as commonplace and as familiar as the baskets and the honey-jars and the dried dates, for they are exactly like the mud-built dwellings which we may see to-day in any Nile village. Things change very slowly in the unchanging East, and here we have the low-walled courtyard, the dark, bare rooms, the staircase leading up to the flat roof, where fuel and fodder was stored, where the men slept in hot weather, and where much of the household work was done.

As to the dwellings of the wealthy people, they may have resembled the strange pigeon-cotes which are often nowadays the most important and lofty building in a Nile village, and, with their miniature battlements and narrow windows, remind us of the feudal castles of the Middle Ages.

Until lately the principal ruins of Egypt were hidden away under sand or rubbish heaps, for the natives have built their villages continually on the old sites, and as mud houses crumbled away and were replaced, the mounds rose higher and higher until the walls and colossal statues and even the roofs of the buildings were covered. Even now, at Luxor, the work of excavating the beautiful temple is at a standstill because a mosque, said to be the oldest in Egypt, stands on the hill of *débris* which covers it; and there are patches of whitewash on the lotus-flower capital of one of the great columns which show that it was formerly built into the wall of an Arab hut.

There are other ancient cities in Egypt besides Thebes and Memphis, cities which once were great and famous, like Zoan and Tanis and Bubastis, but they are all dead now. Only scattered ruins of temples and tombs remain to remind us of the former splendour, and with the cities the old civilisation has died too. The modern Egyptians have nothing of the skill and genius of their great ancestors, who built the pyramids, turned the course of the Nile at Memphis, and carved colossal statues out of the mountain-side at Abu Simbel, but they still keep some of the old characteristics and tread in the old ways.

The peasants of to-day use the same tools and work with the same methods as did the peasants of six thousand years ago, so that when we see men with straight features and almond eyes tending the cattle or irrigating the fields on the river-bank, it is almost as if all the long centuries had rolled away, and we were back again in the Egypt of the dead past, when the temples were new, and Rameses was on the throne, ruling his own people and the captive Israelites with a rod of iron.

A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

## ECCENTRICS.

ACCORDING to Suetonius, the Emperor Augustus took great pains to protect his body from the extremes of heat and cold. In the winter he would wear four tunics beneath a thick toga, in addition to a shirt and a woollen under garment. In summer he would sleep with open doors and windows, and often even under the peristyle of his palace. (This, however, does not seem anything extraordinary to us. He was only anticipating the 'fresh air cure.') Even in winter Augustus could not endure the sun, and never walked abroad without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

Ferdinand II., Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in 1670, was—like some people nowadays—'the slave of his health.' A writer who knew him well says: 'I have frequently seen him pacing up and down his room between two large thermometers, upon which he would keep his eyes constantly fixed, uncasingly employed in taking off and putting on a variety of skull-caps of different degrees of warmth, of which he had always four or five in his hand, according to the degrees of heat or cold registered by the instrument. . . . There was not a conjuror in all his dominions more dexterous in handling his cups and balls than was this prince in shifting his caps.'

What a miserable existence!

A writer of the eighteenth century, named Ghezzi, also had a great affection for skull-caps. He used to wear seven of them beneath his wig! La Caille, the French astronomer, had a habit of reading and writing with one eye only, reserving the other eye for the work of telescopic observation. But as by this means he obtained some very interesting results, perhaps we should not class La Caille with the faddists.

Amongst musicians, surely the most eccentric was Richard Wagner, whose singularities are too numerous to mention.

## MOONLAND.

LAST night, as I lay thinking,  
I heard a fairy say,  
'Come, sail to the Silver Island,  
That lies across Midnight Bay;  
Come, travel with me in my swift balloon,  
Past the glittering stars to the Land of Moon.'

Away we floated softly,  
Over the sleepy world;  
The birds in the trees were silent,  
No smoke from the chimneys curled,  
And nobody saw us rise and soar,  
Or light on that shimmering moonstone shore.

We peeped in magic caverns—  
Jack Frost was making snow  
And icicles, bright and brittle,  
For the Earth-land down below;  
We walked in the fields where the reindeer graze  
That Santa Claus drives in his Christmas sleighs.

We saw the lovely garden,  
Where flower-spirits fly;  
When people thoughtlessly pluck them  
And toss them away to die.  
Through blossomy hawthorn and scented thyme,  
We passed—to the Country of Nursery Rhyme.



Along a crooked pathway—  
 Across a crooked stile—  
 We followed a crooked footprint  
 For many a crooked mile;  
 And supper we had in a crooked house,  
 With a crooked old man and his cat and a mouse.

Jack Horner and Miss Muffet  
 Brought pie and creamy curds;  
 As soon as the pie was opened  
 Out fluttered the singing birds;  
 And while we hunted them over the moon,  
 The rascally dish ran away with a spoon.

We followed through a meadow  
 Where Blue Boy lay asleep,  
 While Old Mother Hubbard's doggie  
 Was chasing some long-lost sheep—  
 By the trees where the rocking cradles sway,  
 Where the children go gathering nuts in May.

I saw a gleaming grotto,  
 Beyond a sapphire sea;  
 'We'll journey there,' said the fairy,  
 'Tis the Moonland Nursery;  
 All desolate children from alley and slum—  
 All playthings forlorn—to that nursery come.

There, with neglected playthings,  
 Neglected children play,  
 While people on earth are sleeping,  
 From dead of the night to day—  
 And the sad little girls and the sad little boys  
 Grow happy—and so do the sad little toys.

Away across the ocean,  
 We'll take a little trip;  
 We'll sail to the Moonland Nursery  
 In a little Moonland ship.  
 But, oh! when I tried to board her,  
 I stepped in the sea instead,  
 And slipped through the shining water—  
 Down a moonbeam—into bed!

LILIAN HOLMES.

### KIRBY'S CAMERA CAMPAIGN.

IT was all very well for Kirby minor to talk about the pleasures of photography, and the enormous profits he made by taking his friends' photographs and selling them, but I can tell you that we other fellows got pretty sick of it by the end of 'Kirby's Camera Campaign,' as it was called.

He wasn't at all a bad chap, Kirby minor, but he was so mad on photography that he did some comical things sometimes; so we weren't at all surprised when he came rushing into the gym. one afternoon (it was a wet half-holiday, so you can guess we felt pretty miserable), shouting at the top of his voice and brandishing a paper over his head. He quieted down after awhile, and we got him to tell us what it was all about.

It appeared that the editor of the local newspaper was setting a photographic competition, the subject to be 'The Fugitive.' The prizes were quite decent: the first

was five pounds, the second two guineas, and the third one guinea.

I don't suppose we should have taken on with the idea so much if it hadn't been so near to the Christmas holidays, and we were, most of us, very hard up. As it was, nearly every fellow in the school, from the smallest fag to three or four of the six-formers, determined to get one of those prizes. I had a fairly decent camera myself, and thought it wasn't at all a bad idea: five pounds, or even a guinea, is worth having near Christmas.

A good many of the fellows, however, hadn't got cameras, and they looked pretty blue. But Kirby minor (who's a sharp kid although he's so small) said he would lend out his camera at the rate of sixpence for two hours to any fellow who wanted to go in for the competition.

Everybody thought that was a good idea, and so many took advantage of his offer that we dubbed it 'Kirby's Camera Campaign'; and you can bet it was a jolly profitable one—for Kirby.

The only afternoons we were able to take photographs were the half-holidays—Wednesdays and Saturdays, and I can tell you that for the next week or two the playing-fields were deserted then. Some of us tramped miles, and then didn't find anything worth snapping.

Well, the days went by, and it came round to the third week since the competition had been announced. The photographs had to be in by the Saturday, and on the Wednesday I determined to have one last endeavour to get a really good snapshot. I had an idea that I might be able to snap a rabbit, or some other animal, scurrying to its hole; so, in case I should have to trespass on private grounds, I put on a long dark overcoat and a plain cap.

I had walked about a mile when I came to Brierly Wood (usually called the Forbidden Wood), and was about to pass it by when I caught sight of a rabbit just inside the fence, and I was over in a trice. For nearly a quarter of an hour I stalked that rabbit, but every time I went to snap it the wretched thing moved. I had just about got 'fed up,' when it started to run. It must have been a hare, for I have never seen anything run so fast in my life. Of course I lost it, and I was mad, for I wasn't likely to have the chance again.

As I was there, I thought I would walk a little further into the wood, but I hadn't gone far when I saw something moving behind a clump of bushes a few yards away. Thinking it might be something worth snapping, I stopped short and waited. After awhile it moved again, and I saw it was the figure of a man crouching on the grass. He had a large cap pulled over his eyes, and was holding something bulky that might have been—well, anything. I immediately jumped to the conclusion that he was a poacher, and thought what a jolly good subject he would make for the competition. Kneeling on the ground, I set the camera ready. He didn't move a limb, so I soon had him snapped. As I bent down to close the camera and place it in the case, I thought I heard a twig snap, and thinking it was the keeper, I sprang to my feet and ran for the fence, and didn't stop until I was well on the road back to school.

As I was going in to tea I met Kirby minor, looking awfully excited. 'I say, Briggs,' he called out, 'I got such a ripping snapshot for the competition; nobody else can have one like it. What do you say to a feast in the dorm. when that five pounds is mine?' He was so cock-sure of everything was Kirby minor.

(Concluded on page 83.)





"For nearly a quarter of an hour I stalked that rabbit."





"Then he clutched Pratt's arm, and Pratt could hardly speak."



## PERSEVERING PRATT.

PRATT was the most out-and-out queer chap that ever struck St. Dunstan's. He had come along from some potty kind of private school where he had bossed a lot of kids, and at first he thought he could boss us, too. Well, he jolly well found out that he was wrong!

For to begin with, why should he? Some of us were jolly decided that he shouldn't; and when he started off on the very first evening after call-over, and began asking us our names, you could have knocked some of us chaps flat with a feather. If you could have heard Barnes major ragging him too at that time, you would have thought *his* snubs would have taught the chap to lie low and keep his mouth shut. Not so, Pratt, however, who it seemed had the hide of a rhino at least.

'What about 'eccer?' says he, as easy as you like. 'Can any of you bowl a decent ball?'

There was a perfect hush after this for a moment. You could almost have thought that the Head was marching into chapel. The fact was, the new chap had fairly taken our breath away. He needed snubbing badly, and though it isn't our rule to rag chaps too frightfully on the first night, Barnes honestly felt—as he told me afterwards—that here was the exception necessary to prove the rule.

'How's that, Umpire?' he said, and sent the ink-pot over to Pratt.

It messed him up frightfully of course, as naturally he didn't catch it, and when we all roared with laughter, he turned perfectly green with rage. So we thought we had shown him his place, especially as next day we found on the field that he hardly knew a wide from a bye, and was certainly not likely to be even in the second eleven, as Erskine said, for a couple of years.

The chaps began to take him for a joke, and that he didn't like, for it seemed somehow as though he felt almost crazy to show us some way how jolly unusual he was. Up in the dormitory he laid down the law like a Granny, until Matron fairly nipped the nose off him, thinking he was being rude in some subtle way, whereas, truly and honestly, to give him his due, he was only urging chaps to keep the rules. Down in the classroom it was just the same: the masters seemed to look at him curiously out of the sides of their eyes, as though he was a new kind of specimen—which he was, certainly. He wanted to get bragged about somehow or other, you see; but anyhow, somehow or other, it wouldn't come off!

For, honestly, he was a duffer at everything; not that *that* would have mattered if he had been an ordinarily decent chap. I myself have never been known to get above half-marks in maths; but then Pratt was always trying so perseveringly to shine like a star, and then being jolly well extinguished while he was at it. As Barnes major said, perseverance seemed really to be his only point. And that was great; it was a pity he didn't concentrate it all on games, and turn out a decent player. Well, that he *didn't* do; he just went on and on trying to shine, and I will tell you what happened.

It was about mid-term when some of the chaps became crazy over detective work. We were discussing Sherlock Holmes one night in the dormer, and though by this time Pratt was about as squashed as we thought

such a chap could ever be—which wasn't saying much—I could see that he was tremendously anxious to impress us with his frightful brilliance.

'Look here, you chaps,' he began; 'with a few necessary clues, I could—' He always spoke in that peculiar way; but that time we didn't hear any more, for every one broke in.

'Good old Pratt!' said Barnes, who is also in our dormer. 'Going to shine as a Sherlock, eh? Watson, my dear chap, is more in your line!' And we all roared.

I saw a kind of look come into Pratt's eye which at the time I didn't understand, putting it down to rage at the idea of being like that footling lunatic of a Dr. Watson, whereas it was quite another thing.

'If, as I say, I had a few necessary clues—' he began again; then he stopped, for the chaps roared again, and, strange to say, he shut up for the rest of that night.

But I rather watched him, for I thought he seemed queer. To tell the truth, I was a bit sorry for the duffer: he was so jolly persevering in his efforts to shine, and it was a bit more than interesting when his chance seemed to come along.

For, honestly and truly, Barnes's scarf-pin disappeared—to say nothing of a stud—of no value, but of immense use, as it was quite impossible to dress satisfactorily without it. Matron, in frightful annoyance, supplied an extra stud, thus enabling him to be ready in time for chapel; but the scarf-pin was truly irreplaceable, and Barnes felt jolly angry.

For how was he to know where they were? As he said, he had certainly laid them on his dressing-table that night, and he couldn't be expected, after a day of awful hard work—these were his words—to lie awake and guard his things from burglars, like a watch-dog. And when I suggested, to comfort him, that it was possible he might have swallowed them in the night—chaps having been known to do such things in nightmares—he became even more anxious than before, and by evening became big-eyed and feverish through horror at the thought.

'Just about this point we might have made use of Holmes,' said Erskine that night. We were all feeling a bit nervous, for X-ray examinations, though frightfully interesting, have been known to be fatal, Barnes said, and we wanted to cheer him up. 'No doubt,' went on Erskine, 'some burglar is at present wearing both. Did any of you chaps hear a sound or movement last night?'

None of us had, or we should have jolly well said so already, as we reminded him.

'Pity you can't step in, Pratt,' said Erskine, 'and clear up the mystery.'

'Well, my dear chap—' began Pratt, and then quite suddenly stopped and got into bed, and no one thought any more about him.

Next day, honestly, I felt anxious about Barnes, who is my best chum. He could hardly swallow, he said, in the afternoon, and he pointed out the exact parts of himself in which he was certain the stud and the scarf-pin were. He was also positive by this time that by degrees the dream was coming back to him in which he had swallowed them; in fact, the chap seemed so unlike himself and under the weather, that I was jolly glad when bedtime came.

And there, if you please, up in the dormer before us



was Pratt, waiting for us, and panting. 'I say, you chaps—' he began.

'Oh, stow it!' said Barnes.

But something in Pratt's eye made me look at him; he was panting as though he'd been running hard, and he looked awfully excited. 'What's up?' I said.

'After following certain clues,' said Pratt, 'I am at liberty to tell you that your scarf-pin has been traced. At the present minute it—'

You should have seen Barnes's face; he seemed to turn quite green with relief; then he clutched at Pratt's arm; and Pratt's pride at being clutched was so great that he could hardly speak.

'Do you mean to say—' began Barnes.

'I have traced the scarf-pin to the gym,' said Pratt; 'it is in a hiding-place in the far corner of the room, by the stove—under the loose board that you know well.'

But Barnes was off. The gym. was probably shut by this time, but he ran like a rabbit, taking the risk of meeting Matron and getting in an awful impot for being out of the dormer at that time. He told me afterwards that the suspense about his inside was too horrible to be borne; and when he came back with the scarf-pin in his hand, having wriggled through the window and found the pin just where Pratt had said, he looked a different chap.

To tell the truth, I was flabbergasted. To think that Pratt should have scored us after all seemed to fairly knock me over; I thought, of course, that he'd tracked a thief—and he'd been so jolly quiet over it, too! *That* struck me more than anything—knowing Pratt as I did. Holmes himself couldn't have been closer. For the first time I looked at him most frightfully interestedly.

'Shake hands, old chap,' said Barnes. 'How on earth did you do it?'

'Talk of Holmes!—I withdraw what I said about Watson!' Erskine was beginning, for we were feeling all of us frightfully pleased about Barnes's inside. Even if the stud was still there, it wasn't sharp and pointed like the pin.

But suddenly something happened: into the room came Matron, looking frightfully angry. 'Pratt,' she said, 'two hundred lines for you! Down in the gym. after hours!' she stormed on with frightful rage, and Barnes could hardly get a word in.

At last he did, though. 'I say, Matron,' he said, feeling sorry about the lines, but feeling also that they were worth the relief, 'it was *me*, not Pratt!'

'Two hundred lines for each of you, then,' said Matron, who, it is plain, as Erskine says, has never had the beastly gag of writing any herself, or she wouldn't set so many; 'for I saw Pratt ten minutes ago!'

'It's frightfully hard lines on you, Pratt,' said Barnes, when she'd gone. 'She's mistaken me for you. Such things have happened before. Look here, I'll do them. It's the least thing I can do.'

And then, to our amazement, Pratt broke in—all the frightful pride at being so brilliant seemed to have left him, and though every one was feeling quite keen and ordinary to him, he began to stutter and stammer most awfully. 'I say—I *was* there,' he said. 'Fact is—I got up to the dormer first to-night, and—first thing I saw was your pin, with its horse-shoe stones, shining under your bed. And—well, I nipped down and put it in the gym. under the board, I thought—' (here he almost choked, but he went on all right)—'I thought that perhaps you'd think—'

Pratt got so fearfully crimson and blinking that we couldn't hear the rest. We all stared like owls, for really it was the most footling thing to do; though not so low down, Barnes and I decided afterwards, as it seemed at first. It appeared that Pratt had been so frightfully anxious to shine as a Sherlock Holmes that when he saw the pin he just carted it off at once and put it in the gym. so that he could say he had seen it there, and thus earn renown as a tracer of articles that none could find. A bit dufferish, of course, but then Pratt *was* a duffer, and he had been honest about it anyway, and just when he had made the splash he wanted to; and it couldn't have been so frightfully easy!

And while we were still staring, in popped Matron again. 'Barnes, fifty more lines,' she said: 'you left your stud in your soiled shirt yesterday, and I've found it this minute while I'm sorting the linen. I am for ever telling you—'

'Look here,' said Pratt, when she had gone again; 'Barnes, I'll do the lot for you. I'm a frightful ass, and—'

Well, because he owned to *that* we forgave him; but we all agreed that the least he could do was to write the lines as he had suggested; he did it, too, and got the whole lot finished next day—for anyhow, with all his duffer's ways, Pratt was most frightfully persevering.

E. TALBOT.

### THE SYMPATHETIC SPARROWS.

SOMETIMES when we hear an excited chirruping amongst the bushes in the garden, or the chimneys on the house-top, we say, 'What *quarrelsome* little creatures sparrows are!' And sometimes, when we see these birds gobbling up crumbs as fast as they can, we say, 'What *greedy* little creatures sparrows are!'

The following anecdote, however, proves that all sparrows are not selfish gluttons, but that some, at any rate, are kind to friends in distress.

Some men who were at work upon a large building in Glasgow noticed, day by day, a number of sparrows coming regularly to a hole in a wall near by, making a great ado, 'cheeping and chirping,' and apparently feeding some bird or birds within. For a time the men thought nothing of this. They knew the young birds were just learning to fly, and thought that it was some of these, not so strong as the others, whom the parent birds were feeding. But the visits to the hole being continued, a gentleman in the neighbourhood became interested, and induced the workmen to get a ladder and find out the cause of this commotion among the sparrows.

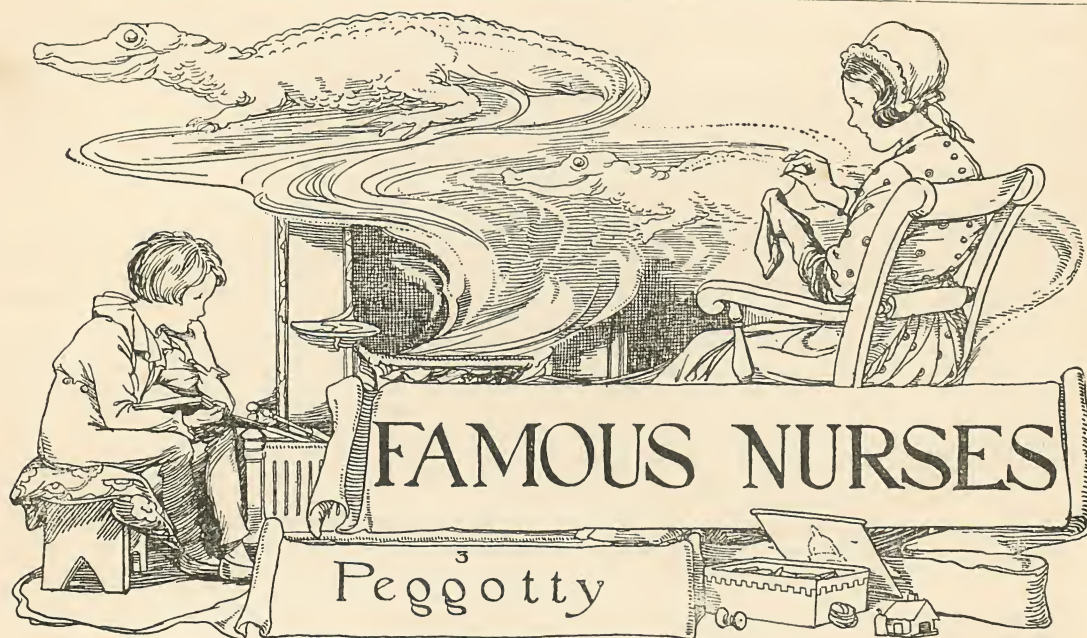
Then it was found that the mother sparrow, after all her brood had left her, had somehow got her leg entangled in some of the threads composing her nest. Her vain attempts to escape had caused the leg to swell considerably.

In this painful plight, the poor little mother had daily received visits of sympathy and supplies of food from other sparrows.

'A friend in need is a friend indeed.'

It is needless to say that the bird was gently released from her bonds, and no doubt her injured leg was soon all right again.





AS a small boy, David Copperfield used to wonder that the birds didn't peck his nurse's arms and cheeks instead of apples! They were so firm and red and round. As for her eyes, so dark were they that they seemed 'to darken the whole neighbourhood in her face,' and almost the earliest thing he could remember was the feel of her fore-finger, 'roughened by needlework, like a pocket nutmeg-grater.'

Long before this story begins, David's father had died; so that looking back 'the first objects that assumed a distinct presence before him . . . were his mother, with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty, with no shape at all.' There can be no doubt that Clara Peggotty was very plump, for when she opened her arms, taking David's curly head between them to give it an affectionate squeeze, some of the buttons on her dress always flew off! Little David would hear them burst to the opposite side of the room whilst she hugged him, and though (next to his mother) he loved his nurse, Peggotty, better than any one else in the world, 'it was a sort of comical affection, too.' For Peggotty was the kind of nurse a child might laugh at one minute, but the next run to her to be comforted—and this is what David sometimes did when he had been looking through the kitchen window into the back yard.

In the centre, there was a pigeon-house on a pole, without any pigeons in it. A large dog kennel stood in a corner, without any dog; but there were a great many fowls, who walked about, looking terribly tall to David. In particular, one fierce-looking cock would get upon a post to crow, staring at David so savagely that he shivered with fright.

From Peggotty's kitchen to the front door there was a long passage, with a dark store-room opening out of it, 'a place to run past at night . . . in which there was the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff.' This rambling old house in which David

lived with his mother and Peggotty was called 'The Rookery'—not that there were any rooks about it now, but the elm-trees round it were full of deserted nests. There were two lattice-windowed parlours: the best one where they sat on Sunday, and an everyday parlour as well, where one night David was sitting with Peggotty, waiting for his mother to come home from a party. Having leave to sit up late 'as a high treat,' David would rather have died at his post than gone to bed. But he was so sleepy that he was obliged to prop his eyelids open with his two fore-fingers, as he watched Peggotty at work. He had been reading aloud to her out of a book about crocodiles, but perhaps Peggotty had not attended very carefully, for she had a cloudy idea that they were a sort of vegetable. David was tired of reading; he grew more sleepy every minute as he sat at Peggotty's feet, looking at 'the little bit of wax candle she kept for her thread, at the little house with a thatched roof where her yard measure lived, at her workbox with a sliding lid with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral (with a pink dome) painted on the top; at the brass thimble on her finger; at herself, whom he thought lovely.' Once or twice he thought that Peggotty was gaping, for she opened her mouth as if on the point of speaking, and then shut it again without saying anything.

'Master Davy,' she said at length, 'how should you like to go along with me and spend a fortnight at my brother's at Yarmouth? Wouldn't *that* be a treat?'

'Is your brother an agreeable man, Peggotty?' inquired David.

'Oh, what an agreeable man he is!' cried Peggotty. 'Then there's the sea, and the boats and the ships, and the fishermen . . .'

David had now no doubts whatever about wishing to go to Yarmouth, and as Mrs. Copperfield readily agreed to Peggotty's suggestion, his only fear was lest 'an earthquake should interpose to stop the expedition.' It





"David couldn't see anything resembling a house except a black barge."



was arranged that they should travel in a carrier's cart, which departed early in the morning, and he would have given anything for permission to wrap himself up overnight and sleep in his hat and boots.

The carrier's horse was the laziest in the world, or so it seemed to David in his impatience to reach Yarmouth. He was quite tired of hearing Peggotty snoring while she slept, her chin resting on the handle of her basket; but they came at last to a great dull waste that lay across the river. David couldn't help wondering how, if the world was really 'as round as the geography-book said, any part of it came to be so flat? But he reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.' We may conclude that David knew more about crocodiles than geography, and never had he felt more amazement than when Peggotty and he were walking along the streets of Yarmouth, smelling the fish and tar, and watching the sailors and the carts that 'jingled up and down over the stones.' Peggotty told him it was well known that Yarmouth (her native town) was the finest place in the universe and that 'for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.'

By-and-by they were met by Peggotty's nephew, Ham, 'a huge, strong fellow, six feet high . . . dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them.'

With David on his back and a small box of their luggage under his arm, Ham strode down the lanes, followed by Peggotty, who was carrying another small box under her arm. They went past gasworks, shipbuilders' yards, smiths' forges, and at last came out upon the flat waste which David had already seen from the carrier's cart.

'Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy,' said Ham; but David couldn't see anything even remotely resembling a house except a black barge, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney.

'That's not it?—that ship-looking thing?' he suggested.

'That's it, Mas'r Davy,' returned Ham; and David could not possibly have felt more delighted if it had been Aladdin's palace. 'There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was that it was a real boat which no doubt had been upon the water hundreds of times. . . . It was beautifully clean inside. . . . There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child, who was trundling a hoop.' On the walls were coloured pictures; there were lockers and boxes in convenient corners, serving as seats when there were not enough chairs, and in the beams of the ceiling were some large hooks from which Ham and Mr. Peggotty, his uncle, slung their hammocks at night. As for David's little bedroom, it was in the stern of the vessel, with a small window through which the rudder used to go. 'One thing he particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish, which was so searching that when he took out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his nose . . . it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster.'

Mr. Peggotty, who was the brother of David's Peggotty (so called because her Christian name hap-

pened to be the same as Mrs. Copperfield's), was a fisherman, and Ham followed the same calling. In the evenings they would mend their nets, or patch their great water-boots, and it was not long before David came to the conclusion that Peggotty's nephew was called Ham because he lived in a sort of ark. He came to love Peggotty even better than before (if that were possible) because her home was so delightful, and when at nights he heard the wind howling out at sea he could not be frightened for 'he was in a boat, after all . . . and Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board if anything did happen.'

David's wonderful fortnight came to an end at last, and you will read in that great novel, *David Copperfield*, by Charles Dickens, how he and Peggotty went home in the same slow carrier's cart and of the strange things which had happened at 'The Rookery' in their absence. You will read, too, how Peggotty helped David in the adventures that came to him, and how when she was an old woman she loved to show David's children the crocodile book, and still sat down to work with 'a bit of wax candle, a yard measure in a little house, and a workbox with a picture of St. Paul's upon the lid.'

JOYCE COBB.

### THE CATS OF ABDUL HAMID.

IT is a strange fact that some people who are cruel to their fellow-men are yet kind to animals. Abdul Hamid, formerly Sultan of Turkey, was one of these people. It is said that after his dethronement in 1909 more than one thousand five hundred cats were found living in luxury at Yildiz Kiosk. Kittens born there he would never allow to be destroyed. There would have been many more cats but for a habit he had of presenting one to any person whom he particularly desired to honour.

In 1912, Abdul Hamid had to quit Salonika in a great hurry. When he landed at Broussa he appeared to be in very low spirits. But as soon as he found that there was a chicken-run attached to his new quarters he became more cheerful, and took pleasure in going out with a big bowl of corn to feed the fowls.

### THE NAME ON THE TREE.

THERE is an oak-tree in our wood, where I can go and sit, Because it's got a branch that seems as though it grew for it.

One day while I was sitting there, a sunbeam suddenly Showed me a name carved very deep and clearly on my tree.

I'd never seen that name before; I'd never even known That any one had climbed my tree save only me alone; But here was PHILIP WILLIAM GREY, carved very deep indeed;

It must have taken days to cut the name so clear to read.

Perhaps he was my very age; perhaps he played the games

That I play on the oak-tree bough. I wish he'd know my names,

But I dare say he never guessed another boy would find His tree and climb it like he did. I don't believe he'd mind.



But, so that he should know of it, if he came back, you see—

I got my knife and cut my name below his on the tree. It was too hard a piece of work to do in just one day, But now CHARLES ALEXANDER BLAIR joins PHILIP

WILLIAM GREY,

And ev'ry time that I climb up the branch of my oak-tree,

I feel that Philip William Grey plays all my games with me!

E. TALBOT.

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINY.

(Continued from page 67.)

'CHICAGO,' repeated Poppa, speaking for the first time. 'We shall be fortunate if we are back again in Chicago without a torpedo in our inside.'

Mr. Stanley Cobb had taken but small part in the conversation at his end of the table, and now rose to leave.

'What a distinguished-looking gentleman,' Momma whispered to her husband. 'English—unmistakably English.'

Vic and Phil looked at each other and prepared to follow.

'What are your plans for the day, young gentlemen?' The question would have been surprisingly rude from any other person on so short an acquaintance, but was quite in accord with Momma's broad, motherly manner and transparent good-nature; it was, nevertheless, a trifle disconcerting to the Scouts. 'I know my Amsterdam pretty well by this time, and if I can be of any service—'

'Thank you, Madam,' Vic stammered. 'We're just going to look round—in fact, we've got some business to attend to first start.'

'Well, the Palace is just down at the bottom of the street; you can get a car there to any part of the town. The fare is ten cents—twopence—to the Rijks Museum, and twenty-five cents to the Zoo. Take care of your cents and the Dutch will take care of themselves.'

'Jolly good breakfast,' said Vic, as they came out of the restaurant. 'Did you get your change all right?'

'Yes, all in order,' quoted Phil.

'We are both quite well,' repeated Vic, patting his chest.

Then began the fun of dodging the Filbert. They had practised this sort of sport in their scouting days, but never in a foreign city. The rule of the game is simple—see everything without being seen, follow without appearing to do so; but in practice it is not so easy, and to tell the truth, the dress of a Boy Scout does not lend itself to invisibility; at any rate, not in city streets, where a Scout's favourite mode of progression—by wriggling on one's stomach—is impracticable.

The owner of the Trilby hat was a good walker—nimble at popping in and out of trams, brisk at turning corners—and he seemed to have a deal of business in shops of a certain class. He took a car opposite the Palace, but not to Rijks Museum or the Zoo, and was set down in a part of the town with no distinguishing features beyond the canals, with side-walks planted with trees, which intersected the streets of shops, and were a novelty to the boys. The business of getting in

and out of cars had to be negotiated with skill and caution, and once or twice they had narrow escapes from coming face to face with him as he left a shop and returned in his tracks unexpectedly; but they flattered themselves that they played their part creditably and had not been observed. It is a long lane that has no turning; theirs had plenty, but seemed to have no terminus, and it began to appear as if the Filbert had no final destination and would never come to an anchorage.

To follow the Scouts step by step as they followed their quarry would be as tedious to the reader as it was to them. By mid-day they were somewhere in the Jews' quarter, dog-tired but resolute. By tea-time they were involved in a maze of streets in the western suburbs, played out, but still on the trail; then suddenly it seemed that their constancy was to be rewarded. The Filbert ascended two steps of a private dwelling-house, rang the bell, was admitted, and the door was shut—they had run him to earth.

Daylight began to fade. The Scouts marched up and down in front of the house. The gas was lit in the lower front room—presumably the parlour—and the blinds drawn down. The question now arose, was this the final destination of Mr. Stanley Cobb? Could it be that 'Meg' was there to receive him? Could it be that the glorious 'Reynolds' was within those walls? Or would the Filbert out and away again endlessly—like the Wandering Jew?

Time passed. Phil went round to the back portion of the house to make sure that there was no way of escape in that direction. Having satisfied himself on this point, he returned and joined Vic.

The house was a middle-class residence, with no railing or garden in front, but directly on the pavement. It was the corner one in a row in a quiet street, and there were few passers-by to notice the Boy Scouts, and these became less and less as the evening wore on.

From a church tower at some little distance the bells rang out the quarter-hours in harsh, metallic discords.

'There they go again,' said Phil. 'That's the fifth time they've gone off like that since we've been here: I wonder if he has slipped out the back way, after all. There's a door in the garden wall, but I didn't think it likely he'd sneak out there; but you never can tell. I wish I'd stopped there and kept watch.'

'Well, go round,' replied Vic. 'If he comes out this way I'll cough twice, and you ditto if he comes out your way.'

The time dragged wearily on. Vic noticed now and again obscure shadows flit across the window blind, but none recognisable as that of Stanley Cobb or the lady in the waterproof. At last he saw the distinct silhouette of a short, stout gentleman march across as in a shadow show. The bells rang out again. Phil sidled round the corner and said, 'There they go; the church has had another fit. I can't stand this much longer. I believe we've lost him; he must have slipped out at the back before I went there.'

'Or else he really lives here—or lodges here, I should say. I saw the shadow of a man on the blind, but it wasn't the Filbert. We dare not lose him, Phil; no, we dare not lose him!'

'I should like to get a look inside,' said Phil. 'This suspense is turning me grey; I'll give him another quarter of an hour—till the tongs and shovel go again.'

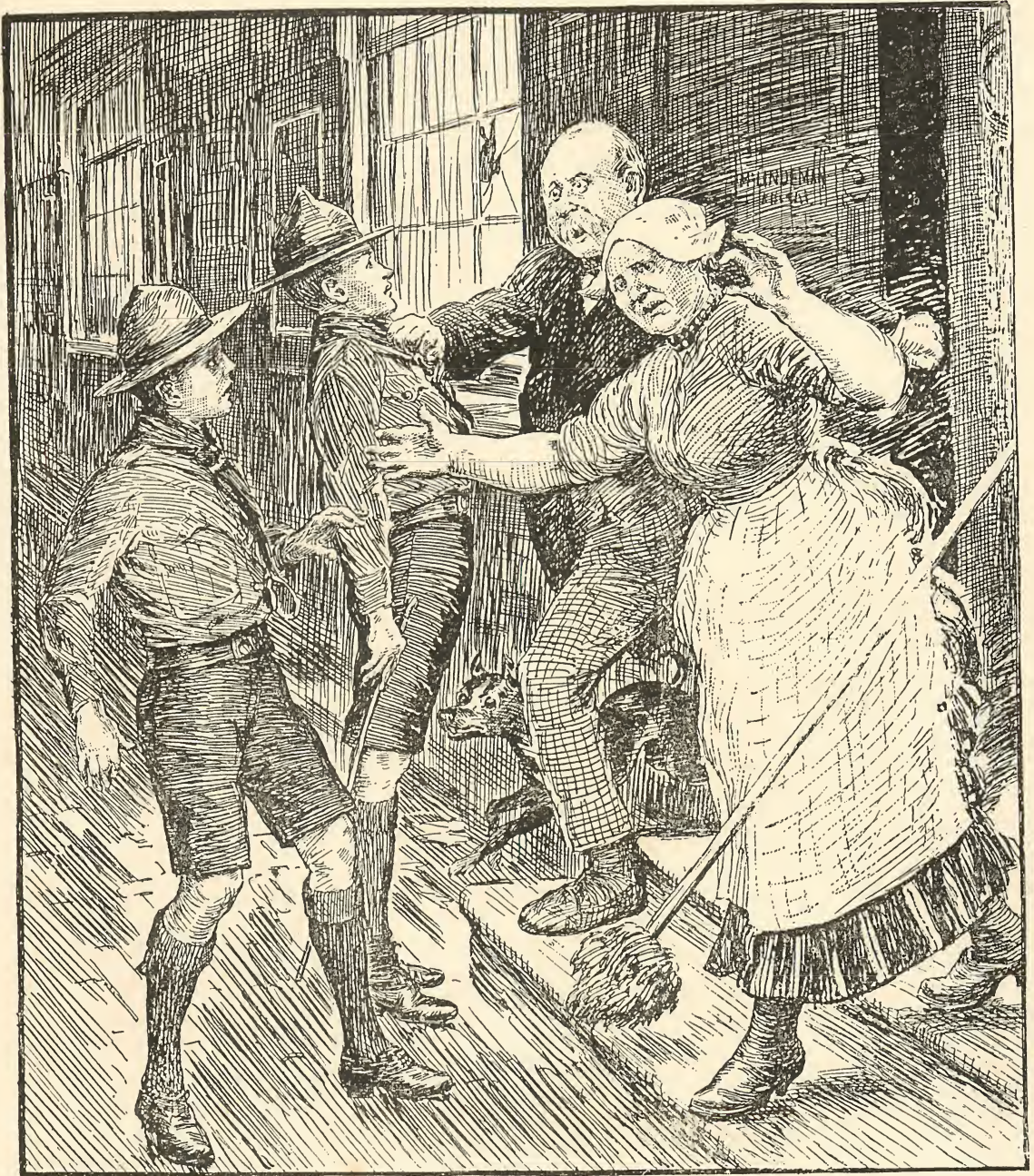
(Continued on page 82.)





"The business of getting in and out of the cars had to be negotiated with skill."





“‘Drag them in!’ bawled the man. ‘Thieves!’”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 79.)

WHEN the church chimes again rang, Phil came round in a white heat. 'I won't stand it any longer; we have been here two hours. I *will* know whether he's in there or not. I've climbed on the wall, but can't see anything. You can do what you like, but I'm going in.'

Phil was in one of his dangerous fits, and was swinging a swagger-stick he carried. 'If they put me in gaol for it, I don't care; I'm going in.'

To Vic's consternation he went to the window and dealt it a smashing blow with his stick. What a change in the quiet house all in a moment, as the glass rattled out and split in fragments on the pavement!

Sounds of bumping and slamming within—the front door was flung open—a short, stout gentleman flew out, a servant-maid behind and a small terrier barking furiously about their legs.

'Ach!' shouted the stout gentleman. 'There they are. Seize them—the police, Marie!'

Phil was already on the steps when the avalanche burst forth, and was nearly carried away by its sweep. 'Pardon, Mynheer,' he was saying coolly.

'There's two of them,' bawled the man. 'Drag them in! The police—Marie, the police! Down, Pete; down! Ruffians—land-lopers—thieves!'

Vic was seized in the fat arms of Marie and borne into the hall, and Phil, in the grip of the enraged gentleman, followed, the terrier hanging on wherever he could find a convenient place.

'Pardon, Mynheer; my stick went through your window,' Phil was saying.

'You go about the town breaking windows with your foolish stick. We shall see what the police shall say to that. Bring them in here, Marie.'

A man was seated at the table of the room into which the Scouts were thrust. He had a pocket-book and packet of letters in his hand, and was in the act of placing the letters in the case and securing it with an elastic band. He was tall, well-dressed, had a rather long face, but good features, and when he gave one glance at the intruders the pale colour of his eyes was noticeable.

'This is a pretty to-do, Herr Lindemann,' he said.

The stout gentleman, who had a red face and a stubbly grey moustache, seemed somewhat taken aback by the appearance and unresisting demeanour of his prisoners, but hesitated to climb down from his lofty passion, and tried rather to work himself up into an artificial transport of rage. 'It is monstrous,' he cried. 'Am I to sit here and have my windows broken in by land-lopers and mountebanks? Is this a civilised country? Is this the protection I pay taxes for? A parcel of young rascals! We shall see what the police say to this.'

'My stick went through your window,' Phil repeated. 'I am quite willing to pay for the damage done, Mynheer.'

'You have made a fine catch, Herr Lindemann,' said Mr. Stanley Cobb, with lofty serenity. 'They are what are called Boy Scouts in England—a sort of half-military craze. They are harmless enough in peacetime, though a bit of a nuisance to quiet people; but in

war-time, well — My opinion is, considering the difficult relations of neutral countries, they are a positive danger, and most certainly ought not to be allowed out of their own country. If I were in your case I should give them up to the police. But I must be going, Herr Lindemann. Good-bye!' He moved towards the door, took his hat from a small table in the hall, and prepared to leave the house.

'Follow him, Vic,' urged Phil fiercely beneath his breath, as he nudged his companion towards the door.

'Follow him: I'll square the old man. Now, look here, Mynheer; I broke the window and I'm willing to pay for it. It wasn't my friend. He has important business to attend to—let him go,' and he again pushed Vic towards the door. 'Here you are, how much?' Vic was endeavouring to get to the front door, which stood ajar, and follow in the wake of Mr. Stanley Cobb.

'No! no! No, you don't,' shouted Herr Lindemann. 'No, you don't,' and he slammed the street door and set his back to it. 'You're not going to bamboozle me in that way: you'll wait for the police. Ach! you would, would you?'

Vic had made an attempt to rush the gentleman and force the door.

'Marie! Marie!' There was a second tempestuous advent of Marie and the terrier; Vic was again folded in her embrace and enveloped in her skirts. He had to give it up.

'Obstinate, pig-headed old German sausage,' Phil spluttered.

'German! yes, I'll German you.'

The case was hopeless, for doubtless by this time the Filbert was well out of the street and away. But at this moment Phil had an inspiration—if violence fails, try diplomacy. It was an inverted method of procedure; moreover, Phil was about as diplomatic as a young bull.

'My dear sir,' he said, 'will you listen to reason? I and my friend are the sons of English gentlemen—perfectly respectable, you know. I am quite willing to pay for the damage done. Two gulden—three gulden—whatever the cost of the window may be. Now, what more can you expect? If you send for the police you can get no more out of it.'

Herr Lindemann was modified by the argument of a handful of silver which Phil produced from his pocket, but did not think it wise to show it too readily. 'This window will cost you four gulden,' he growled.

'Rather a high figure, isn't it?' said Phil. 'But there, let us end this unfortunate affair in a friendly manner. Two—three—four gulden.'

Said Herr Lindemann: 'It is a large pane of glass—there is labour. I charge you nothing for the annoyance.'

'We have suffered some annoyance, too,' replied Phil in his best manner, 'and your little dog's teeth are sharp; but we will say no more about it. All's well that ends well. We are only boys, you see, and this is our first day in Holland, and it has had an unfortunate ending. Everything is so strange in a foreign country, Mynheer. I don't know how we shall find our way back to our hotel.'

'You can get a tram at the top of the street to the "Dam" or the Central Station, or any part of the town,' said Mynheer, ungraciously.

'Thank you very much,' replied Phil. By-the-by, that friend of yours was English, was he not? His



face seemed familiar to me—I fancy I've seen him in London. What's his name? Let me see—Mr. Stanley something. Oh! Cobb—Mr. Stanley Cobb. Don't you remember him, Vic? He didn't appear to recognise us—didn't expect to see us in a foreign country. He visited at my friend's house,' continued Phil, turning to Mynheer and smiling amiably. 'Jolly old house in the country; beautiful house, and everything. We must look him up, Vic. Staying at some hotel, I suppose. You don't happen to know his address, Mynheer? We must look him up.'

Now Phil had done it so well and had been so affable that it came as a shock when Herr Lindemann burst out:

'Meester Copp is no friend of mine. I want none of your long-legged, hypocritical English. Let them stop in their own foggy island and their own smoky London. I want none of you, with your lying and sniggering. Get out of it, I say. Get out of it!' and he actually ejected the astonished Scouts.

'We're done,' said Vic, as they sat dejectedly in a corner of the tram on their way back to the Central Station. 'I'm dogged tired; I can't worry any more. We must have a night's sleep: they'll take us in at the restaurant, I expect.'

(Continued on page 94.)

### 'THE IMPIOUS CUDWEED.'

THE plant called 'cudweed' (*cotton-weed*) belongs to an order of flowers the stems and leaves of which are covered (more or less) with a whitish, cottony down. These flowers, which have dry, scaly heads, may be classed with the so-called 'everlasting' flowers.

Our forefathers styled this plant 'the impious cudweed.' Why? Because, though the first-formed blossom 'stands like a father encircled by his children,' the blossoms of the second generation 'lengthen their necks and hold their heads high'; they overtop and look down upon their parent. That is how the cudweed earned its bad name.

### THE 'BROWN DOG.'

IN America the children greatly enjoy the autumn, when they go out in parties to gather the berries which are to be stored up for use during the winter. A big family party went out on one of these expeditions, and came home with full baskets. But in their search for the fruit they had become scattered, and on their return they were dismayed to find that the youngest member of their party, a little fellow four or five years of age, was missing. Several days passed before the child was found, and much anxiety was felt about him, especially as the autumn nights were already very cold.

He was found at last, however, quite safe and sound. While wandering about in the woods he had subsisted on the wild fruits. When asked whether he had not been cold at night, the boy said, 'Oh, no! Every night a nice, big, brown dog came and went to bed with me.'

That 'brown dog' must have been a bear, who had used the little human body as a kind of hot-water bottle. Thus the two had kept each other warm.

### THE CLOCK.

THE old Clock ticks by the passage stair  
In the old, old house, in the old, old square;  
The times have changed, but it still stands there.

What tales it knows if it would but tell—  
Of parties gay, or of sad farewell!  
Yet it keeps its secrets and keeps them well.

And no one knows what its tick may mean,  
And no one knows what that Clock has seen  
In the years and years that have passed between.

And yet sometimes, when the children go  
To watch its face in a thoughtful row,  
They think it whispers, 'I know! I know!'

ETHEL TALBOT.

### KIRBY'S CAMERA CAMPAIGN.

(Concluded from page 71.)

I WAS afraid to develop my last attempt myself—I had spoilt so many during the past week; so after tea I cycled down to the village and took it to the chemist, who promised to let me have half-a-dozen prints by Friday evening. Well, I got through Thursday all right, but on Friday I was so excited that I couldn't stick at lessons, and the consequence was, at the end of the day I had a hundred-line imposition to do. That did it! My only hope was that some other fellow would be going down to the village. Luckily, Kirby minor happened to mention that he was going to the chemist's to get his photographs, and he promised to fetch mine, too.

It isn't far to the village, and I was only just finishing my lines when he rushed in.

'Good gracious!' I said; 'whatever's the matter?'

'What's the matter!' he yelled; 'you ought to know. What do you make of *that*? And down he dumped two photographs, almost identical. 'This is mine,' said he; 'but how did *you* manage to get the same subject?'

Well, it certainly did look funny at first. There were the two photographs, each of a man crouching on the ground holding—a camera!

Then it suddenly dawned on me. 'Why,' I exclaimed, 'that's *me*!' pointing to Kirby minor's photograph.

'You!' he cried.

'Yes,' said I, 'and *that* must be *you*. Don't you see what has happened? We were both in Brierly Wood, and mistook each other for poachers. When I bent down to put back my camera, you must have turned round and snapped me, and I mistook the noise for the keeper, and ran.'

And I was right: it was just what had happened. Kirby minor had gone to the wood with the same intention as I had, and had snapped me in the same way as I had snapped him.

He *was* mad. It was a sell, wasn't it? The fellows just howled when they heard, which made it all the worse for us!

Of course we didn't send the photographs in. It wouldn't have been much good anyway, for whoever would have taken a man with a camera for a fugitive? Nobody in the school got a prize, and that made the fellows mad, especially when they thought of all the sixpences they had lost, borrowing Kirby minor's camera!





“What do you make of that?”

Altogether, Kirby minor didn't have a very pleasant time of it during the next week. He had one advantage, however, for he always declared that if he had taken any other photograph, he would have been *sure* to have won

a prize, which was ridiculous; for though I'm a modest chap, I'm not so sure but that I wouldn't have got one myself, if I had snapped that rabbit!

E. M. ELLISON.



## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

## III.—THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.



IN 1793, when the French Revolution was at its height and England was preparing for war, a new regiment was raised in Ireland, and, being chiefly recruited in the province of Connaught, it was given the name of the Connaught Rangers.

At that time, as so often before and since in history, Flanders was destined to be the chief battlefield of Europe, and it was to Ostend that the British troops were dispatched. They fought in the battle of Alost, and joined the army of the Duke of York, but the campaign

was a disastrous one, and the French captured one town after another and swept their enemies back through Belgium and Holland.

Terrible sufferings were endured by the British during the retreat, for the winter of that year, 1794, was a severe one, and many men were frozen to death as they made their way through the snow and across the ice-covered dykes and rivers. It was not until

April that the Connaught Rangers reached Deventer and embarked for England.

This was the regiment's first taste of warfare, and for many years ill-luck seemed to dog them, and hardships instead of honours fell to their share. They went out to India, but were recalled at the beginning of the nine-



The Regimental Badge of the Connaught Rangers.

teenth century to take part in the Egyptian campaign against Napoleon Buonaparte. The expedition, which was under the command of General Baird, and which consisted of a mixed force of British and Indian troops, sailed from Bombay in December, but was delayed by the breaking of the monsoon and prevented from



The Connaughts at Ulundi.



reaching Suez at the appointed time. Several ships were lost, and at last it was decided to land at Kosseir, a port on the Red Sea, and march across the desert to the Nile. This plan was carried out, and the army reached the river after a terrible journey of nine days, during which the Connaught Rangers, who formed the van of the expedition, suffered as severely from heat and thirst as they had done from cold and exposure during their winter experience in Holland.

At Keneh boats were provided, but the troops only arrived at Cairo on the very day that it capitulated to the British.

This was in 1801, and six years later a still greater misfortune befell the Connaught Rangers, for they were one of the regiments that were surprised and taken prisoner in Buenos Ayres in 1807.

On this occasion, as has so often happened, the British leaders under-rated the strength of the enemy, and the troops, having marched into what seemed to be a silent and deserted city, were suddenly attacked by the inhabitants from the flat roofs of the houses, outnumbered, and forced to surrender. The Eighty-eighth Regiment—or Connaught Rangers—lost, in killed and wounded, twenty officers and more than two hundred men.

The next day the prisoners of war were released, but only on condition that Buenos Ayres was completely evacuated by the British.

Two years later the bad luck of the Connaughts changed at last, for they served in the Peninsular War, and fought so fiercely in one engagement after another that their nickname, 'The Devil's Own,' was jestingly said to be richly deserved.

Talavera was the first important battle in which the regiment took part, and both there and at Busaco the Irishmen displayed extraordinary dash and courage. So great was their fame, indeed, that later, at Fuentes d'Onor, when the situation of the British seemed to be critical, Colonel Pakenham said, 'Tell Wallace of the Eighty-eighth to come down and drive these fellows off. He will do the thing properly.'

The Connaughts advanced, and the veterans of the French Imperial Guard were driven back through the streets of the village and into the river, Wellington himself noticing and praising the bravery of the Eighty-eighth Regiment.

At Ciudad Rodrigo the Connaughts again distinguished themselves, for one of their officers, Lieutenant Mackie, led the forlorn hope of the Third Division of the British Army in the attack on the stronghold.

'Ciudad Rodrigo must be carried by assault this evening at seven o'clock.' That was Wellington's order, and the command was obeyed, for, on that cold winter night, just as the cathedral bell in the beleaguered city began to toll, the storming parties rushed from their trenches and advanced upon the walls. 'Rangers of Connaught, it is not my intention to expend any powder this evening. We will do the business with cold steel,' said General Picton, and three men of the Eighty-eighth Regiment—Sergeant Brazill, Kelly and Swan—were the first to reach the breach in the defences which had been the object of the attack, and there they fought a desperate hand-to-hand combat with the French gunners.

The assault on Ciudad Rodrigo was completely successful, and the great fortress, with one thousand five

hundred prisoners and many guns, fell into the hands of the British and Portuguese allies.

After this victory the Connaughts did not have much time to rest on the laurels they had won, for there was still Badajoz to be captured, and a few weeks later this town was also besieged and taken by Wellington's army. During the same year was fought the battle of Salamanca, when Major Murphy was shot at the head of the regiment by a French officer.

In 1814, when peace was concluded for a time between France and England, the Eighty-eighth were ordered to Canada, where the war was still raging, and while there it is noticeable that they did not lose a single man by desertion.

We come now to more modern times, and find the Connaught Rangers fighting with all their old courage through the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and in four South African campaigns. At the battle of Ulundi, in 1879, when the Zulus were finally defeated, the regiment bore the chief brunt of the attack, and Lord Chelmsford, who was in command, said that their steadiness when surrounded by a complete belt of fire was remarkable. Twenty-one years later the regiment fought over almost the same ground in the Boer War, and was present at the relief of Ladysmith in 1900.

#### CLEVER PEOPLE.

**T**ORRES STRAITS—discovered by Torres in 1606—have not always been 'straits.' They were once a stretch of firm land, joining Queensland to New Guinea. Now they are swept by violent tides, and navigation is difficult amongst their numerous reefs and shoals. The natives who dwell in these parts make a livelihood by means of the things which they fish out of the straits. They are very skilful in forming quite artistic ornaments of tortoise and pearl shells. These clever people make brooches, hair-combs, finger-rings, chains, ear-rings, of tortoise-shell, and inlay them with mother-of-pearl. Many of the Europeans dwelling on Thursday Island (which is the nearest approach to a town in this region) use napkin rings made of tortoise-shell and adorned with gold and silver filings or pieces of pearl. Tortoise-shell becomes very pliable when heated, and can be twisted into any shape. It is then that the pieces of metal or pearl are inlaid in the form of letters, or anything else desired. Often the only tool employed is a bit of broken glass or an old knife.

#### THE DYAKS OF BORNEO.

**B**ORNEO is one of the largest islands in the world—more than twice as big as our British Isles. It is about eight hundred miles long, and seven hundred miles broad. The majority of the natives are not Malays proper, but Dyaks, of whom there are numerous tribes. These Dyaks earned a bad name for themselves by their ancient custom of head-hunting. They are indeed a wild people. They like to be tattooed, and are fond of ornaments, such as anklets, armlets, necklaces, and enormous ear-rings, which (from a European point of view) horribly distort the lobe of the ear. Sometimes they wear scarcely anything; at other times, especially when at war, they array themselves gorgeously in leopard and monkey skins, with a feather-decorated helmet of plaited palm-stems (called 'rattans').



Their weapons are spears, wooden bucklers, blow-pipes, poisoned darts, and broad knives called 'parangs.'

The Dyaks live in very queer houses—huts built on posts, or perched on high rocks. A place called Brun-i is built in deep water on piles. Its shops are boats, moving about; its storehouses are ships. Hence Brun-i has been styled 'an Oriental Venice,' but it is a very humble Venice, with hovels instead of palaces, and canoes instead of gondolas.

Though a wild and savage race, the Dyaks have at least one excellent quality. They are scrupulously *truthful*. When asked a question, a Dyak will often reply, 'I cannot tell you what I do not know, for fear I should lie.' Also their manners are said to be good—except to their enemies.

### SOMETHING DOING.

'HUH!' sniffed Donald Bayne, 'there's a mighty lot of difference between story-book prairie and the real thing. No Indians running loose here, and out on the Reserve they're tamer than Ann's Angora cat. There's not a buffalo, nor a wolf, nor a bear, no Pistol Bills, nor train robbers—not even one des-per-e-adoo. The Mounted Police would round them up quicker than you could say "Jack Robinson!"'

'That's so,' agreed Rob Grant, who was Donald's satellite. 'There's nothing doing, sure! I'll be kind of glad when school begins next week.'

They had reached the end of the board walk that led from the prairie village out beyond the grain elevators.

'Nothing but wheat, and wheat, and more wheat,' grumbled Donald, with a scowl at the miles of ripening grain; 'no fishing, no swimming, no—'

Rob cut short the doleful enumeration. 'Jim Power told me that there were two men leading a big chained grizzly on the Regina road this morning. His uncle passed them in the motor, and the grizzly looked awful fierce. Jim said he had teeth two inches long.'

'Jim didn't see him,' objected Donald. 'How does he know how long that bear's teeth are? And if his uncle was going by in the car, he—'

'Well, they're coming this way,' interrupted Rob, reserving his choicest bit of news until the last. 'Jim said that his uncle thought they'd be into the village by noon-time, and it's after two now. Let's go down to the station and see. They'll most likely put up in one of the Exhibition sheds.'

'No.' Don's answer was as decided as it was unexpected. He did not explain that his father had placed the station and railway-yard out of bounds for a week.

The afternoon sun beat down in shimmering heat-waves upon the two boys halted at the board-walk end. On this eastern side, between the straggling houses of the village and the interminable miles of ripening grain, there was a sunburnt strip of virgin prairie. Standing alone on this bit of village outskirts was a weather-beaten board shack, its large window barred by a wooden shutter, and the one door closed. Suddenly from out of the apparently deserted shack came the melodious long-drawn notes of a violin played by a master hand.

Don's eyes lighted. He shed his apathy like a coat. 'The Dook's home!' he cried. 'Let's go and see him!'

Don was a favourite with 'The Duke,' and one of the few boys permitted to see the inside of the 'castle.'

The Duke (his real name was long and cumbersome) was a 'remittance man'—a man on an allowance from home, and something of a ne'er-do-well. There were a good many of them in this prairie village, but the Duke was not of the convivial sort. He was a gentle recluse, with all memory of the past obliterated, owing to some tragic happening in India long years before. An officer of the Mounted Police, that great and efficient protector of the Canadian plains, was the Duke's guardian, and the Force kept an eye upon his outgoings and incomings. It was due to Mounted Police influence that no teasing, mischievous boys ever dared to play their tricks upon 'the softy.' Through his violin and its concord of sweet sounds the unfortunate man seemed ever to be groping for the barred way into that dim, lost past. He came and went at his own sweet will. Sometimes the shack stood unoccupied for weeks, and then, unheralded, the Duke and his violin would drift in again.

'Do you suppose he will let me come inside?' queried Rob. The privilege conveyed a certain distinction among the boys, and was one that Rob coveted mightily.

'Sure, if I take you,' confidently asserted Donald.

The Duke welcomed Don with a smile and a nod, motioned them to seats, made a gesture that he wished the door closed, even in this stifling heat, and went on with his playing.

The window had not been unbarred. A partially unpacked portmanteau occupied the middle of the floor, and on the stove a frying-pan of sizzling, burned chops, testified that the Duke's musical obsession had seized him in the midst of commonplace activities.

However, a small ventilation window high from the floor and with a door-sash opening outward, was giving egress to the smoke and fumes from the sputtering meat.

The semi-gloom, heat and smoke did not appeal to Rob, neither did the piercingly sweet music, and his curiosity was more than tinged with awe as he watched the rapt, far-away expression of the player's face.

Don, who was passionately fond of music, sat with shining eyes quite oblivious of discomforts.

But Rob, whose senses were still keen for outside impressions, pricked up his ears, and drew in his toes, at a strange guzzling 'wuff-wuff' that seemed to be nosing along the bottom of the door. 'Wha-n-at's that?' he whispered. There was something in that strange noise that roused elemental fear.

'Nothing!' Don, who had not heard, did not wish to be bothered.

'There-re it i-s again!' Robbie trembled visibly, and edged his chair away from the door, while his toes curled back still further. He was sure that he felt the jar of some heavy body against the shack wall.

'There's something outside, Don,' he persisted. 'I tell you there is!'

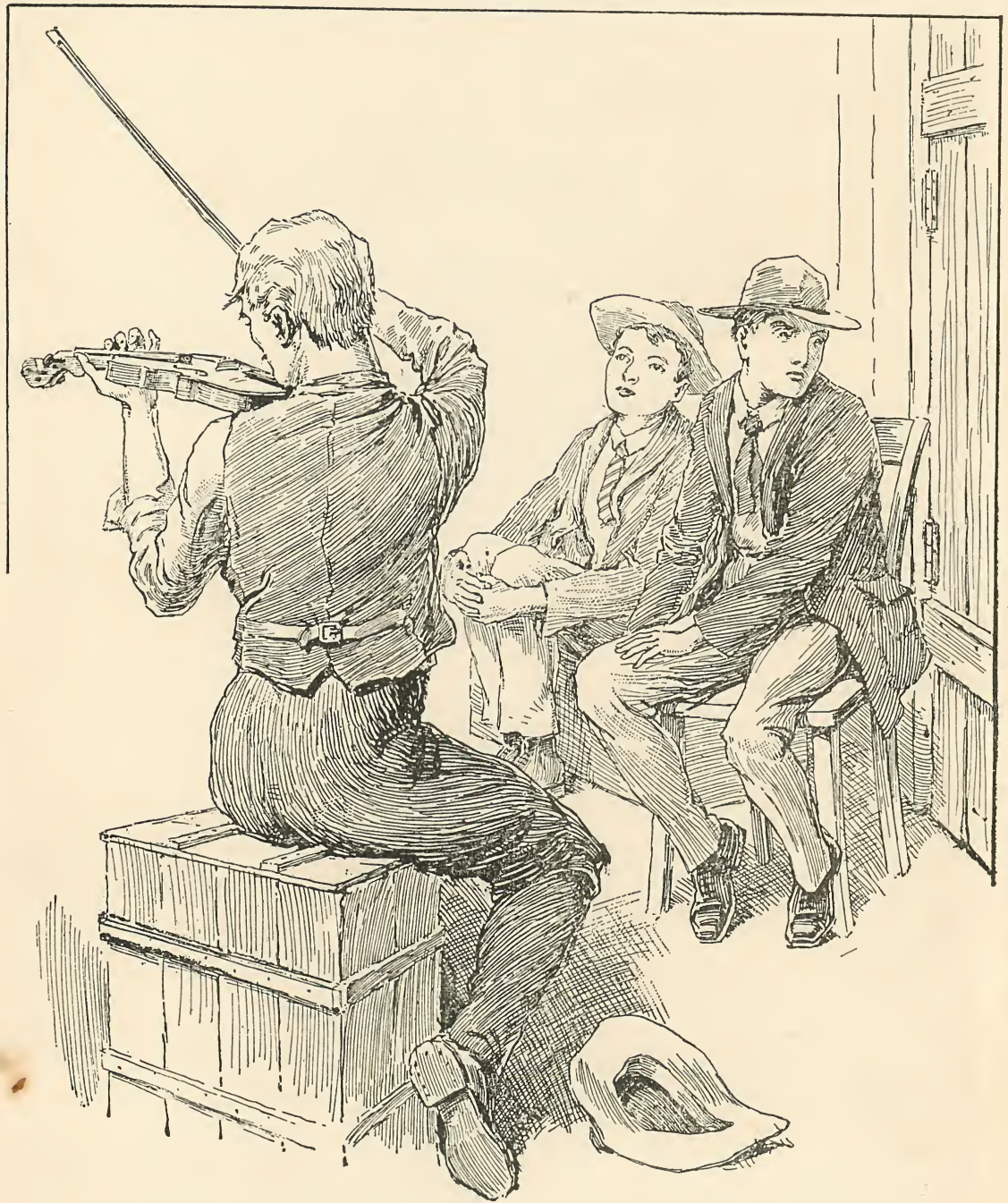
'All right. It can stay there.'

The Duke had changed from what Don called 'classy-call' music into the intimate home songs of the old land, and was fingering the opening bars of Don's favourite, 'Within a mile of Edinboro' town.'

The sizzling chops gave one final flash and sputter, an extra volume of smoke rolled out of the tiny window, and met the nostrils of a great hungry bear shambling along the side of the shack.

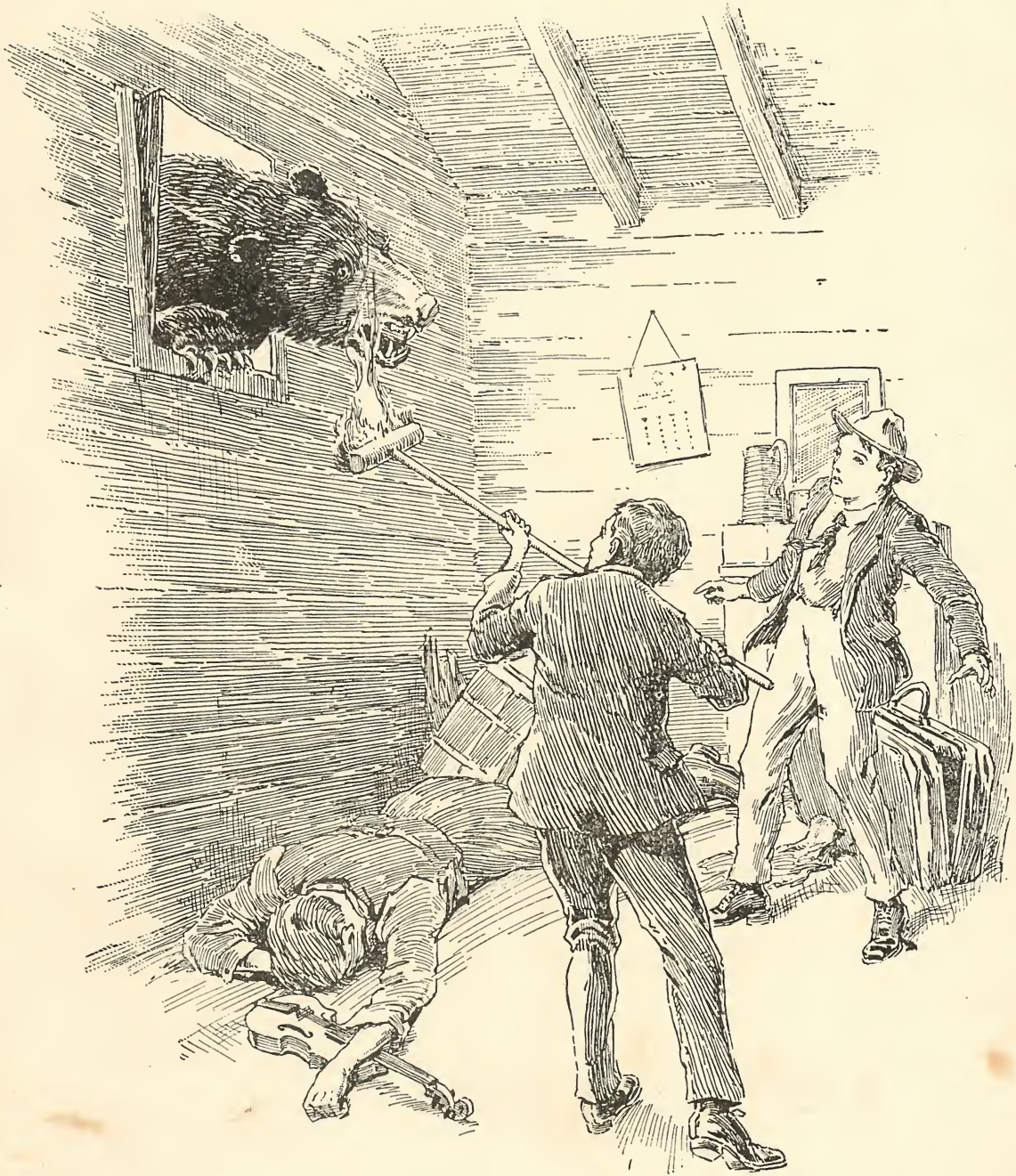
(Concluded on page 90.)





"Rob pricked up his ears, and drew in his toes."





"The angry bear got a thrust in the face."



## SOMETHING DOING.

*(Concluded from page 87.)*

THIS was a high day for the grizzly. He had made good his escape from the hateful chain and from his still more hateful keepers. One of his owners was lying unconscious from the effects of drink, and the other was also unconscious—rendered so by a blow from the bear's great paw. He had slipped away without attracting attention, except for the barking of a few frantic dogs, that had snuffed the danger taint in the air, while the grizzly was loping off in the direction of the concealing wheatfields. The shack, with its beguiling odour, lay in his way. He was hungry, and that tantalising smell made him more so. He snuffed along the closed door, emitted a few angry 'wuffs,' and turned the corner of the shack where his little eyes caught the open window. He was too hungry to be cautious, and besides he had no fear of a shed. He rose awkwardly, clambered against the wall, and with a loud menacing growl thrust his big head inside the window.

'Wow-w-w!' shrieked Don. Rob was speechless with fear. The Duke's back was to the window, but that savage growl bored straight into his dazed brain. The violin wailed frantic discord, and the Duke, with one wild frantic yell, that set the two boys shivering, doubled up an unconscious heap on the floor.

With fear-fascinated gaze the boys watched the snarling, ineffective efforts of the bear to get his big shoulders through the narrow opening. The sash dropped from the hinge, and window frame and board wall creaked ominously.

Rob started for the door.

'Don't you open that door!' warned Don. If he sees you, he will bust it in!' Then came the memory that 'wild animals were afraid of fire.' He caught up a sheet of music, thrust it into the fire, and brandished the blazing mass as near as he dared to the bear. This was adding insult to injury, and the animal's mouth opened wide in a loud protesting growl. Don's face went a shade paler as he caught sight of those long, sharp, white teeth.

The bear drew back for an instant, but only for an instant; his fighting blood was up.

'Isn't there something better?' cried Don, as he dropped the remnant of the smouldering mass into the water pail.

'Coal oil and the broom,' suggested Rob. The impromptu torch was quickly prepared, and when the angry bear, 'wuffing' and growling, strained farther inside the window he got a thrust in the face that sent him back snorting with rage. The boys could hear him circling the house, clawing at barred window and door.

Rob had come out of his fright trance and was piling table, chairs, and every available barricade against the door, which was none too strong. 'Oh, why doesn't somebody see him? Why doesn't somebody come?' he wailed. 'That bear is bound to get in. He'll kill us, sure! Did you see his teeth?'

'Look here, Rob, don't you be giving us that guff. We've got to keep him out, and we *can*! Somebody will be finding out that he's gone, and the police will know, and they'll round him up. They're looking for him now, most likely.'

They weren't, as yet, but just at that moment two of

the residents in those outskirt houses were making their way homewards from an afternoon's shopping.

'The Duke's got back,' observed Mrs. Power; 'but he hasn't taken down his window-bar yet. Goodness, what an ugly great brute of a dog he's brought back with him!'

'Dog!' shrieked her companion, making for the nearest gate. 'That's no dog! It's a bear as sure as I live! A grizzly, too; I've seen them in the mountains!'

'Then it's the bear my husband saw on the Regina road this morning. It's got loose! Mercy on us, we shall all be eaten up! Telephone to the police, quick!'

It did not take the troopers many minutes to lasso and secure the grizzly, their horses meanwhile dancing jigs of disapproval—they did not enjoy the experience, and neither did the bear.

Half the village flocked out at that first wild alarm, the other half followed the Cottage Hospital ambulance summoned in behalf of the Duke.

Don and Rob, heroes of the hour, were envied by every boy in the village. 'Say,' cried Jim Power, 'that is an awful bear; his teeth are *three* inches long!'

'You bet they are,' affirmed Don.

'Well,' inquired Don, as he and Rob foregathered in the morning, 'were you scared when you went to bed last night?'

'Gee, yes. I woke up and yelled, and father came in and slept with me.'

'I was scared too,' confided Don; 'but the bear didn't give me such a heavy nightmare as that yell of the Dook's. Whew-w-w, that was the fiercest sound ever I heard.'

'Did you hear,' gasped Rob, whose father was the village doctor, 'the Dook's got his senses again as clear as anybody? I heard Father and the police officer talking; something about a shock in India, and a tiger growling and mauling him.'

'I'm glad he's going to be O.K.' observed Don. And then added his bit of news: 'The Mounted Police have arrested that bear and they're going to send him to the National Park.'

'That's a good way off, isn't it?' inquired Rob, with an anxious note in his voice.

'Yes, miles and miles. Say, Rob, any one that wants them can have bears, and Indians, and des-per-e-adoos to feed upon, for me. I like it best when there's nothing doing. Give me just a little old everyday prairie town for mine.'

'Sure!' agreed Rob.

## A VALUABLE COMMODITY.

MOST of the people who enjoy the privilege of spending their holidays at the sea-side, have at some time or other observed the porpoises swimming or gambolling in the water. These animals, or miniature members of the whale family, feed on fish, and large numbers (or 'schools') are often seen together, pursuing the vast shoas of herring and mackerel which abound at certain places on our coasts.

The skin of the porpoise makes an excellent leather, which is used for covering carriages and for other purposes; but perhaps the most useful thing of all which we get from the porpoise is the valuable oil



obtained from its jaws. Without this special lubricant our watches, clocks, and chronometers would not run with anything like the regularity they do. It has the unique property of being able to remain in the same fluid condition both summer and winter.

In a watch or chronometer, the oil must stay where it is placed; it must not creep over the mechanism and leave its proper post of duty, even in the presence of considerable heat. Neither should it get thick, evaporate, or grow rancid. These exacting requirements are met with only in the oil got from the jaw of the porpoise. A number of other oils have been tried for the same purpose, but not one of them has proved so reliable. This 'best quality' porpoise oil, generally known in the trade as 'clock oil,' is also used for lubricating different recording apparatus, typewriters, &c., and when refined sells at a very high price.

The oil is obtained from the region of the lower jawbone, where the fat is of a white, spongy texture. Its value depends much upon the freshness of the fat at the time of preparation, and also upon the healthy state of the porpoise itself. The amount obtained varies from one quart to three quarts of crude oil per porpoise, depending upon the size of the animal, and this shrinks a good deal during the refining operations.

After expressing the crude oil, it is left for eight months to settle and clarify itself in the presence of sunshine. In order to get rid of animal matter and other imperfections, it is strained through blankets to remove the so-called 'gum'; and an interval of something like two years elapses from the time of catching the animals before the finished lubricant is fit for use.

Because of its peculiar properties, only a very little of the oil is needed upon the working parts, and it is said that porpoise-jaw oil will stand for three years on the pivots of a watch without change.

W. G. WHITE.

### THE DROWSY SONG.

I HAVE a flock of three times seven, a flock of woolly sheep,  
That always jump the nearest stile just when I want to sleep;  
And fearful that I lose them all, I leave my pack and run  
Where they are busy jumping, and count them one by one.  
When pink clouds darken into grey, and twilight into night,  
However carefully I count, I cannot count them right.  
For there is one that jumps too fast, and one that jumps too slow,  
And there are two that jump too high, and two that jump too low.  
And three there are that lag behind, and three that run before,  
While four together leap the stile, pressed by another four.  
But though with carefulness I watch my sheep across the gate,  
There's ever one who never comes, however long I wait.  
I sit beneath the hedge and count, and look with all my eyes—  
Yet never find my long-lost sheep till morning fills the skies.

DORIS DAVIDSON.

### THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

#### III.—THE BEECH.

I THINK my favourite tree, after the plane, is the Beech (*Fagus sylvatica*), for it is at all times beautiful. In winter its clean, smooth, grey trunk is a marked feature; in spring and summer its wealth of foliage gives welcome shade; in autumn the orange gold colour taken on by its leaves seems like preserved sunshine—in fact, on a dull day you can believe that the sun is shining if you walk in a beech wood.

I shall not in this case give you a sketch of the whole tree at all, for it is almost impossible to give you any idea of it on a small scale. I will, however, show you the lower part of one which I photographed near here (fig. 1). Here you can see two of the main features of this tree. One is the powerful roots, which always show a lot above the ground. You can imagine what a distance these roots must extend, seeing how they spread. They usually become moss-grown, and look very pretty. The other feature is the great strong growth which the tree indicates by developing such fine trunks *above* the main trunk; in this particular tree those two larger branches are easily equal to separate trees, so finely grown are they. The bark of the Beech is very thin, and when it splits, it does so horizontally. You can see some in the sketch.

Now, in summer the foliage is so thick and low that more often than not you can see nothing but foliage! To appreciate the branching and shape of a fine Beech in summer properly, you require to get underneath and look up, and then you can note the many spreading *flat* branches. Be sure to try this next time you meet a fine Beech.

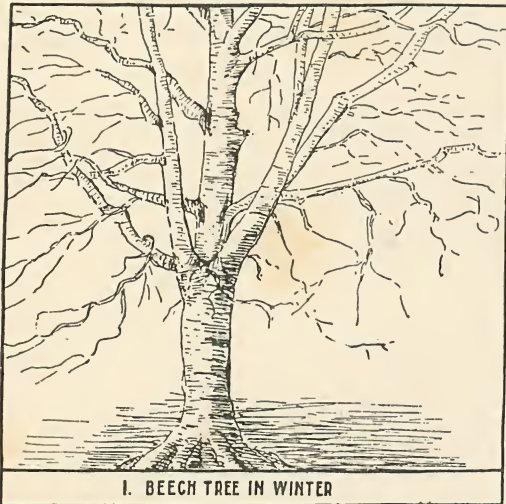
In fig. 2 I show you a twig of Beech in winter. Here you can distinctly see the regular arrangement of the shoots which spring alternately from side to side. This causes the flat branches of which I spoke above, and these shoots develop into flat twigs also, which I will show to you later.

There is no mistaking the leaf-buds of Beech, for they are so long and pointed that they are unlike any others. These buds are covered with layers of brown scale leaves tipped with smoky grey (like the trunk colour). At A (fig. 2) I show you the enlarged tip of the twig (cut off above the line A—B), and you can there observe the beautiful regular arrangement of the scales. The whole twig is smooth as though polished and has tiny dots on it.

I meant to have got a sketch of a twig just bursting into leaf, but unfortunately I was prevented from getting it. However, in the early days of May I went to my Beech, and at first thought that it was so fully out that I should be unable to get hold of even a partly open leaf; but, after a careful search, I found the twig shown in fig. 3. Here I have just caught a leaf or two unfolding! The leaf of the Beech is folded fan-like in the bud, as I show at A. Each bud has a number of leaves in it, and they are all packed like this. The almost parallel veining of course greatly helps this form of folding, and you will generally find that leaves with straight parallel veins were originally packed in this way. In fig. 3 you will, I am sure, notice how the leaves spread out to obtain the greatest amount of light. This sketch shows again the flat form of the twigs.

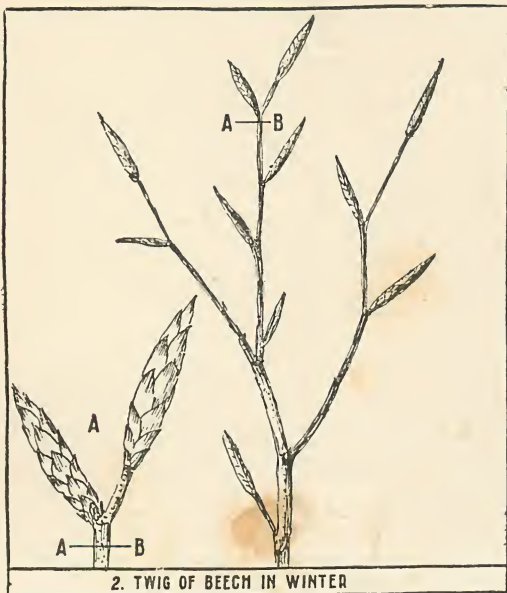
Let me now quote what I wrote in my note-book on May 12th: 'The Beech is fully out in leaf, being





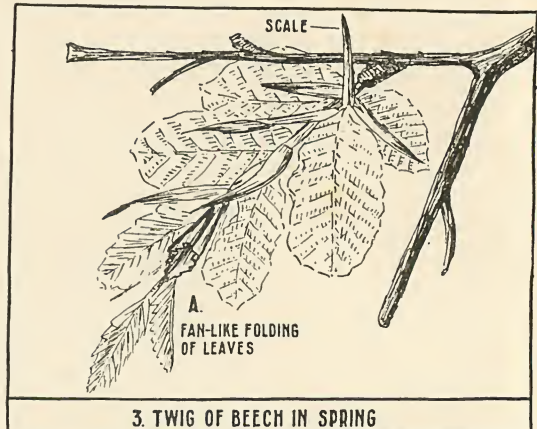
1. BEECH TREE IN WINTER

covered with the most gloriously clear green leaves, all looking rather tired, but most beautiful. The twigs are thickly set with the brown rolled scales which have been pushed off by the growth of the leaves. They lie along the young, hairy stem (fig. 3), their rich tints of brown giving an added beauty to the spray. Some twigs are thickly hung with flowers, the stamen-carrying clusters hanging down in little fuzzy tassels on the ends of stems two or three inches long (fig. 4). These stamens are gathered together in little groups, each wrapped in a coat of white hairs; the anthers are pale green. The pistil-carrying flowers, which will later be the Beech-nuts, are on thick, stiff, short stalks at the ends of the shoots (A). There are two or three flowers in each group; each flower has three long out-curving styles, and the group is surrounded by reddish hairs (B). The red hairs



2. TWIG OF BEECH IN WINTER

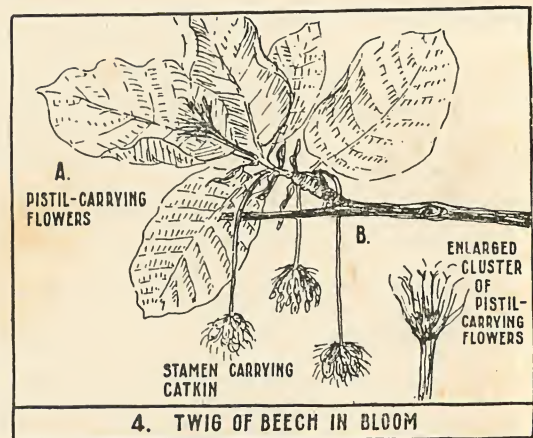
are really the beginning of the formation of the rough bristly fruit-case, called a "cupule." The leaves are fringed, when young, with slender white hairs, and there are minute tufts on the backs at the junctions of the veins. The foliage of the Beech in spring is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful sights of the season, and somehow it makes one realise the



3. TWIG OF BEECH IN SPRING

arrival of spring more than any other tree. When I was under that Beech this afternoon I felt I wanted to shout for joy!

At fig. 5 I show you a little later stage in the development of the leaves; this sketch marks more strongly the flat arrangement of the leaves. Is it not wonderful to think that all that lot of leaves have come



4. TWIG OF BEECH IN BLOOM

out of one little pointed bud? This is the case of course with each of the shoots which I have shown you in figs. 3, 4, and 5, and those scales which are scattered along the spray are the scales the end of which you see in the winter twig (fig. 2). When the tree has shed these scales, the ground beneath is quite brown with a thick layer!

When the pollen has been scattered, the stamen-carrying clusters fall; their work is done. But the pistil-carrying flowers go on developing till we have the fuzzy brown husks containing the quaint angular





A BATTLE ROYAL.

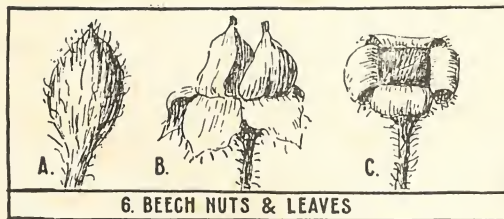


nuts. In fig. 6 I show these in their various stages as they are found about the end of August. There, at A, you have one closed, and you can observe its bristly, hooky condition. At B is one which has opened out and allowed the nuts to fall. This one contains two; they are shiny, polished brown, the colour of chestnuts, to which they are closely related. The little tufts at



the tops indicate the remains of the styles. At C is a husk from which the nuts have fallen; you will note the four parts of the husk have turned right back. By the way, these husks are thickly coated on the inside with silky hairs, varying in colour from golden brown to palest yellow.

The Beech is not much good as timber, but it makes fine firewood, and was much used for this purpose in the



days of open grates. The nuts are food for pigs under the name of Beech-mast.

The Copper Beech (you know its purple-red foliage, I am sure) is a variety of this ordinary Beech, what might be called a 'sport,' or accident; its growth is exactly the same as its relative.

Now as to identification. There are three things to notice: (i.) The grey, smooth bark, (ii.) the long, pointed leaf-buds, and (iii.) the bristly fruit-husks and brown, shiny, angular nuts. There is really no difficulty in 'spotting' a Beech at any time of the year if you take note of these points.

E. M. BARLOW.

## A MAP OF OLD LONDON.

IN, or soon after, the year 1560, two years after Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, a certain Robert Agas, an engraver and a surveyor of land, decided to 'plot out London' upon a map. In accordance with the custom of his day among men who made town maps or plans, he drew in actual houses, churches, and palaces, and even men and women at work in the fields, so that now, after three hundred and sixty years, it is easy to get a clear idea of the appearance of the old London streets.

The Romans during their occupation of the country found a British fortress on a little hill beside the Thames. Recognising that its position by the water gave it possibilities of becoming a river port, and that the incline above surrounding marshes and moorland made it easy of defence, in place of the village fortress they built a walled city. To-day a few pieces of this Roman wall, which was built of brick and stone, twelve feet or more in height and eight feet thick, can still be seen, notably in the churchyard of St. Giles', Cripplegate, and embedded into a modern wall to the east of the same church.

At the time when Agas drew his map, this wall, many times repaired and restored, was still standing. The towers which strengthened it can be seen before Houndsditch and the Barbican, and seven gates can be counted. Beside the river at the east side of the City is the Tower, which was founded by William the Conqueror to protect the City from pirates who might row their galleys up the Thames. Immediately to the north of the Tower is shown a small gate known as the Postern; at the eastern end of the main road through the City is the old gate (Aldegate), of which it was said at this time 'it hath had two pair of gates, though now but one—the hooks remaineth yet; also there hath been two portcullises, the one of them remaineth, the other wanteth, but the place of letting down is manifest.' Where the wall turns towards the west can be seen the Bishop's Gate; then Moorgate, from which the road ran across the moors towards Finsbury; then Cripplegate, where cripples and beggars stood to seek alms of strangers entering the City; Aldersgate, which is not marked on the map, but opened on to 'the road to St. Albans'; Newgate, which was cut in the wall when the growth of St. Paul's Churchyard obstructed the road from Cheapside to Ludgate; and Ludgate, which stood before the entrance of old St. Paul's.

Beyond this wall, as an additional defence, the Romans had also dug a deep ditch, partially filled with water; this by the time of Elizabeth had been all filled in, except for a small portion then—and now—known as Houndsditch, because at the time of its disuse it was used as a burial-place for dogs.

In the earliest days, the wall and ditch were so necessary as a protection against the wild bands of tribesmen who lived in the forest beyond the northern marshes, that few citizens dared to live beyond it. Even in the days of Elizabeth, when this fear was long at an end, while the space within the walls was densely populated, outside there were but the castles and palaces of nobles and a few scattered houses beyond the Ditch, around the Spital Field where men practised archery, or at Holborn, on the banks of the old bourne (stream).

When the City wall was first built, a similar wall was made along the bank of the Thames as a defence against



the sea rovers. After Englishmen had learnt to build ships and meet their enemies at sea, however, this soon fell into decay, chiefly because of the energy with which merchants pulled it down bit by bit to build new wharves where ships might unload merchandise from France and Flanders. The Romans had founded the two principal wharves, Queenhithe and Billingsgate, and the names appear of many others: Boss Alley, where a boss or pump brought water ashore; Broken Wharfe, whose brick sides had come apart from the force of the water; Three Cranes, where stood cranes for unloading ships of barrels of wine and other goods; Fresh Wharfe, where fresh fish came, to be brought to market and kept apart from the stock-fish which had been salted and dried in the sun; and Bottolph's Wharfe, where stood a flight of steps under a water-gate to which women came to draw water for washing and drinking.

The streets in the City were hardly as wide as Agas's map suggests. Cheapside, or West Cheap as it was more often called, was broad and open, because not only was it the main road through the City, but stalls were set up in a row along it, and it served as the chief market of London. The other streets were, however, narrow, dark, evil-smelling, and very dirty. Many of them were unpaved—although at the time of Henry VIII. much paving was put down, the broken stone of destroyed monasteries being sold for this purpose. So rough indeed was the surface of the streets that even in the sixteenth century carts whose wheels were bound with iron were not allowed within the City walls lest the roadway should be torn into ruts.

As the years went by the streets became ever narrower, for tradesmen set up stalls on which to display their goods before the houses, then added roofs to keep out the rain, and finally built dwelling-rooms above the stalls or sheds, until new houses appeared upon what had once been roadway. The houses were for the most part built of wood: 'goodly frames of timber.' Here and there stood ancient buildings of stone, relics of the days of Richard I., when wooden houses were forbidden by law for fear of fire. These, however, were as a rule but two stories high, and in Elizabeth's day were being pulled down and replaced either by 'fair dwelling houses and shops, all in one frame, uniformly built four stories high,' or by 'large houses for merchants and fair inns for travellers.' Many of the new houses were built partly of brick, with roofs of slate or tile. All were gabled, with long, projecting eaves. The old houses which still stand in Holborn, with their facing of beams, date from this time and may be taken as fair examples of the timber frames of Tudor London.

These were the homes of labourers, journeymen, and the less important merchants—the Commoners of the City. The wealthier merchants and aldermen, or 'men of worship,' built themselves greater houses, 'large of rooms, with fair courts and garden plots,' where they could entertain nobles, princes, and even the Queen herself; and when they died they left money for the building of cheap tenements or small cottages, two stories high, with little gardens, for poor, bed-ridden, and aged men and women.

Many of these houses, big and little, can be seen drawn on Agas's map. There was a tendency for each story to overhang slightly the one beneath it, so that the protruding eaves above the fourth or fifth floor nearly

met across the street. The roadway below was dark and dirty; the houses were undrained, so that dirty water and refuse was thrown out of windows, and mud collected plentifully. The streets were generally crowded, with merchants at their stalls, women buying food and clothes, porters carrying goods from the ships to market, and all the people of the City at work or play.

This was the City of London in Elizabeth's day; it was between these houses and down these streets that Shakespeare walked from the 'Mermaid Tavern' to the theatres on the south bank of the river. The streets themselves were survivals of old days of history: Romans had built them; mediæval knights had ridden down them, with clanking armour, to Court or tournament; Henry VIII. had divided them and their churches among his favourites. A hundred years later than the date of Agas's map, all the City was burnt to the ground in the Great Fire. But not even fire could destroy London. The City grew up again at once. Was it a new city? Houses, churches, palaces had gone: new buildings had come in their stead. Certainly it was a new city; but the new city kept the memories of the old, and in the streets, built afresh where the old streets had stood, we can trace these memories even to-day.

G. BELTON COBB.

### THE MUFF.

THE muff—as a warm covering for the hands—has been in use for a long time. There is a drawing, dated 1588, in which an English lady is portrayed with a small neat muff hanging from her girdle. Some muffs were made of very expensive material, richly embroidered. In Queen Elizabeth's time the muff was called a *snoskin*, or *snuftkin*. On New Year's Day, 1600, a lady presented to the Queen 'one snoskyn of crimson saten, laid upon with perfumed leather cut embroidered with Venice gold, silver, and silk.' At a lottery in 1601, one of the lots was a 'snuftkin' bearing the couplet:

'Tis summer yet, a *snuftskin* is your lot,

But 'twill be winter some day, doubt you not.'

About the year 1683, and for a long time after that date, muffs were worn by men as well as by women. In a ballad describing the fair held on the Thames during the great frost of 1683-4, we find the line:

'A spark of the bar with his cane and his muff.'

Admiral Byng, in a caricature of 1756, is represented with a muff. In George the Third's reign, feathered muffs came into fashion. The *muffettee* was a small muff worn over the wrist; a *muffler* was a sort of bandage covering the lower part of the face. There were at least nine varieties of this curious article of dress.

### THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 83.)

IT was a brace of very subdued Scouts that took their places at the long breakfast table the next morning. The boys were not so unmannerly as to sandwich themselves between the American lady and her daughters now that they were aware of the relation-



ship, but sat next to Poppa. The young ladies occupied the same seats as on the previous day.

The lady smiled at them over the head of her husband, and gave them a friendly nod. 'You look tired,' she said. 'You've been overdoing it. It's a great mistake. The first week I was in Holland, my girls dragged me all over the place unmercifully.'

'Oh, Momma!' exclaimed Selina.

'Yes,' the lady continued; 'I was prostrated—I struck. Three hours' sight-seeing is a fair day's work. More than that addles the brain and reduces one to the flatness of a doormat.'

This description could never have applied literally to the commanding figure of Momma, but it vividly represented the state of mind and body of the Boy Scouts, though it had certainly not been arrived at in the pursuit of pleasure. Vic was not in the best of tempers, and, although he did his best to behave as a young gentleman should, Selina and Julia found him deficient in sentiment and cold to the claims of art. Phil fared better, for he grew reckless, and finally gave a sketch of the antics of a German gentleman whose window had been broken by two street boys. He lost all his shyness and did it to the life. He himself was surprised at the way it took with the young ladies.

The company was not identically the same as that of the previous morning, but the two subjects of conversation were the same—the war element, however, proving the stronger. At one time a discussion as to the exact meaning of 'benevolent neutrality' swept the table, and gave rise to some bitterness. One gentleman asserted that it meant 'waiting your chance,' and another declared that it was 'taking no part when the dogs were fighting, but walking off with the bone.'

'Horrid war!' whispered Poppa to Vic. 'All very well for the steel workers; but I'm in timber. It's no good to me.'

Vic was glad when the meal was over; he was worried and dejected. Mr. Stanley Cobb had outwitted them, and he did not see what their next move could be. He would not return home beaten, yet they might wander about the streets of Amsterdam for weeks and never catch sight of Mr. Cobb. It was evident that he had recognised them and was aware that he was being shadowed, and he was not likely to give them the chance of a meeting.

On the pavement in front of the restaurant Vic had it out with Phil.

Momma surveyed them from over the window-blind, and remarked to Selina, 'That young gentleman is not at all well. I am afraid the Dutch feeding does not agree with him—and no wonder.'

'What's to be done now?' said Vic.

'I haven't the ghost of an idea,' replied Phil. 'He won't come back to the restaurant; you may be pretty sure of that. He spotted us right enough. We can go to old Lindemann and tackle him again; but if he knows, he won't tell.'

'Did you notice the sort of shop he went into mostly yesterday?' asked Vic.

'Well, he went into several picture-shops; and that's suspicious, now you mention it.'

'Yes, they were high-class picture-shops—art dealers. Don't you think, if we went and inquired, they might know his address?'

'It's worth trying,' said Phil. 'I could find the shops all right if I went back in our tracks. But, look here, Vic, here's an idea,' and Phil brightened up considerably; 'he left his luggage in the cloak-room at the station yesterday. He was hard at it all day, and did not fetch it away, unless he did so at night, or sent some one for it. What do you say to watching at the cloak-room?'

'Yes, that's a good idea,' said Vic. 'I vote we try them both. You're much the better at the language. You go and interview the art dealers—do it nicely, Phil—and I'll do sentry-go at the cloak-room.'

A ray of hope had entered their minds; they separated and went in opposite directions with scout-like alacrity.

Outside the first picture-shop Phil pulled himself together, then entered with an easy, business-like manner, and addressed the gentlemanly young man who was arranging some pictures on an easel.

'Can I see the proprietor?' he said.

The young man walked to an office at the back of the shop, and a gentleman in a frock-coat, with spotless shirt-front and cuffs, came out smiling and bowing. When he saw over his glasses that it was a Boy Scout, he stopped half-way in his bow and smile, and did not complete them, but said coldly, as he raised his eyebrows, 'Well?'

Nothing daunted, Phil said with dignity: 'A gentleman called here yesterday—an English gentleman—a tall gentleman, wearing a Trilby hat. Could you kindly give me his address? I do not know where he is staying at present. Should be much obliged.'

'It is not my custom to give the address of my clients to strangers,' said the dealer, and returned to his office, leaving Phil standing in the middle of the floor.

Phil marched out, muttering, 'Short and sweet.'

When he arrived at the second shop that Mr. Stanley Cobb had visited, he reasoned within himself: 'There was something wrong in my manner at that last place, or else I shouldn't have been ticked off so sharp. I was too stiff. That was it. I'll try the free-and-easy style.'

He went in, gently swinging his swagger stick. 'Good-morning, beautiful day—isn't it?' he sang out to the assistant in friendly tones as he turned over a print on the counter. 'Makes you fairly glad you're alive, doesn't it? Is the proprietor in? Never mind troubling him; perhaps you'll do as well. You know Mr. Cobb, don't you?—Mr. Stanley Cobb—an Englishman, a countryman of mine; tall gentleman; wears a Trilby hat. He was in here yesterday morning. I didn't come in with him—was outside. I'm all at sea here in Amsterdam; only arrived yesterday. Can you tell me where he's staying?—he didn't say.'

'Mr. Stanley Cobb,' repeated the young man, smiling affably. 'Tall gentleman—English—wears a Trilby hat. Was in here yesterday, was he?'

'Yes, in the morning.'

'Didn't say his address, didn't he? Perhaps he'd forgotten it; perhaps he's not receiving visitors; perhaps he didn't want you to know. What did you say his name is—Walker?' and the young man actually winked at Phil, and made the motion of pumping with his arm. Perhaps you'd better apply at the Lost Property Office.'

'That didn't seem to work either,' said Phil to himself as he left the shop. I was too familiar. I must try something different.'

(Continued on page 98.)





"Phil lost all his shyness."





“Look here, young fellow, don't you come trying to bully your betters.”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 95.)

THE next was a very pretentious establishment. There were but three or four small water-colours in the window, but these were draped in art-fabrics and were doubtless exquisite gems. The folding doors opened softly into a hall decorated with palms and bronze statuettes; hanging draperies half veiled, in a seductive manner, a small picture gallery to which the hall led. The gallery was lit from above, and the walls were hung with works of art, not too close, but well spaced with a view to artistic effect. In the centre were arranged luxurious settees and more palms. Beside these, a gentleman with distinctly Jewish features, wearing a tall hat and displaying an impressive waistcoat and watch-chain, balanced himself on short legs, his hands being disposed of under his coat-tails; beside him stood his very slender assistant, pencilling in a catalogue and looking up at the pictures.

Phil entered abruptly, his hat at the back of his head. 'I'm not going to be overawed by upholstery and art-muslin,' he said, inwardly; 'I'll try the brusque this time.'

'Morning,' he said aloud. 'Won't keep you a minute. Mr. Stanley Cobb, Englishman, was in here yesterday—just give me his address, will you? I want to look him up.'

'Mister Stanley Cobb,' said the dealer, slowly, as he looked Phil up and down keenly, drooping one eyelid in the inspection; 'short man, isn't he, and wears a top hat?'

'No; tall, and wears a Trilby,' replied Phil.

'You his son?'

'No.'

'In his business, I suppose?'

'No; came over in the same boat with him.'

'His line's carving and gilding, isn't it?'

'Can't say.'

'What might you want his address for?'

'Oh, business.'

'Gone away without paying his washing-bill, has he?'

'No.'

'What business, then?'

'That's my business,' said Phil who was getting nettled.

'That's your business, is it? D'ye think it's my business giving away the addresses of my customers to any one who comes in from the street? What do you take me for? Look here, young fellow, don't you come on to a man's premises a-kicking his rugs about, and trying to bully your betters. Take your sauce somewhere else.'

Phil went into the street and meditated deeply. 'He's a nice plain-spoken man, he is. There's a sort of common sense in it though: I suppose it wouldn't do for them to give the address of a customer to any one coming in out of the street, as he says. He might have put it a little more delicately, though; but then, I wasn't on the delicate lay myself. I shall have to give it up: I never thought it was so difficult to get an answer to a civil question.'

Sobered by contact with the business world, Phil took a tram and returned to the Central Station. He found Vic on guard outside the cloak-room, and was agreeably

surprised at the beaming expression of his friend's countenance.

'You've seen him!' exclaimed Phil.

'No,' replied Vic; 'I've been on duty the whole morning and haven't seen a vestige of him. I've been talking to Poppa. It seems he comes here every morning from breakfast to lunch, and walks up and down the platform, watching the trains come in and go out. He says it reminds him of Chicago and he almost feels as if he were back again, catching his business train in the morning. He says he envies the booking-clerks in there, so snug, with their books and business to attend to all day, and going home in the evening when it's done. Poor old Poppa! They can't get back to America, he tells me; all the berths on the liners are taken in advance for the next two months. How did you get on at the art dealers?'

Phil gave an account of his misadventures, and was relieved at Vic's taking his ill-success with serenity.

'Never mind, old chap,' Vic said, 'I've made a discovery, and I'm on the trail again.'

'Seen his luggage?' said Phil.

'No,' was the reply. 'Come into the waiting-room and I'll tell you all about it; we can keep an eye on the cloak-room through the doorway.'

Vic took from his pocket a small book and the telegrams he had received from the head waiter at the 'Dolphin' and laid them on the waiting-room table.

(Continued on page 111.)

## A KING'S LAST GIFT.

IN the old country town of Farnham, in Surrey, there stands an unassuming building known as Vernon House, which is interesting, nevertheless, as being one of the few places where King Charles I. rested during his last tragic journey to London. The King, after the night he spent there as a prisoner, gave to his host almost the last thing in the world that he had to give—a morning-cap which he had been wearing, of white padded silk.

This cap is mentioned in the will of George Vernon in 1733, when he wrote: 'Whereas King Charles I., of blessed memory, being brought prisoner by the rebels, did . . . at his departure give his morning-cap he then wore to my grandfather, desiring him to accept of it and to keep it for his sake, as a token of his royal favour for the service he had done him, which he was sorry he could acknowledge in no better manner, I do hereby give the same cap to my grandson . . . desiring it may always go to the next heir male of my family.'

It is interesting to read, too, that on the day following the presentation of this 'morning-cap,' there was a plot to set the King at liberty. The next night was to be spent at Bagshot House with Lord and Lady Newburgh, and his lordship was the owner of some of the fleetest horses in the country. The plot was that the King should lame his own horse, or in some way find fault with its paces, and that the fastest of Lord Newburgh's steeds should be offered to him in exchange, on which he should make a dash for freedom from his guards. Unhappily for the King, the selected steed was lamed in the stable by mischance that very day, owing to a kick from another horse; but even had this not happened, so closely was the King's person watched, that escape would have been quite impossible.



## A DISTINGUISHED PIGEON.

A ROYAL Air Force seaplane, engaged upon patrol in the North Sea, was forced to come down about five miles from the rocky Scottish coast. A heavy sea was running at the time, and the plane was in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces.

But, thanks to the swiftness of a carrier pigeon, the airmen were rescued just in time. At four p.m. they released the bird, and sent it off with an urgent message begging for immediate aid. Promptly at 4.22 the pigeon reached its loft, having travelled twenty-two miles in as many minutes.

Until the pigeon's arrival the authorities did not know that anything was amiss. Assistance was sent at once. When the relieving party arrived, the airmen were clinging to the wreckage of their machine, which was rapidly breaking up. How grateful they must have felt to their faithful little messenger!

## A CHRISTMAS NIGHT ADVENTURE.

'TAP, tap, tap!' came from the chimney. Doris shook with fear. What on earth could it be? Such a strange noise, and it went on so steadily! *There!*—it had stopped for a minute; the howling wind had dropped too, and there was silence. She cautiously came up from the bottom of the bed, and tried to see something through the black darkness of the room. Then suddenly, 'Tap, tap, tap!' it came again.

'Ugh!' said Doris. She could not bear it alone any longer; besides, after all, it was her very first night in the big old house, and she was feeling very nervous. 'I'll go across to Charlie's room,' she said; 'he won't mind.'

Fumbling in the darkness into her bedroom slippers, falling over a chair in her hurry and bruising her knee, she scurried out of the room. 'Whew-w-w!' went the wind, and 'Tap, tap, tap!' came the horrid sound after her. 'Oh, Charlie!' she called, running breathless into her brother's room.

'Why, Doris! Whatever's the matter?' said Charlie, sitting up in bed. 'And I was just in the middle of such a ripping dream! Smugglers, you know, and I don't suppose I'll ever have the luck to dream it again! Why—' he stared; 'you look as though you'd seen a ghost!'

'So I have—or heard one,' almost sobbed Doris. 'It's some one tapping. Charlie. "Tap, tap, tap!" it goes. Do come and listen!'

'Ripping!' said Charlie. In an instant he was leading the way back. Silently the two children stood inside the bedroom door. 'Tap, tap, tap!' began again as a burst of wind blew round the house.

'Uncanny, isn't it?' said Charlie. 'What would it be, I wonder?' He stood still in the darkness and thought. 'Mice?'

'They don't tap,' said Doris. 'I know the sound of them!'

'Or—birds?' suggested Charlie. 'No, it can't be. It's—well, it can't be a *ghost*, you know. They don't come to houses that haven't got mysteries.'

'But I thought you said that this one *had*,' said Doris, half shivering. 'On the way up in the cab, you said that Grand-aunt Emmy's house *was* mysterious, so I thought—'

'Tap, tap, tap!' sounded again.

'Get into your dressing-gown and I'll stay a bit,' said Charlie, trying to look up the chimney. Yes, it *does* sound as though some one wants to get out. Yes, of course there *is* a mystery of a sort about this house. Father told me; but it couldn't be anything to do with this!'

'Do tell me,' begged Doris. 'Perhaps I shan't hear the tapping so much if you do.'

'Well, you know we've come to spend Christmas here to keep Aunt Emmy company, don't you?' said Charlie. 'Well, the reason she's lonely is *this*. Her only son—that's Cousin Dick—is supposed to have done something awfully wrong; frightful, in fact. He had to go away to Canada.'

'Oh—*what*?' breathed Doris.

'Well, Aunt Emmy had the loveliest jewels—diamonds you know—and they disappeared and he was supposed to have taken them. I don't quite know why, but I think he was in debt at the time you see, and—'

A great gust of wind shook the house, and 'Tap, tap, tap!' went the noise again. Charlie stopped speaking. 'It *is* a rum noise!' he said after a time.

'Oh, dear,' said Doris, 'I wish it would stop! Tell me, Charlie, were those diamonds ever found?'

'No; and that's the mystery,' said Charlie. He gave a great yawn. 'Funny, isn't it?' He yawned again. 'I say, Doris, do you think you could turn in now? I believe the noise has stopped, and there's much less wind.'

'All right,' said Doris, determined to be brave.

She lay and shook for a little while, and presently she, too, fell asleep; but dreams seemed to follow her all through the night. She dreamed that Cousin Dick was calling to her, and that his voice seemed to come from the chimney. 'Doris, let me out,' he said; 'it is all a mistake!'

'I will. I'm coming,' said Doris in her sleep; then she woke up and shook with terror. What an extraordinary dream she had had! The dim light of Christmas morning was beginning to show in the room; the wind had ceased and the tapping had stopped. 'But I'll see what I can do,' said Doris. 'I promised in my dream!'

She made her way to the chimney and looked up: nothing could be seen. She called out: but there was no answer. Then, with the dream feeling still strong on her, she tried another plan. 'I'll put the poker up,' she said. 'Perhaps—'

A shower of soot came first; the chimney had evidently not been used or swept for years. She tried again; another shower of soot that blackened her night-dress and set her coughing. 'I'll try once more,' said Doris. 'After all—'

And then a rattling was heard; down the chimney something fell. 'Stones,' said Doris. 'Well, *that* isn't much!'

But something made her lift up the string of stones. Then she stared at them again, and with a bound was in Charlie's room. 'Why,' she cried. 'Why, I believe—I've found the diamonds!'

That is exactly what they were. Christmas morning brought happiness to every one in the house, from old Aunt Emmy to the servants, who had all been fond of poor, misjudged Cousin Dick. A thorough search disclosed the fact that a magpie's hoard of stolen treasure had been hidden in the roof just over the





"'It *does* sound as though some one wanted to get out.'"

chimney; and it was ultimately decided that the string of diamonds must have fallen from his beak and lodged itself round one of the bricks in the chimney. Hence the 'Tap, tap, tap!' on windy nights which Doris and Charlie had heard.

'So, you see, it wasn't a ghost, after all,' said Charlie.

'I think it was even *more* wonderful,' said Doris; and she told him about her dream.

E. TALBOT.



REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

IV. — THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.



THE oldest of the Welsh regiments is the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, which was recruited in Wales in the year 1689 as the Twenty-third Foot, and has, since then, fought in every important campaign in which the

British Army has taken part.

The first name on the regiment's list of battle honours is Namur, and this carries us back to the wars of the seventeenth century, when King Louis XIV. of France was trying to make himself master of Europe, and

was opposed by William III. of England, together with Holland and Germany.

At this time, in 1695, the principal frontier towns of Belgium, among them Ypres, Tournai, Cambrai, and Mons, were already in the hands of the French, and Namur, which had been the last to yield, was held by General Boufflers with a garrison of one thousand five hundred men. William determined to retake the fortress at all costs, and after the siege began, early in July, many furious attacks were made.

'See my brave English! See my brave English!' the King is said to have exclaimed, during the great



The Badge of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

assault of July 18th; but, although he admired the valour of his new subjects, William did not spare them, and, as the French fought as recklessly as their assailants, the losses on both sides were terrible.



The Royal Welsh Fusiliers and their Goat.



At last, however, the town could hold out no longer, but so gallant had been the defence, that General Boufflers was allowed to leave with all the honours of war, and he and his troops marched out of the citadel with drums beating and flags flying.

This was on August 24th, 1695, and two hundred and twenty-one years later, almost to a day, Namur fell again, and the way was opened for the German invaders of 1914 to pour into France.

The war of the Allies against Louis XIV. came to an end with the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, but a few years later the Welsh Fusiliers were in Flanders again, fighting under Marlborough; and they were also present at the battle of Minden, when the French were defeated by British and Hanoverian troops.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the regiment formed part of Sir Ralph Abercromby's expedition, the object of which was to drive Napoleon out of Egypt.

On this occasion, as so often had happened before, England underrated the power of her enemy, and an army of only twelve thousand men found itself confronted by thirty-five thousand French veterans.

The expedition sailed from Malta, landing at Aboukir on March 8th, 1801, and the description of that landing is strangely like the wonderful and tragic story of Gallipoli, with which we are all familiar, for we read of ships approaching the shore in the darkness of early morning, of bullets falling thickly among the open boats, and of troops disembarking in perfect order among a deadly storm of shot and shell from the sand-hills where the French were stationed.

The Royal Welsh Fusiliers were among the regiments to land, and without even waiting to load their muskets, they advanced, charged the enemy with their bayonets and captured the position.

We read that the general thanked his men for 'an intrepidity scarcely to be paralleled;' and for their share in this campaign, which, after its wonderful beginning, ended in complete success, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, together with the other regiments engaged, were awarded the Sphinx, superscribed with the word 'Egypt,' which they carry on their colours.

We next find the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in Spain, sharing the sufferings and hardships of Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna, and fighting bravely as the rearguard while the cavalry and wounded were being embarked. They also served in the Peninsular campaign of 1812, and Albuera, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vittoria were added to their long list of battle honours.

Before the Battle of Salamanca the French and British were encamped on either side of a river, and the soldiers made friends, talking together and exchanging provisions.

When the fight was about to begin, the French officers said to their opponents, 'We have met as friends and received each other warmly; as enemies, may we do the same.'

In the battle which followed the British were victorious, but it is pleasant to read that they were merciful towards the conquered foe, and that both prisoners and wounded were treated with the greatest kindness.

After the great victory of Vittoria, which brought this campaign to an end, Joseph Buonaparte, who was

in command of the hostile forces, barely escaped with his life, and his possessions, which included quantities of food, wine, gorgeous clothes, dogs, monkeys, and parrots, fell into the hands of the British.

The soldiers of that time were very much like those of the present day, and we hear that they amused themselves by masquerading in the uniforms of French generals, and even seized the money-chest and helped themselves to its contents.

The men, however, were not on this occasion punished for their undisciplined behaviour, and Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) only said, 'Let them have it. They deserve it, though it were ten times as much.'

In 1815 the Royal Welsh Fusiliers fought at Waterloo, and then came nearly half a century of peace; but this was followed by the Crimean War, when, once again, the regiment distinguished itself, no less than four Victoria Crosses being won during the campaign.

The first of these was gained at Alma by Sergeant O'Connor, who, although badly wounded, carried the Queen's Colour through the battle, after Lieutenant Anstruther, who with it in his hand had succeeded in reaching the top of the Russian earthworks, had been killed.

On this same day Captain Bell also won the decoration by his courage in capturing one of the enemy's guns single-handed after the heights of Alma had been carried by the British.

A year later, in the assault on the Redan, two more V.C.'s were won by Surgeon Sylvester and Corporal Shields, who went out after the attack and succeeded in bringing back to the trenches the body of Lieutenant Dynely, who had been mortally wounded.

The Crimean War came to an end in 1856, but the regiment was soon fighting again, for in 1857 the Indian Mutiny broke out, and it was in Lucknow during the famous siege.

Here, too, the Welshmen greatly distinguished themselves, and Lieutenant Hackett and Boy Monger were both awarded the Victoria Cross for their heroism in rescuing a wounded corporal of the Black Watch under gunfire at Secundra Bagh.

And so the story goes on: for, after India, we find the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in Ashantee, in Burmah, and in South Africa, and then we come to our own times, when Northern France and Flanders have once more been the battle-ground of Europe, and the British Army has fought in a war the history of which cannot yet be written.

Most of the old British Regiments have some quaint custom or distinction which shows their ancient origin, and the Royal Welsh Fusiliers are no exception to this rule, for the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men all wear the 'Flash,' a black piece of crêpe on the back of the collar. This was at first intended to protect the tunic from the powdered pig-tail, which was universally worn in eighteenth-century days, and ever since it has been retained as part of the uniform.

Another distinction of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers is the goat which on the march is always led at the head of the regiment, and which reminds us of their nick-name, 'The Nanny-goats.'

A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.



## SUBJECT AND KING.

SLEEP, darling, sleep; amid Night's dusky tresses,  
The silver moon—a shining crescent—gleams;  
And to her Court a silent army presses—  
Her Court of Dreams!

Sleep, darling, sleep; a courtier—unwilling—  
To regal Night your loyal homage pay;  
Soon shall you reign—your waking rôle fulfilling—  
A King, by day.

To Court of Dreams a subject drifts, to render  
To jewelled Night allegiance to her charms;  
But still there rests a monarch—sweet and tender—  
In Mother's arms!

Sleep, Baby, mine—till from her sable tresses  
Night plucks the gems, and all her slaves depart;  
Asleep, awake, the King—crowned with car ss's—  
Of Mother's heart!

LILIAN HOLMES.

## THE MODEL FARMER'S WIFE.

SINCE the Great War began, many women and girls have gone to work 'on the land.'

We regard this as a novelty, but it is really a revival, so far, at any rate, as farmers' wives are concerned, of a former state of things. According to the following description, a farmeress in the time of Henry VIII. was expected to be an 'all-round' sort of woman, and to work both in the house and on the land.

'It is a wyve's occupation to winnowe all manner of cornes, to make malte. to wash and iron, to make hay, shere corne, and in time of nede to help her husband to fill the cart, drive the plough, load hay, corne, and such other. And to go or ride to market to sell butter, cheese, egges, chekyns, capons, pigs, geese, and all manner of cornes.'

The poor woman must have had her hands full!

## THE MYSTERY OF THE TUNNEL.

I CALL it a jolly shame!'—'So do I!'—'And I!' 'And I!' was echoed in varying tones of disgust as the boys crowded round the notice-board.

'What in the name of my cricket-bat have the authorities got to do with stopping us bathing?' cried Clark, who was anxious to be the school wag—but wasn't.

'It's not the bathing they want to stop—it's the tunnel!' piped the thin voice of Tubby Watkins, who was known by the nickname of 'The House of Correction,' and well deserved the epithet, for he was eternally trying to set people right.

'Oh, shut up, stupid! Don't you suppose we've got brains as well as you? Of course we know we can bathe if we go to Shellscar Bay; but who wants a long tramp on the top of broiling chalk cliffs on a hot day, and what time is there left for the water by the time we do get there? It's a race and a scramble to get a swim as it is; besides, what use could our tunnel be to the enemy?'

The notice which had struck dire dismay into the hopeful hearts of the boys of Cliffsmount College had

only been posted up that morning, the very first morning of the Summer Term, too, when a burst of hot weather had made the prospect of bathing seem specially delightful. The notice ran as follows:—

'By order of the Authorities the Bathing Tunnel leading from the school grounds to the beach is to be kept closed and locked for the duration of the War. No bathing is to be permitted from the tunnel this term. Arrangements will be made, when possible, for boys to go to Shellscar Bay.'

Cliffsmount College stood high above the sea on the South Coast, and only just before the war broke out a tunnel had been cut through the chalk cliffs and paved with concrete steps leading down to the shore. This enabled the boys to run down for a morning dip every day in the summer, without having to tramp fully three-quarters of a mile to the nearest gap in the cliffs. The boon had been very great—how great, perhaps, they themselves had not realised until the privilege was thus suddenly withdrawn.

'It's jolly hard lines!' growled the chronic grumbler of the school. 'I suppose we none of us can call our skins our own while the war's on.'

'Well, we must make the best of it, that's all,' said Cartwright. 'The only way to win the war is to close every possible kind of front door, back door, and trap door!'

Cartwright spoke rather loftily. He was going to Osborne next term, and was accordingly looked upon by his schoolfellows with some amount of awe as being one who, in the near future, would be the wearer of the coveted uniform, and at least on the fringe of things.

'You are right,' said Raleigh, who was destined for Sandhurst when he was old enough. 'My father is in command of the coast defences at Northborough, and he said——' Raleigh stopped short; but he was a good boy, who usually kept his own counsel to a great extent, and was, therefore, listened to with respect on the rare occasions when he had something to say. After a moment's hesitation, seeing that Raleigh was disinclined to say any more, another boy burst out:

'Oh, tell us what he said! Don't shut up like an oyster, just at the critical moment, like the "To be continued in our next" style of tales in the magazines.'

'Oh, he told us of a case where a tunnel in the cliffs was used by the enemy to ——'

Raleigh broke off suddenly, for he had heard a footstep approaching along the corridor, though apparently none of the others were aware of the fact. Turning round, he found the eyes of M. Valais, the Swiss language master, fixed upon him with a curious glow of eagerness in their depths.

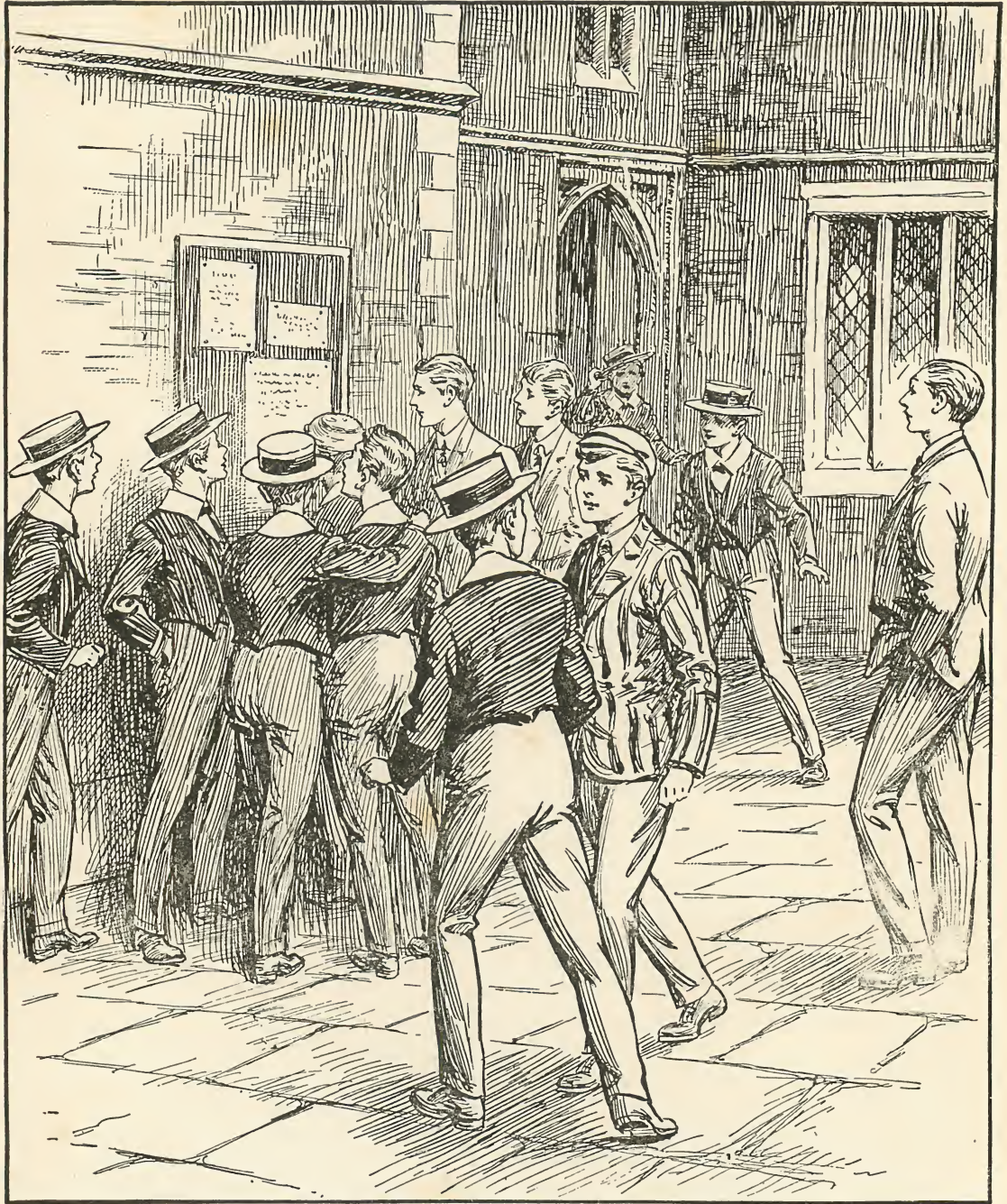
'I beg your pardon, sir!' stammered Raleigh, flushing and turning away; but M. Valais laid a detaining hand upon the boy's arm.

'Never mind; go on. Don't mind me hearing. What was it you were saying about that gallant gentleman, your father? He found the enemy using a tunnel? How? Where was it?'

'He didn't tell us that, of course, sir,' said Raleigh reluctantly; 'but he happened to mention the circumstance when I was saying how jolly it was to run down our tunnel to the shore from the school grounds, and be in the sea in two minutes.' Raleigh walked away, looking decidedly uncomfortable, and the master strode off with an inscrutable expression on his face.

(Continued on page 106.)





"This notice had only been posted up that morning."





"He waited in his hiding-place."



## THE MYSTERY OF THE TUNNEL.

*(Continued from page 103.)*

LEFT to themselves the boys looked at one another, for this little bit of by-play had not passed unnoticed.

'Wonder why old Valais is always keen to hang round Raleigh?' said Cartwright. 'He started pumping me when he knew I was going to Osborne, but for some reason or other he dropped trying to be friendly. Now it's Raleigh he is sweet on, and Raleigh isn't taking any; I believe he'd snub him if he dared.'

Much the same thought was in Raleigh's own mind as he went off to the class-room for his books.

'Wonder why I hate that chap?' he muttered to himself. 'It's beastly mean, but I can't help it, and he'd be jolly friendly if I'd let him. I don't like the way he hangs about us bigger fellows and always tries to drop into a conversation if we are talking about the war, or any of our people that are mixed up in it. If it wasn't that he came from Geneva and is a neutral Swiss, I should be almost inclined to think——' But even to himself Raleigh scarcely dared to put into words the idea that suddenly darted into his mind.

The storm of protest which had arisen round the notice-board and at the closing of the tunnel died away as suddenly as it had risen. The boys were quite well aware that war-time is like no other time, and if the men can stand the horrors of the battle-field and the discomforts of the trenches without grousing, surely schoolboys need not grumble over an extra mile or two's tramp for the sake of a coveted bathe. In the varying interests that surround the daily life of a great college, the very existence of the forbidden tunnel was soon almost forgotten by most of the boys, now they had no occasion to use it. The tunnel in question had been excavated through the chalk in one corner of the school grounds at a point where the cliffs rose a sheer hundred feet from the beach below. A flight of steps in the playing-field led down to the entrance—a locked iron gate. As this particular corner of the grounds was almost concealed by a screen of the hardy euonymus that seems to flourish on the coast in spite of storms and bad weather, the boys scarcely ever visited it now that the rapid rush down through the dark tunnel was no longer added to the delights of bathing.

Strolling one evening in the twilight, in an apparently casual fashion, near the shrubs, while he conned an extra bit of prep. in view of Sandhurst Entrance Exam. later, Raleigh was startled to see a figure emerge from amongst the screening bushes, and, glancing furtively round, walk rapidly towards the school-house. Quick as thought Raleigh had darted behind a big laurel, so that his presence had remained undiscovered, and there was a curious gleam in the boy's eye as he watched that hurrying figure cross the deserted playground—for the intruder was none other than the Swiss teacher of languages, who, as a neutral, had come to replace a clever Frenchman who had been called back to his own country directly war broke out.

'What can old Valais want there, at the top of our beach tunnel?' said Raleigh suspiciously.

He waited in his hiding-place till M. Valais had disappeared into the school buildings; then he crept cautiously down the steps to the iron gate, glancing this way and that.

'I can't help it,' he muttered. 'I have never trusted

him; he is too fond of hanging round and listening, and there are a lot of other fellows here besides me whose fathers hold high commands in the war, and some of the younger boys are too fond of bragging about what they know of the happenings abroad—things that don't appear in the papers. I don't like the way Valais questioned me about that tunnel Father found in Yorkshire.'

Raleigh looked round keenly, but only discovered two or three torn bits of paper lying on the ground; these he promptly pocketed, then examined the iron doorway carefully. It was fastened, of course, but just round the lock there was a suspicious dampness, which proved that the lock had been recently oiled, and, incidentally, the question flashed into Raleigh's mind, why had this trouble been taken if the place was to be discarded for the duration of the war?

Raleigh stood looking down the long, dark passage, where, far below, he could see the glitter of the evening sunset on the waves as the tide rolled in. Apparently, there was nothing more to be discovered on the spot: he went up the few steps leading to the top of the cliff, and finding a secluded corner tried to piece together the scraps of paper he had found. They were covered with mystic symbols, letters and figures jumbled up in apparently hopeless confusion, and as he fitted the jagged edges together into some semblance of order, Raleigh felt afraid he would never be able to make anything of them.

'A code, of course,' he said to himself.

Like all intelligent schoolboys, Raleigh loved everything that spiced of mystery and adventure. He had dabbled a good deal himself in cyphers and cryptograms, and what more could the heart of a big schoolboy desire than to light on a discovery such as this in the very college grounds? His first thought had been to seek out the head master, but calmer counsels prevailed; after all, he had nothing tangible to go upon, no proof that the Swiss master was anything but what he professed to be. Indeed, it might not be M. Valais at all who had dropped the paper or oiled the lock. Raleigh felt he must wait and see if anything else transpired which would crystallise his suspicions into certainty. But though he applied every system known to him to decode the cryptic message, and racked his brains till his head ached—losing the hour he had meant to devote to extra prep.—he was no nearer a solution at the end than he had been at the beginning.

'I can't make a word of English out of it,' he said desperately. Then, as a sudden thought darted into his mind: 'But why should I expect to find English? If there is treachery about, that is the last language that would be used.'

Now, profiting by the lessons of the great European War, Raleigh had followed his father's express desire to devote all possible attention to learning modern languages, and he was fairly proficient already both in French and German. As there was some mystery to be discovered, it seemed natural, in these days, to try the latter language first; but before he had hit on a clue the sonorous clang of the school bell drove Raleigh back at the double to the college premises—he had a narrow shave of being late for chapel. That night he could not sleep; he had thrust the cryptic message under his pillow, and out of the moonlit night he seemed to see the confused jumble of figures and letters rising up before him. The first item consisted of five



letters—81319. Suddenly it came to him like a flash that he must substitute letters for figures, and after various attempts he tried the eighth, thirteenth, and nineteenth letters of the alphabet respectively, 'H.M.S.'

Raleigh almost sprang up in bed with excitement. He felt he had obtained an important clue. Was the Swiss master really a spy trying to convey information about the position of some British warship to which mischief was threatened? All the other boys in his dormitory were asleep. Raleigh's hand stole out towards his locker, and he softly pulled out his flashlight, then the scraps of paper, which he had carefully gummed together on a blank sheet. Hiding the lamp under the bed-clothes, he flashed his light on the confused jumble that followed. They seemed to be algebraical symbols, but once he had a clue Raleigh's knowledge of mathematics stood him in good stead; he had not carried off the principal prizes of his year for nothing. He applied two or three methods, then made out the name 'Antarctic.' Raleigh groaned aloud: millions of the British public had no idea as yet that there was a ship of this name on the *Navy List*, but one of the small boys had let it out with great pride at school. His brother had just been commissioned to this fine new ship, and the little fellow was simply bursting with importance at the reflected glory of his association with an officer in the Navy.

'Come to think of it,' said Raleigh, 'Valais was hanging round pretending to correct exercise books when Courtney minor was bragging about his brother and this wonderful new ship. I am more certain than ever now that he means some mischief. I wonder if I can by any means discover the rest.'

It took him some little time to piece together the next jumble of letters and figures; then the solution stood out clearly before him.

'Montag 26th'—the German word for 'midnight' followed, and the cypher at the bottom, which had eluded him at first, he presently discovered to be none other than the college monogram.

'Can it mean that this crack new ship, which has just cost a round million and carries a crew of eight hundred to a thousand men, is to pass here at midnight on Monday, the 26th? Why! Why!—!'

(Concluded on page 114.)

### GIPSY FOLK.

WHO are the Gipsies?—where do they come from? —are questions that most boys and girls have asked. For Gipsies are interesting folk, who make one wonder, somehow, about themselves. They are so different in appearance and ways from most of the rest of us, and yet almost all of us have moods at times when we could like to go a-gipsying too, and live in the wild open-air, and be careful for nothing at all!

As to who the Gipsies are, however, that question is not very easy to answer, though it is a very interesting one. They are a mysterious wandering race to be met with in most of the European countries, as well as in parts of Asia and Africa. It has come to be believed that their travels in the first place began in India. Some say that they are all descended from a band of travelling robbers who started from the mouth of the Indus many centuries ago, and again it is suggested that they are the descendants of a poor and obscure

tribe of natives who were called into Persia about 420 A.D., to 'act as musicians to the poor.'

In any case, the first body of travelling Gipsies is said to have left Asia for Europe about the twelfth century, probably owing to persecution and poverty. An Austrian monk, writing about that time, describes them as 'Ishmaelites . . . who go peddling through the wide world, having neither house nor home, and cheating people with their tricks.'

In the light of their supposed origin, it is interesting to know that many of the Romany (or Gipsy) words are practically the same as are the Hindustani. 'Bori-pawnee' is the Romany for 'the ocean'; 'Bura-pawnee' is the Hindustani word. For 'woman,' the word 'Manushi' is used both in Romany and Sanscrit; and the word for 'silver' is 'rup' in Romany, almost identical with the Hindustani 'rupee.' There are many other examples of this kind to be found, all interesting as showing that the language of the Romany folk has scarcely changed since the tribes left India many hundreds of years ago.

There are other points in common between the Romany and the Hindu. I have read that they live in the same kind of tent, and set about their daily work much as did their early ancestors. There is a kind of small hanging lamp of strange design which is to be found sometimes in Gipsy tents. The Hindus of to-day use lamps of exactly the same kind.

Of course the Romany language is now not so pure as when the tribes started on their travels. Fragments of words have crept in from other tongues during their journeyings among other peoples, but it is remarkable how very few changes there are, considering the hundreds of years that the Gipsies have been moving about.

This is explained by the fact that the Romany folk have never mixed with the people amongst whom they have lived. They have always been more or less outcasts, probably on account of their habit of despising laws and regulations, and considering that they may be a law unto themselves.

But the laws that the Romany folk make for themselves are not to be despised. Although these travelling people may beg and deceive strangers, though they may at times take what does not belong to them, they do not forget acts of kindness from strangers, and they are grateful folk. There is great sympathy, too, between all Gipsy tribes. They will help each other in times of need; indeed, most of the Gipsy law may be summed up in the remark of one of the Romany folk which I heard quoted lately: 'If I have a loaf and you have none, half of that loaf is yours.'

### HOME FROM THE SEA.

THE nursery seems so very clean and small,

And there's the parrot looking just as gay,  
Although I've never thought of him at all!

('Who's fed you, Polly, while we've been away?')

And on the shelf the clock is ticking on;

I wonder if it stopped while we were gone.

The vases stand in just the same old spots;

The blue one's cracked; I wonder who did that!

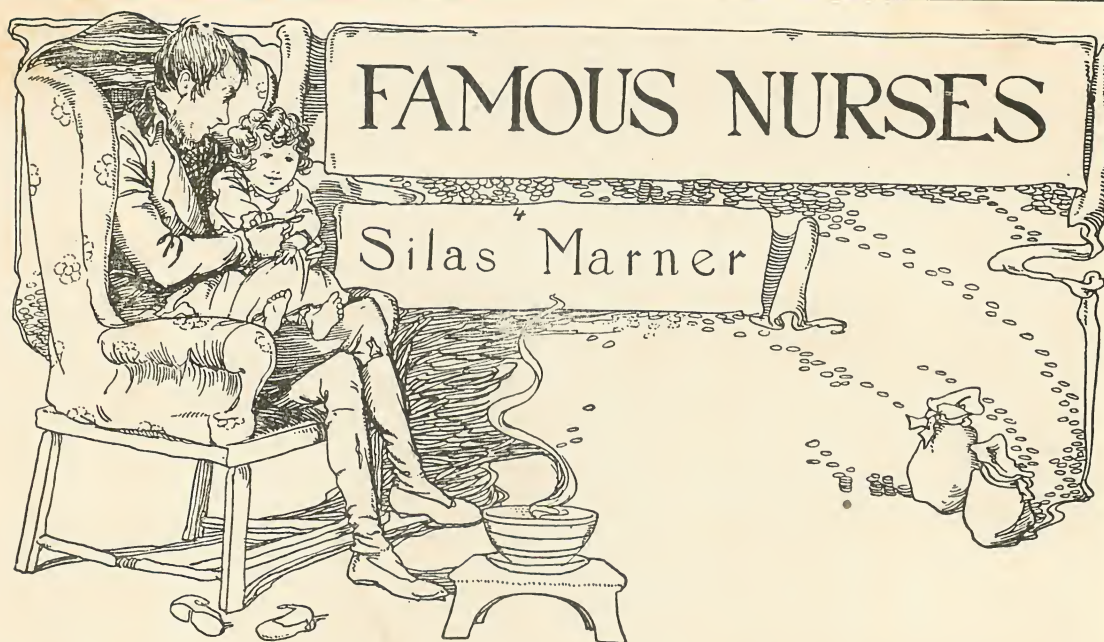
There's a new wall-paper—all lines and dots;

And kitty—why, she's grown into a cat!

I still can taste salt water on my lips—

Perhaps I'll dream to-night about the ships.





IT was New Year's Eve, and Silas Marner stood outside his cottage listening to the distant church bells. His neighbours had told him jestingly that if he heard the old year rung out and the new rung in, good fortune would come to him, and to Silas good fortune meant one thing: that his lost gold should come back to him.

Some of the cottagers at Raveloe, the nearest village, thought that Silas was half crazy. He had been born and bred in one of the busy towns, and had grown pale and round-shouldered from long hours spent at his loom; so that when the linen-weaver came to live in a little stone cottage near Raveloe, he seemed to belong to a different race from the brawny country-folk. Being extremely short-sighted, his eyes had a vacant, staring look; but there was no more reason for thinking him mad than for believing, as many of the ignorant villagers did, that he possessed magic powers. It happened that Silas's mother had taught him the healing properties of certain herbs. The Raveloe folk came to him when they were sick; if he could cure them, they paid him a small sum of money for his treatment. Besides this, Silas worked hard at his weaving, and gradually he saved more than two hundred pounds, which was a great sum for a man living in so miserable a way as Silas Marner. Not that he was any the happier for it, the more gold he had the more he wanted. Then, some weeks before the New Year's Eve on which this story begins, the money was stolen. A thief had broken into the cottage whilst Silas was absent from it, and it seemed to the miser that he had now lost all that made life worth living.

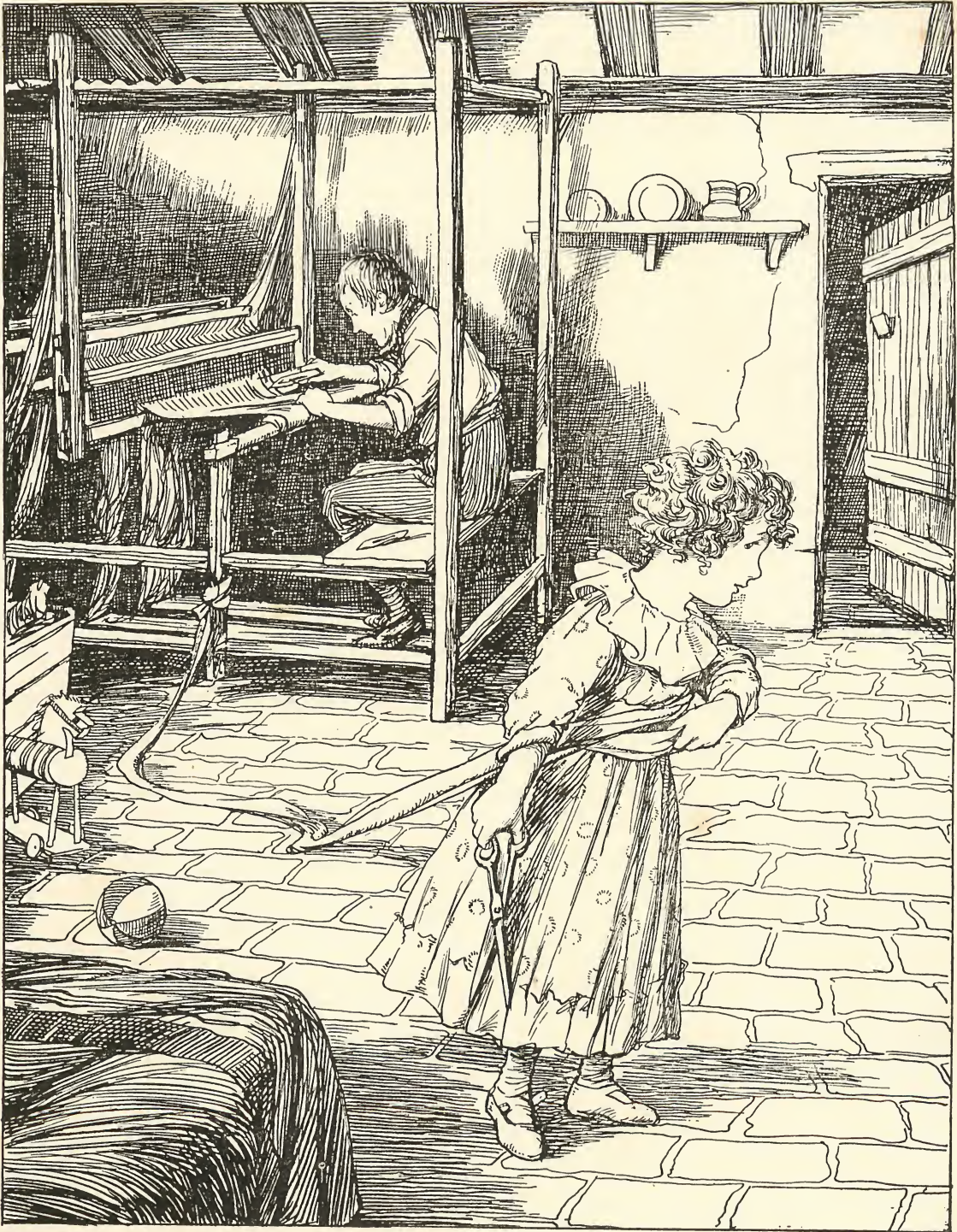
The bell-ringers had finished their work; for some minutes Silas Marner stared about him at the snow-covered ground, as if he hoped to see his lost treasure beneath a hedge. Then he went slowly indoors. The light was faint, and on the hearth two logs had fallen apart, sending forth 'only a red, uncertain glimmer.' Sitting in his fireside chair, Silas stooped to push them

together, 'when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold! . . . his own gold . . . brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! . . . The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger. . . . He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft, warm curls. In utter amazement Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head.'

Presently the child waked, and Silas stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, calling him 'Mammy,' and suddenly he thought of his porridge, getting cold by the dying fire, and bestirred himself to warm it. He had plenty to do for the next hour. It was some time before he realised that it would be well to take off the little girl's wet boots. When he had done this, she toddled about, laughing and staring at the unfamiliar room; and I think Silas must have settled in his own mind, from that very first hour, that the child must share his home. Whence she had come, how it happened that she should be lost on this snowy night, he could not tell. But here she was, needing food and warmth and shelter, and that was enough for Silas. Never had child a stranger nurse! for Silas had been so bent upon growing rich that he had made few friends amongst the men and women in the neighbouring cottages, and even fewer amongst their children! But gradually he came to love this baby as he had never loved anything before, not even his gold; and it was Mrs. Winthrop, a kind woman from the village, who first asked him what the child was to be called.

'My mother's name was Hephzibah, and my little sister was named after her. We called her Eppie,' Silas explained, and so it was settled. The child was christened Hephzibah, and Mrs. Winthrop brought some of her own children's clothes, and taught Silas how to





"Turning her back on Silas, she cut the linen strip."



dress her. He took the garments and put them on the baby, interrupted by her gymnastics.

'There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner,' said Mrs. Winthrop; 'but what shall you do when you are forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievous every day—she will, bless her.'

Silas thought for awhile in some perplexity. 'I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom,' he said at last—'tie her with a good long strip o' something.'

This plan acted well enough for a time. Eppie was fastened to the loom by a broad strip of linen, and she would play contentedly enough whilst Silas worked. But one morning, Silas left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach.

'Like a small mouse . . . she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors,' and turning her back on Silas, cut the linen strip in a jagged but successful manner, and in two minutes she was out of doors in the sunshine! There Silas, trembling with anxiety, presently found her, by a pond, 'discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using to convey water into a deep hoof-mark.'

So great was Silas's relief that at first he could only kiss and make much of her. But on the way home he began to think it necessary to punish Eppie and 'make her remember.'

'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he suddenly began, when they had reached the cottage. 'Naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty.'

To his surprise little Eppie seemed quite delighted at this prospect. After she had been about a minute in the coal-hole, however, came a little cry, 'Opy, py!' and Silas Marner was much too soft-hearted not to open the door and let her out. It took half an hour to wash her and put on clean clothes, but that was not the end, for no sooner was Silas Marner's back turned, than she ran into the coal-hole again, and presently peeped at him round the door, with black hands and face, saying, 'Eppie in de toal-hole!'

Silas never attempted to punish her again. Mrs. Winthrop thought that he spoilt Eppie too much to make a good nurse for her, but at least she could not have had one more loving. At all events, Eppie grew up as good and affectionate as she was pretty, and you must go to the story of *Silas Marner*, by the famous woman novelist who wrote under the name of George Eliot, to read how a day came when Eppie learnt the name of her mother and father, and how it was that she had come as a homeless waif to Silas' stone cottage that snowy New Year's Eve. In the end, Silas recovered his lost gold, but he did not rejoice over it as he would have done the night, years ago, when he thought he saw it glittering on his hearth. For Silas Marner, bent and slow and pale as ever, would have told you he had a treasure more precious than gold; and that was Eppie!

JOYCE COBB.

#### AT THE STROKE OF TWELVE.

'OH, dear!' said Doris. 'Oh, dear!' said Don. The twins were feeling dreadfully sad, and no wonder, for Miss Barnes, their governess, had had a dreadful letter; it had come at breakfast-time that morning, and she had gone to talk to Mother the very minute the meal was over. There had been a strange

morning after that; no lessons, and yet it hadn't *felt* like a holiday, because Miss Barnes had red eyes, and was packing her box.

'She's going away; her mother's ill,' said Don. 'Mummy told me, and—perhaps she'll never come back!'

'Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' said Doris, for she couldn't imagine things without Miss Barnes. For she knew so many games, as well as lessons, and she liked playing them, too; she could find birds' nests, and knew which birds they belonged to; she could fish, and she could play cricket; in fact, she was a 'sport,' as Don said, and the jolliest governess in the world; and now she was going away.

'Keep out of the hall, Miss Doris and Master Don,' said Mary, the housemaid, bustling through the passage where they were waiting very miserably. 'Go up to the nursery.'

'We're afraid Miss Barnes will go, and we shan't see her to say good-bye,' said the twins dolefully.

'Oh, she's not going yet,' said Mary. 'Cab's ordered for twelve. At the stroke of twelve by the hall clock I've to be down to help with the boxes.' Mary hurried away.

'Don,' said Doris, 'oh, I wish it wouldn't *ever* be twelve,' and she began to cry.

So Don had to set his wits to work, of course, to make things right. 'Look here,' he said, 'suppose it didn't — Suppose —' Then he stood still with his hands in his pockets, gazing at the clock. 'Look here, Doris,' he said gravely, 'it never shall.'

Every one was on the stairs at three minutes to twelve to say good-bye to Miss Barnes; every one except Don, at least, for somehow he had disappeared for a minute. Doris had thrown her arms round her governess's neck, and was kissing her good-bye, when the clock began to strike. 'Oh! and Don promised,' she sobbed. 'Oh, there's that nasty clock striking for you to go! I'll kiss you once for each time it strikes. ONE, TWO, THREE!'

The kisses went on, and the clock-striking went on, too. Mother stood by, smiling and waiting. 'Miss Barnes mustn't miss her train,' she said, as 'TWELVE' sounded loudly.

And then something happened—THIRTEEN struck the clock very loudly indeed, and up rushed Don from somewhere or other. 'Did you hear?' he shouted. 'Did you hear? You needn't go after all!'

'Why—why?' said Mother, running downstairs. 'What a funny thing! The clock's never done that before.'

'It's very strange, certainly,' said Miss Barnes, 'but I *must* go, and —' Rat-tat sounded at the door and interrupted her words, and she waited till Mary came running up with a telegram.

'Well, this is stranger still,' she went on when she had read it; 'and—oh, how relieved I am! My mother is better; there is no need for me to go!' She was stopped by four arms that clutched her and held her fast.

'Didn't I *say*,' shouted Doris, 'that the clock was magic?—it didn't *mean* you to go.'

But Donald didn't say anything. Do you know why? It was he who had made the magic. He had twisted the clock's small hand round the face so that it had struck ONE directly after it had struck TWELVE. That's how it had happened; but whether the telegram came because of it—well, that's another matter; though Doris thinks it did.

ETHEL TALBOT.



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 98.)

'IT was like this,' said Vic. 'I was thinking about that telegram—the one signed Klompdam—so I bought a *Guide to Holland* at the bookstall to see if I could find it on the map. Here's the map,' and he spread it out. 'There's no such place in Holland. There's a town called Edam—the final letters, you see, and then it struck me all of a heap. It isn't Klompdam—it's Klomp, Edam. Klomp is the name of the sender, and Edam is the name of the place from which the telegram was sent; and the telegraph clerk on the other side, or some one who copied it out, has run the two words together. Klomp is the name of the man who has taken charge of the "Reynolds," and he lives in Edam.'

Vic looked triumphantly at his companion, and Phil exclaimed, 'By Jove, Vic, you've got it! Klomp—Edam. There isn't the ghost of a doubt about it. You're a oner at working things out, Vic.'

'Edam is only about a dozen miles from Amsterdam,' Vic continued. 'I've inquired about it, and they tell me we can get a boat quite close to the station here to cross the river or canal—whichever it is—and change into a steam-tram which will take us right into the very town itself. Let's go back to the restaurant for the late dinner and start fresh and early in the morning. Edam may be a biggish place, and it may take a long time finding this Mynheer Klomp. We shall have to get diggings there, I suppose.'

In the course of conversation at dinner, Vic told the friendly American lady that they were leaving Amsterdam on the morrow for Edam. 'It is a nice, quiet little town,' she said, 'and quite clean. You remember Edam, Selina?'

'Oh, yes!' replied the young lady. 'It's one of the "Dead Cities"—jolly little place. Awfully picturesque. There's some awfully fine windmills—I wish we were going. You can't do much outdoor painting in Amsterdam, there's too much traffic. We tried it, didn't we Julia? And nearly got mobbed. They won't allow sketching easels on the pavement. Some of the people were quite rude—so inconsiderate.'

'There is a cheese market at Edam,' said Momma. 'Dutch cheeses, you know—I forget on which day of the week it is held—it's very interesting. It's in the Market Place, near the Grootte Kerk, and the farmers come from the country round about in funny-looking carts, with hoods to them, bringing their cheeses with them; and some come in boats up the canals. It's amusing watching the men in the boats, low down in the canal, throwing the round cheeses up two at a time to the men on the side-walk, who catch them—and they never miss. When they settle a bargain the farmers strike hands—very amusing. Hundreds of these round Dutch cheeses, yellow as oranges, and shiny and sticky-looking.'

'Are you going to do some painting?' inquired Selina.

'I did think of sketching a bit,' Vic replied, 'but I haven't brought my materials with me.'

'Oh, you can get everything you want in Amsterdam,' said Julia. 'In Edam the figures are not so

good, you know—no costume to speak of—not like Volendam. I'm figures, you see; Selina's landscape.'

'Your friend will find it rather dull in Edam if he doesn't paint,' remarked Selina with pitying consideration of those poor souls who are outside the interests of Art.

'Oh, I shall be all right,' Phil assured her. 'I shall moon about, or take a hand with the Dutch cheeses.'

Vic said they were leaving early in the morning and might not see them at breakfast, so they would say 'good-bye' now; to which Momma replied, 'Don't be in such a hurry to say good-bye; Holland is a very small country. Don't be at all surprised to see us walking into Edam—taking you unawares; so don't get up to any mischief. My name is Bonser—Mrs. Nathaniel Bonser.'

'Of Bonser & Mivvey, Chicago,' murmured Poppa.

'I should like to go to Edam,' Julia confided to Phil; 'it would suit us better than Amsterdam for painting, but Poppa is so stern and so difficult to persuade.'

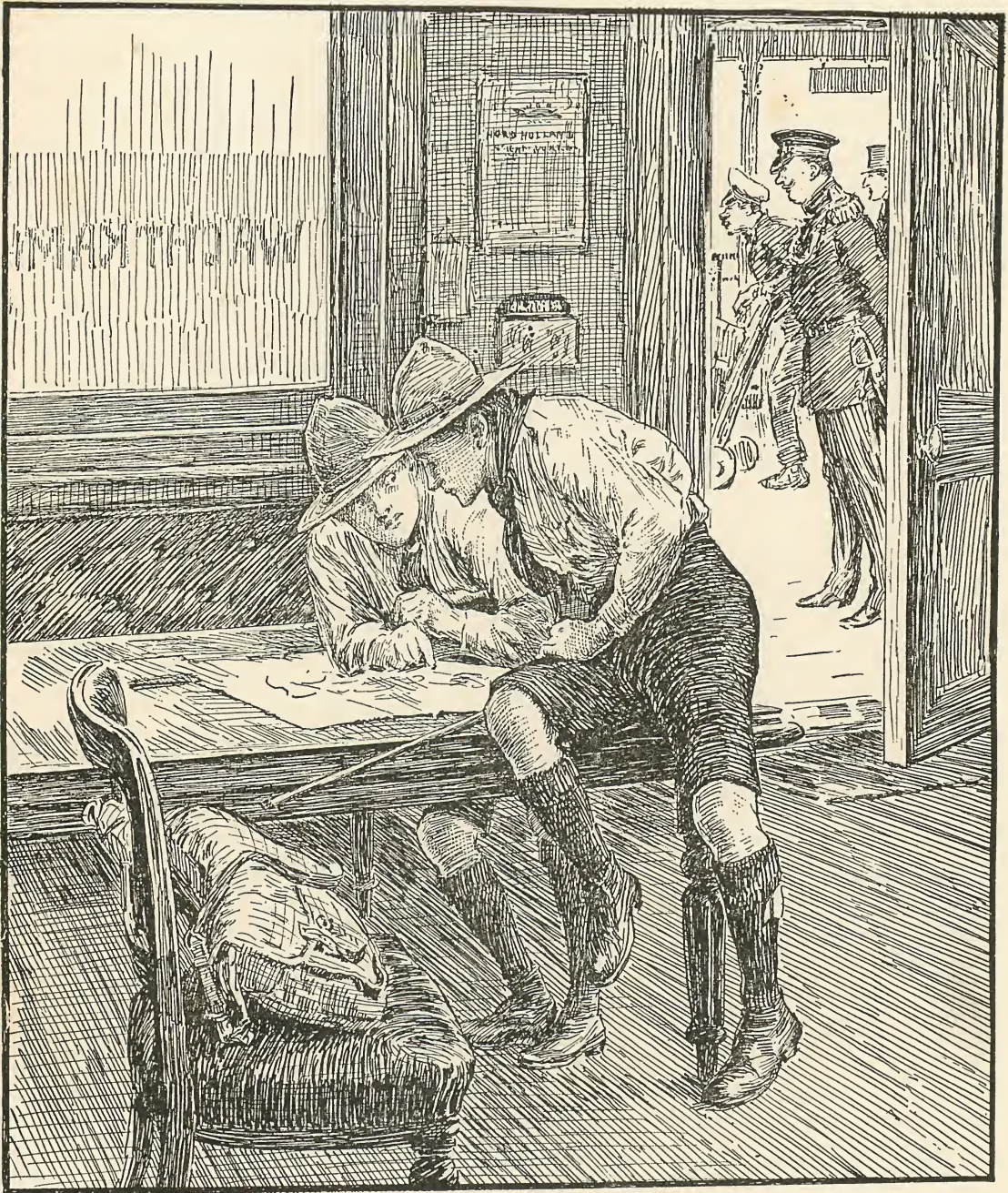
Edam is a small town girt with trees in an extensive tract of flat country. It floats, as it were, in a level sea of watery meadow-land, cut up by ditches and dotted with black-and-white Dutch cattle. In all directions outposts are thrown out from it in the shape of windmills, signalling like semaphores with their long arms. Vivid green and expansive skies are the setting of Edam. Within are the tree-lined havens, where in ancient days ships were built and floated, now used only by a few small vessels for local trade. These—or rather the canals which lead into them—are spanned in places by drawbridges, which add to the characteristic appearance of the town. Its long sky-line is rendered interesting from its groups of red roofs, leaning gables, and its tall, slender bell-tower. Of its narrow, cobbled streets, Willemsgracht, though very modest, is chief, for it opens out into a small square in which stands the Stad Huis—or town hall, the post-office, and the Museum. The main canal flows (if this expression can be applied to any water in Holland) through its midst, flanked by rows of fine Dutch elms.

It was in this street, after many wanderings and inquiries, that the Scouts came to a full stop. The house they were gazing at with interest was a corner one; it was a shop. The door was low, painted dark green, and in the upper half of it was a window above which hung a signboard with an obscure painting on it. In the large window were displayed articles of antique workmanship in wood and metal—a long-handled brass warming-pan, a Friesland clock, some copper vessels, and Delft plates being among the first to catch the eye. At the top left-hand corner was exhibited an oil-painting—the portrait of a lady, one half of which was unmistakably under a cloud, the other half bright and distinct as paint could make it: this indicating that picture-restoring was done on the premises. The house was none other than the residence and emporium of Mynheer Klomp.

The Scouts drew near and looked long and thoughtfully at the objects in the window: they were revolving schemes of strategy. So intense and magnetic was their gaze at the 'articles of vertu' that a girl of eighteen appeared at the door, and, with encouraging smiles and beckonings, invited them in. The Scouts were delighted thus to have the ice broken for them. They entered.

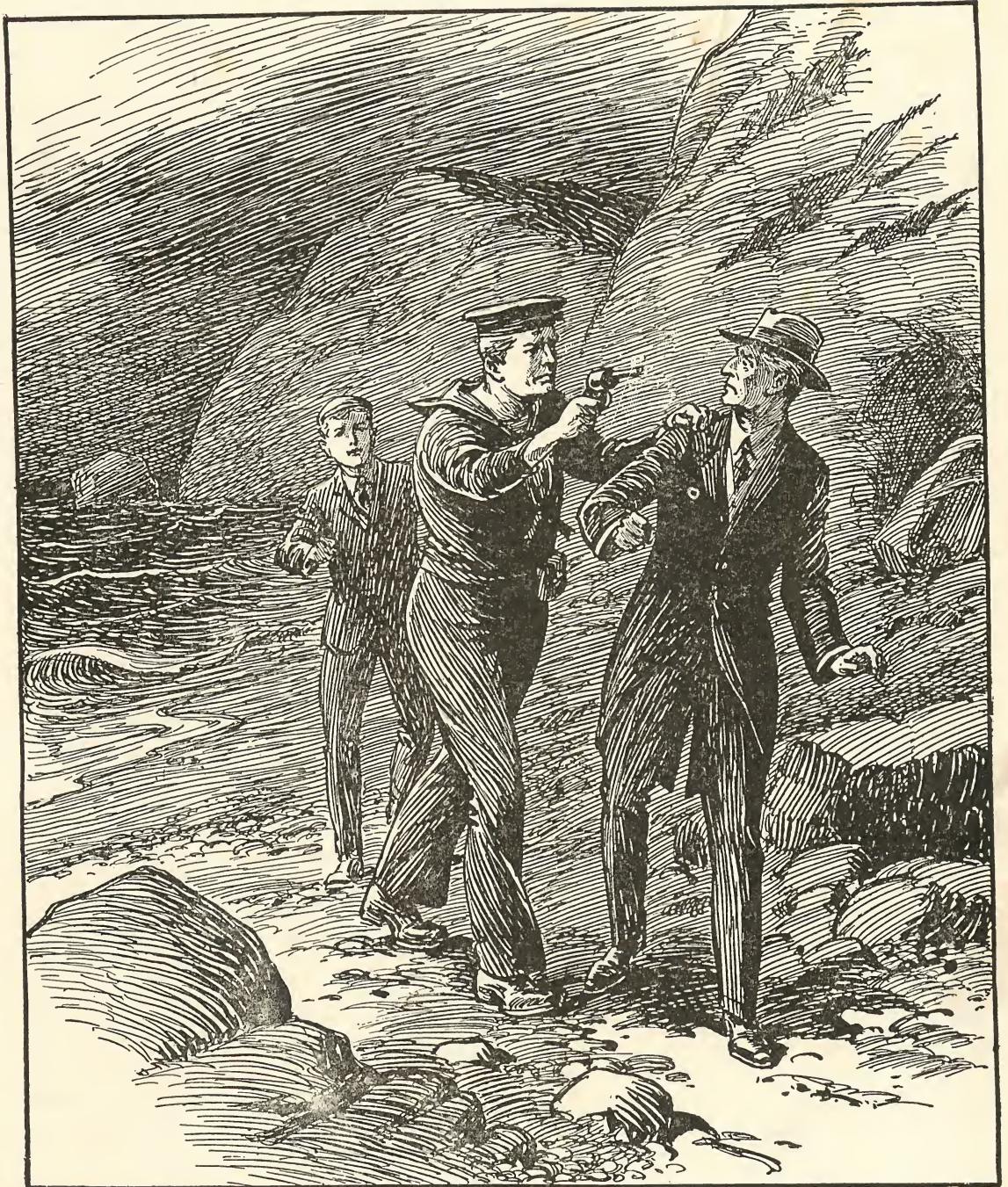
(Continued on page 118.)





“‘Here’s the map. There’s no such place in Holland.’”





"A vice-like grip was laid upon his shoulder."



## THE MYSTERY OF THE TUNNEL.

*(Concluded from page 107.)*

**R**ALEIGH sprang up, trembling all over, boy as he was, for just at that moment the great bell in the college chapel toll'd out the hour of eleven—and to-night was Monday, the 26th! Raleigh flung on his clothes at lightning speed. If his solution was correct, only an hour might remain to save a British battleship from an appalling fate. In two minutes he was creeping along the corridors, and, choosing one of the back entrances to the college premises, he crept to the door, unfastened it, and slipped out into the moonlit night. Just as he reached the corner of the quadrangle a faint sound met his ear. He drew back into the shadow and flattened himself against the wall, while another figure crept softly out of another part of the buildings, reached the turf with a few light steps, and then sped noiselessly across the grounds towards the entrance of the tunnel in the far corner.

Raleigh could scarcely make up his mind how to act for the best, since so little time remained. He followed the figure—it was M. Valais, he had no doubt—and managed to conceal himself by dodging among the shrubs. When he reached the corner where the entrance of the tunnel was situated, the Swiss master had already disappeared, and Raleigh, peering through the shrubs, could see his figure in the moonlight at the tunnel entrance. He heard the key click in the lock, the gate swung open on its hinges, then, closing the gate behind him but not locking it, the Swiss withdrew the key and sped quickly down the steps.

Raleigh waited until the echo of his footfall died away, and he heard the soft scrunch of the pebbles on the beach below. Then, quick as thought, he pulled off his shoes and sped down the long tunnel in the darkness. The master was on the sea-shore standing motionless in the moonlight, his eyes apparently fixed on the horizon as if watching and waiting for a signal. In another few moments the moon would have set, and in the pitch darkness he could make what signals he pleased, while the fact that the tide was coming up rapidly would prevent any patrol being possible right along the shore. Raleigh stood by the gate irresolute for half a minute, then, to his surprise, he saw that the Swiss master had left the keys dangling in the lock. Quick as thought Raleigh closed the gate softly and locked it: the traitor was left out on the stretch of beach which, in another hour or two, would be covered by the rising tide!

Racing up the steps again, Raleigh slipped on his shoes, leaped over the wall, and ran at top speed along the cliffs in the direction of the Coastguard Station, above Shellscar Bay. In less than ten minutes he was knocking at the door of the watch-house, and the coastguard on night patrol flung it open, wondering what schoolboy prank had brought one of the college boys in breathless haste and dishevelled to his station at that hour.

Breathlessly, Raleigh poured out his story, and by way of proof pulled out the cryptic message he had pieced together, and told the coastguard the words he had made out of it. There was not a minute to lose, and in these stirring days of war the wildest improbabilities are apt to become terrible facts. The coastguard ran to the 'phone, rang up the nearest naval

station, and summoning a fresh watch, he accompanied Raleigh down to the shore.

The tide was coming in rapidly, and the roar of the sea drowned their footsteps, when, after a breathless run in the dark, they reached the shore entrance of the tunnel which led up to the college grounds.

Apparently, M. Valais had been too intent upon his nefarious object to realise that he was a prisoner on a beach which would soon be covered by the tide. He was standing only a few yards from where Raleigh had seen him, and apparently had discovered that something or some one out at sea was waiting to receive his message, for he began to flash a powerful light in dot-and-dash fashion; but before he had transmitted half a dozen letters he gave a low cry of dismay, for a vice-like grip was laid upon his shoulder, and he turned to find a big, burly coastguardman by his side, holding a revolver close to his head. He uttered a few guttural words of horror and dismay, then, when he caught sight of Raleigh, his expression changed to almost fiendish anger and fury.

'So it's you!' he hissed. He tried to wrench his shoulder away and make for the tunnel, but Raleigh had his little flashlight, and by its aid the unhappy man saw that the gate was locked. 'Trapped! Trapped! Just when —'

The tramp of heavy footsteps on the beach told him that the game was up, for the watch the coastguard had summoned to follow him were already on the spot. Raleigh led the way to the tunnel, unlocked the door with the keys he had cleverly confiscated, and led the procession up to the college grounds, where, the traitor being in safe custody, the affair had passed out of his hands altogether.

It was not until afterwards that Raleigh learned that his promptness had averted an appalling disaster. The head master, to whom all the strange facts of the night's doings were, of course, reported, sent for Raleigh and, in front of the assembled school a day or two later, congratulated him on his share in the night's work.

'You will be glad to know, Raleigh, that you probably saved our newest battleship and nearly a thousand lives!' he said, shaking him warmly by the hand. 'Valais came to us with credentials which seemed unimpeachable, but the police have discovered that he was no Swiss at all, but a German who had spent years in England as a Government spy. How he found out perhaps we shall never know, but this great ship, H.M.S. *Antarctic*, was timed to pass here at midnight that very night, and he had planned to convey the information to a watching submarine. Thanks to your promptness, the coastguard's telephone message brought a brace of destroyers up at top speed, and when the submarine came up ready to launch a torpedo at her prey, the destroyers promptly sent the enemy craft to the bottom. Only a few minutes later H.M.S. *Antarctic* slipped out safely to the open sea, and is now at her appointed station, far away. You have done credit to your college, Raleigh!'

How the boys cheered and clapped. Raleigh took his honours modestly, but perhaps more than all else he valued the telegram which his father, in command of the great northern station, promptly sent him:—

'Thank God! my boy, you saved a thousand lives. I am proud of you!'

GRACE PETTMAN.



## THREE TINY REPUBLICS.

**T**HE largest of these three little-known Republics is that of Andorra, situated in a fertile valley, of the Eastern Pyrenees. It holds a kind of independent position between France and Spain, and it has seven thousand inhabitants. Its capital is Andorra, on the river Bulira.

Andorra was made a free state by Charlemagne, in the ninth century, as a reward for services rendered to him by its inhabitants when he was marching against the Moors. The Andorrans are pleasant, hospitable people, who amidst their vines and forests and enclosing mountains live a very simple life.

The island Republic of Tavolara, a free and self-governing state, is a mere strip of land, five miles long and half a mile wide, lying off the northern coast of Sardinia.

But the tiniest Republic is that of St. Goust, with an area of barely one square mile! Its people (one hundred and thirty in number) live always in peace, thanks to their residence in such an inaccessible part of the Basses-Pyrenees. For the last two thousand years they have governed themselves by means of a council of twelve 'Elders.' The President of the Council is tax-collector, assessor, and judge. E. D.

## BURIED CITIES.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

## IV.—PALESTINE.

**S**YRIA, or Palestine, as it is now called, is a small country, and indeed, for many centuries, has been simply a province of the Turkish Empire, but it has had a great and wonderful history in the past. Jews, Philistines, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, and the Crusading nations of Europe have all lived and ruled and fought in this narrow strip of country that lies between the deserts of Asia and the Mediterranean Sea, and we find traces of their arts and civilisations in the ruins that fringe the coast or are hidden away among the hills and plains of the interior.

Some of the old cities, however, whose names we know so well in history and in the pages of the Bible, have utterly disappeared, even their sites being forgotten; others still lie buried beneath drifting sands or heaps of rubbish, and others again have, for centuries, been used as quarries by the inhabitants of the district, so that we find marble pillars, fragments of statues, and exquisitely engraved tablets built into the walls of mediæval castles or of mud hovels.

Tyre and Sidon, Cæsarea and Seleucia, Jericho, Gaza, and Antioch—these were all important places in the old days; but now there is little to remind us of their former size and grandeur. The broken mole at Tyre and some drowned columns are all that is left now of the famous haven from which the merchant princes of Phœnicia once set sail on their adventurous voyages; the royal cities of Jericho and Ascalon are mere squalid villages, and it is difficult to recognise in the desolate scattered ruins of Cæsarea the magnificent city of palaces which Herod the Great founded in honour of the Emperor Augustus, and which boasted theatres, temples, and a great harbour which made it one of the principal ports of the Roman Empire.

Of course the most interesting of all the ancient

cities of Palestine must be Jerusalem; but here what remain of the old buildings are almost entirely hidden away beneath the piled *débris* of ages, which in some places is as much as a hundred feet in depth.

Jerusalem has endured many sieges, and has, perhaps, suffered more from assaults and wanton destruction than any other place in the world; but even now something is left to tell us of its past splendour. There are the towers of Herod's palace forming part of a fourteenth-century citadel, arches, aqueducts and cisterns that are far below the level of the present streets, the marvellous masonry of the Temple platform, and an ancient wall, said to have been part of the Temple itself, at which, week by week, the Jews still gather together to bewail the fall of the Holy City.

The work of excavation is necessarily very difficult in a place where new buildings have always been erected on the ruins of the old; but some day, perhaps, in a Palestine that is freed from Turkish tyranny, it will be possible for many of the lost treasures to be recovered and the forgotten sites to be identified.

In the meantime there are other dead cities to be visited, and three of them—Baalbek, Palmyra and Petra—are among the most interesting and important in the whole world.

Baalbek, or Heliopolis, as it was called in Roman times, is about thirty-five miles from Damascus, and standing as it did on the great caravan route from Palmyra to Tyre, was a busy, prosperous place and a centre of commerce.

No one knows when or how this city was built, but there are many strange legends of its origin, one of which says that Noah lived there, while another, going right back to the beginning of things, tells us that Cain built a fortress on this spot, in which he took refuge after the murder of his brother Abel.

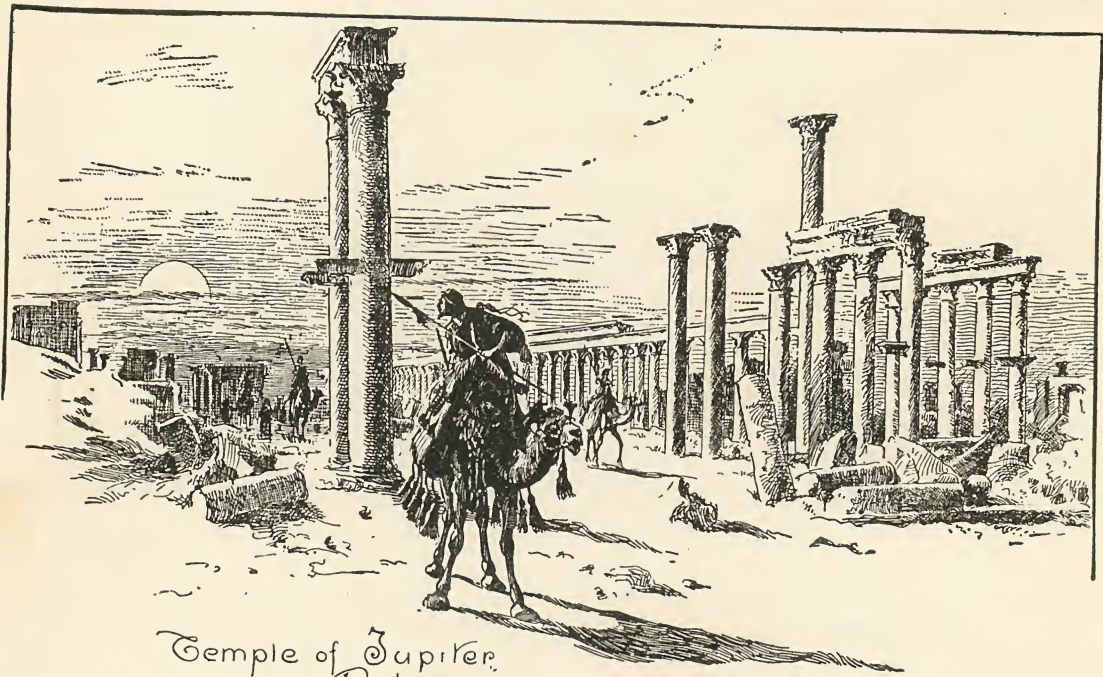
Another story, and one that is believed by the people of the district, declares that the city was founded by King Solomon, and that in it was a huge temple where the strange gods of the king's many strange wives were worshipped.

What we know for certain is that Baalbek dates from very early times, for although the ruined temples themselves are Roman, the massive platform on which they stand is of far more ancient workmanship. The place was always a holy city, dedicated to the worship of Baal, and the Romans only carried on this tradition when they raised the wonderful temple in honour of Jupiter Ammon, their own god of the sun.

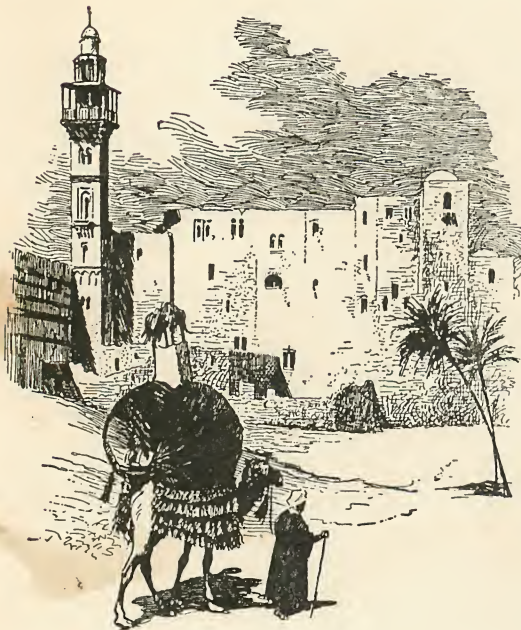
It is believed that the Emperor Antoninus built the temple, and, although it is a ruin now, we can picture what it must have been like when its huge columns were upright in their places, when the gateways and colonnades and courtyards were perfect, and when the priests watched for the sun to rise over the crests of the eastern mountains before beginning their daily religious rites. 'One of the Wonders of the World,' an old seventh-century writer, John of Antioch, calls this splendid building, and indeed the title must have been well deserved, and it is hardly strange that the ignorant peasants of the Lebanon district should say that it could not have been the work of human hands, and that the enormous stones, instead of being quarried, were melted and cast in moulds by powerful genii.

This fairy story, however, is not very convincing, for near at hand are the great quarries from which the limestone blocks and columns were brought, and we can see





Temple of Jupiter  
Palmyra



Tower of Antonia  
Completed by Herod  
Formerly the Palace of the Maccabees

many of them there, still scattered everywhere on the ground, some rough and unhewn, and others chiselled and ready for removal, as if the workmen had only just laid aside their tools, and might return at any moment to their labours—after a rest which has already lasted for two thousand years.

From Baalbek we travel on to Palmyra, another of the dead cities of Syria, which is situated on an oasis, among groves of palm-trees, from which its name, Tadmor, or the city of palms, was taken.

This place is also supposed to have been built by King Solomon; but little is known of its early history until ten centuries later, when we find it a prosperous city, separated from the rest of the world by the surrounding deserts, but carrying on a great trade both with Asia and Europe.

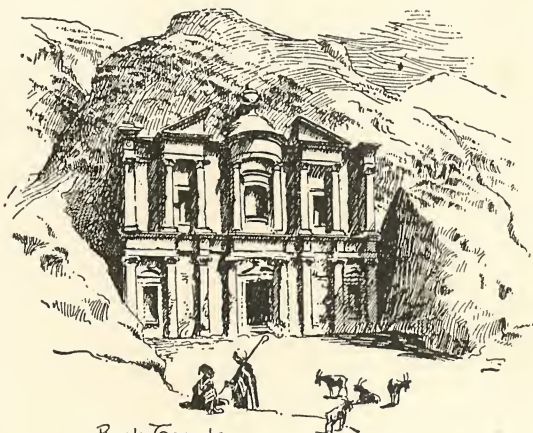
At last, in the second century, Palmyra was subdued and became a Roman colony, but after one hundred and fifty years it threw off its allegiance and declared itself independent under Queen Zenobia, who claimed to have dominion over the whole of the eastern world.

For a little while this rebellion was successful; but the great Roman empire could not be withstood for long by a small state, however warlike and ambitious it might be, and after several fierce battles, Zenobia was defeated and carried away as a captive to Rome, where, loaded with heavy golden fetters, she was forced to walk in the magnificent triumph of her conqueror, Aurelian.

Although the loss of their freedom must have been a bitter blow to the inhabitants of Palmyra, it was, under Roman rule, in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, that many of their finest buildings were erected. There was a temple of the sun in the city which rivalled that of



Baalbek, wide colonnades adorned with statues, and splendid gateways and triumphal arches. Now everything is in ruins, and it is almost impossible to realise that this silent place of scattered stones and broken



Rock Temple  
Petra

columns was once upon a time busy and populous, and that its wide arcaded streets and market square were full of life and noise and colour, as men bargained and quarrelled or discussed the news of the day, children

played in the sunshine, and caravans came in out of the desert, the heavily-laden slow-moving camels with merchandise from foreign lands.

There is still one more dead city to be visited, and one that is, perhaps, the most wonderful and extraordinary of all. This is Petra, the rock-built capital of Idumæa, which lies far away to the south in a barren, precipitous gorge, and which has been uninhabited and abandoned for more than a thousand years.

'Edom shall be a desolation.' The old prophecy has been strangely fulfilled, for now the once warlike and powerful nation, which claimed descent from Esau, has disappeared and its chief city is in ruins.

Petra, like Baalbek and Palmyra, was once a great commercial centre, for not only was it on the route to Egypt, but from it roads stretched northward to Damascus, Jerusalem, and the Mediterranean coast. It continued to prosper through Roman times and until the seventh century, when the Arab invasions swept across the country, destroying the trade, interrupting traffic, and dispersing the population.

Then the desolation which had been foretold long ago by Jeremiah became complete, and for hundreds of years Petra was so entirely forgotten that rumours of the existence of ancient cities south of the Dead Sea were disbelieved.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, Idumæa was explored once more, and Petra, with its rock-hewn temples and public buildings, its bridges and watch-towers and amphitheatre, its statues and reliefs and inscriptions, was rediscovered and remembered.



A Picture Puzzle.—Find Dick Whittington's Cat.



## HEROES ALL.

THE steamship *Lord Gough*, on her way from Liverpool to Philadelphia, sighted a Gloucester fishing schooner in distress. A gale was blowing at the time, and the schooner, three or four of whose crew had already been washed into the sea, was almost disabled, and flying the signal for help.

Although Captain Hughes and the sailors of the *Lord Gough* saw what great peril a rescuing party must encounter, the captain's call for volunteers was promptly responded to. But, to everybody's astonishment, as the boat was being lowered, the schooner's flag of distress was hauled down from the mast. The brave men about to start to the rescue were perplexed. For a few seconds they hesitated, but it was decided that the boat should go.

Safely, though with great difficulty, the schooner was reached. On her deck were twelve men, who must have been drowned but for outside aid. Two trips had to be made. The sailors of the steamer took six of the poor, suffering men through the rough waters to the *Lord Gough*, then returned as soon as possible to fetch the other six.

When all, rescuers and rescued, were safe on board the steamship, Captain Hughes asked the schooner's master why the distress flag had been lowered. 'We saw,' replied the master, 'that you were about to make an effort to save us, and we saw also that a boat could scarcely live in such a sea. Then I said to my men, "Shall we allow these brave fellows to risk their lives in order to save ours?" "No!" was their answer. So I hauled down the flag.'

## THE BEGGAR'S BRIDGE.

IF you live in Yorkshire, you may perhaps know that near the pretty village of Glaisdale there is a beautiful old bridge, spanning the river Esk. The Beggar's Bridge, as it is called, has been there for hundreds of years, and the villagers will tell you that there is a legend connected with it. But in case you have not been to Glaisdale and heard the legend for yourself, here it is.

In the reign of King James I., there lived in Glaisdale a poor lad, Tom Forres by name, who was deeply in love with the pretty daughter of a farmer who was accounted rich in the neighbourhood. But it was in vain that Tom asked the stern father for his daughter's hand. The old man was obstinately opposed to the match, chiefly because Tom was so poor—too poor to be a successful suitor for the maiden. So the young man decided to leave his native village and seek his fortune in foreign lands.

On the eve of his departure he arranged to meet his sweetheart at a ford of the river; for she, in defiance of her father, loved Tom as well as Tom loved her. But the last good-bye was destined never to be spoken. All the previous night the rain had fallen in torrents, and the usually peaceful river was now swollen in flood, so that it was impossible to cross it, even at the ford.

Tom was on one side of the raging river, his sweetheart on the other; and there was neither bridge nor ford to bring her to his arms. The sound of the rushing waters drowned their voices, and they could not even bid each other farewell, except by signs.

Furious at the trick Fate had played him, Tom vowed that if ever he returned a rich man, he would build a bridge over the river, so that no Eskdale lover should be ever again in such an unhappy plight.

So Tom made his way to London, and thence sailed to foreign lands, where he engaged in trading. Good luck accompanied him wherever he went, and after several years' absence he returned to his native village, a wealthy and respected man. To his great joy he found that his sweetheart had remained true to him, and, of course, her father was only too pleased to accept him as a son-in-law, now that he was prosperous.

But Tom had not forgotten his vow, and before he got married he brought skilled workmen from London to construct a beautiful bridge over the river Esk. The structure grew, until at last it was complete, and the admiration of the countryside knew no bounds. Tom became one of the first citizens in all Yorkshire, and eventually we find him as Mayor of Hull.

'The rover came back from a far-distant land,  
And claimed from the maiden her long-promised hand;  
But he built, ere he won her, the bridge of his vow,  
And the lovers of Egton pass over it now.'

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 111.)

THE girl was all laughter and animation. 'In kommen,' she cried briskly. 'You are English. Come in. You need not buy anything. Come and look at all the things. Ha! ha! ha! What fun! Antiques—all antiques! Little dingjes to go on your watch-chain. Do you like Edam?'

It was a strange, bewildering shop in which the boys found themselves. Apart from the collection of antique furniture, wood-carving, and nick-nacks, the room itself was astonishing. It was for the most part painted blue; at the end was a partition of this colour and in it a window with a white curtain which looked into another room; at one side a little wooden ladder of four steps led up to a door over which was painted 'Welcome!' It was the walls that were most astounding: on the blue ground, from floor to roof, were painted figures and landscapes, boats and windmills, designs serious and others broadly comic; they were in no decorative order, but wherever a space could be found some Dutch figure or humorous inscription appeared.

The boys had dreamed of nothing like it; they gazed up and around in amazement, much to the delight of the young girl, who laughed and danced round them in a most intoxicating manner. Vic, whose knowledge of Dutch was more academic than colloquial, was lost in her flow of idiom, but Phil seemed to understand—at any rate, he laughed as immoderately as the girl.

'Wat luk!' she cried. 'Pa is out and Moe is in the bakery. What are your names? Mine is Betje. Look!' and she pointed out the paintings on the walls one by one. 'They are by the artists. That is by Mynheer Winkelwater; that is by Herr Poster, a very great painter and a great friend of Pa's; that is by the Philmay, an Englishman—isn't it comic?



Ha! ha! ha! That is by Herr Goodun; this little one is by Mynheer Harp—Dutch boats in the Haven; this is by Mynheer Kroom; and this one by Papa—my Papa, you know. He thinks he can paint. Ha! ha! ha! You ought to know Papa—he's the friend of all the artists. Are you staying at Edam, or at Spaander's in Volendam?

'We've only just come from Amsterdam,' replied Phil.

Vic had been thinking very hard, and now put in: 'We want to stay in Edam if we can find any lodgings, but we don't want to go to the hotel.'

'Are you artists?' inquired the girl.

'My friend is,' replied Phil; 'a regular dabster at it.'

Betje smiled on Vic, and exclaimed, 'What fun! Edam is a nice place, but dull. Stupid Edam,' she added, and laughed heartily. 'We have artists stay with us sometimes. All these artists'—and she swept her arm round the apartment, indicating the paintings on the walls—'all these artists lodged with us at different times. Would you like to lodge with us?'

'Yes,' said Vic; 'we should very much.'

'But you are so serious,' said Betje; 'such a wise forehead. How old are you?'

Vic and Phil stated their respective ages and birth-days, and Betje did the same, which seemed to complete the ceremony of making friends. 'And you'd like to stay here rather than go to the hotel? Ha! ha! ha! "Wat luk!" I'll ask Moe,' and she tripped away to the back premises laughing, and calling 'Moe!'

It was not long before Betje appeared with her mother, a short, comfortable person, with her hair closely smoothed on her forehead, and the most kindly smile that ever greeted travellers.

Betje introduced the boys. 'They want to lodge here,' she said. 'They're too young to be travelling about without their nurses, and they don't want to go to the hotel. This one is an artist,' and she took hold of a small piece of Vic's sleeve. His name is Fick, and this one's name is Fill—Fick and Fill. Fill is travelling for the benefit of his health. Ha! ha! ha! "Wat luk!"'

Then began the business, Betje trying to look demure the while, but casting glances now and again out of the corners of her twinkling eyes.

'There's the two rooms they can have,' said Moe; and she took them up the little ladder and showed them the cosiest of Dutch interiors, with a window looking out into the street. 'They can have the big room at the top of the house with the two beds; it's not grand like the rooms at the Dam Hotel, but there—' she smiled sweetly and shrugged her shoulders.

They discussed the subject of meals, and all was settled at a charge of ten gulden per week each. The Scouts then started to explore the town with the understanding that they were to return to an 'English tea' and take possession. Betje charged them not to get lost or fall in the canal, and waved her hand to them till they turned the street corner.

'All in order?' quoth Vic.

'We are both quite well,' said Phil.

Sitting that evening at their 'English tea,' which boasted many un-English solids, but was none the less heartily enjoyed, the Scouts discussed their plans. A white cloth had been spread on the table, and it was covered with good things; a lamp, which had just

been lit, hung over the centre; the blinds were drawn. It was a small, cosy apartment, Dutch in every detail. A tall fireplace of Dutch tiles, with a little shelf above it, fringed with a curtain, on which stood brass and crockery; a dainty little corner cupboard full of similar articles. The chairs were all of quaint make and different styles, and, as the boys afterwards found, all on sale to possible buyers. In fact, there was nothing in the house, with perhaps the exception of the beds, but what was quaint, antique, and open to a fair offer. The only eyesore in the room was a large oil-painting on the wall, of a half-length patriarch gazing upward, and the only modern and inconvenient thing was the petroleum lamp which hung over the centre of the table. This proved a continual anxiety to the Scouts as they partook of their meal; it showed a tendency to perspire and shed a tear of paraffin: eatables beneath had to be hastily rescued when a tear had fully formed and seemed about to fall. Apart from these, all was serenity.

Said Phil: 'Vic, my boy, we've fallen on our feet this time.'

'The fates are propitious,' said Vic. 'Moe is awfully nice and Betje is a jolly girl, though I've never seen one before out of the same mould. She's a staggerer!'

'Catherine-wheels and pop-guns are not in it,' assented Phil.

'Philip U. Kinchin, I am going to take possession of this house,' said Vic with decision. 'I didn't get that sketching-block and those water-colours for nothing. Our dear friend Julia's lay is figures, Selina's is landscape, mine is interiors. I'm going to sketch every hole and corner in this house, and perhaps I may come across some Old Masters—a Reynolds, for instance. Yes, I'm mad on Dutch interiors, and don't you forget it, Phil. There's that girl laughing again. I wonder if she keeps it up all day? But we must set about it quietly, Phil—none of your Herr Lindemann explosions. We haven't seen the master of the house yet, the redoubtable Mynheer Klomp—the "Kunst-kooper," as they call him.

"Kunst-kooper" means art dealer,' said Phil.

'Art dealers are pretty keen men, I can tell you, said Vic.

'They are,' replied Phil with feeling.

'We've got to reckon with Mynheer Klomp, and we haven't seen him yet. We must go softly, Phil. You can go out rollicking about if you like; but I've got a craze for interiors, and nothing pleases me so much as to sit quietly indoors painting. There's nothing in England like these interiors. Look at the Dutch tiles—such lovely bits of colour—and the copper pots and pans. It's a real pleasure to paint them, and everything is so quaint—quaint is the word, Phil—and I shouldn't wonder if the upstairs is as picturesque as downstairs.'

'Right you are, Vic, and I've got my little bit of business to attend to. We're in Holland all right, that's one step forward; but it's a long way to Tipperary—I mean Groningen. It will want some working out.'

'There's the front door slamming again,' said Vic. 'I hear a sound that is not that of skirts. Phil, the Kunst-kooper has returned—listen! That's Betje's warwhoop. By jingo! the partition is shaking and the Delft plates rattling. What a commotion! He's brought a sou'-wester gale in with him.'

'He laughs like Betje, only at high pressure,' said Phil.

(Continued on page 122.)





“‘They are by the artists.’”





“‘Welcome. Good appetite. Eat you well.’”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 119.)

AFTER a lull of a few moments the laughter and clatter broke forth again, and the sound of hustling and banging of partition in the narrow passage which led from the shop to the back premises, then a knock at their door, which without more ado flew open, and the figure of Mynheer Klomp stood in the doorway. Now, it must be understood that Mynheer was at the foot of the little ladder which led up to their room, so that only the upper part of him was visible, as if he had appeared 'Jack-in-the-box' fashion up a trap-door, and his personal appearance rather accentuated this impression. He wore a high peaked cap like a concertina, which was pushed back from his forehead, and a large black stock at his throat, his hair was mouse-colour, his face clean-shaven with the exception of a little side-whisker. The expression of his countenance as he laughed and raised his eyebrows was a study of whimsical good-humour beyond verbal description, unless it can be compared to the fantastic faces on the cornice of some of his own antiques—there were the same multitude of creases from the corners of his eyes and the identical chiselings about the mouth. He waved his arm about his head and shouted with juvenile glee, 'Ha! ha! This is the best thing I've heard for many a day. Young English artists, welcome to Edam. Welcome to the Kunst-haven. Good appetite. Eat you well.'

He came up the steps into the room for a moment, shook hands repeatedly, exclaiming, 'There, there, eat you well, eat you well,' and left as he came, in a breeze and a clatter.

The Scouts looked at each other with grins and grimaces. Phil walked round the room doubled up in silent laughter. 'I have never seen an art dealer like that in the course of all my experience,' he said.

Later in the evening the Scouts were invited to a reception in the room at the back of the shop, where the Kunst-kooper and his family were gathered after the toils of the day; as far as he was concerned, they seemed to have been those incidental to a day's angling in the Haven. His long fishing-rod stood in a corner of the room, and the spoils of the chase, consisting of three small bass, lay on a plate. The family sat around the table, on which stood a coffee-pot with a little spirit lamp burning beneath, some cups and saucers, and a dish of miniature cakes. They were now introduced to another member of the family, who had come to a late meal and was disposing of it with relish at the further end of the table. This was Herman, son and heir of Mynheer Klomp, an important and hard-working member of the firm, but unfortunately deaf. In the intervals of repairing and polishing old oak furniture and supplying missing portions, he engaged in the adventurous business of scouring the neighbouring country in search of antiques, and his skill in this department was great in spite of his deafness. He was a well-known character in the surrounding villages, and could insinuate himself into houses and cottages, and could scent Delft ware or an old cabinet afar off, although it were buried in a cupboard or built into the wall of a room and plastered over with black paint. Moreover he could bide his time whilst keeping an eye on it, till the opportune moment

when the owner was in want of a few gulden. He was short and his movements were not graceful, but he shared to the full in the family trait of great good-humour; he had the face and expression of his father, 'only more so,' as Phil said, for whereas Mynheer could look serious at times, especially where art was concerned, and had a very keen expression when it came to a bargain, Herman's grin was ever present. That he was not shy was evident, as he treated the Scouts frequently to knowing winks across the table. Betje was there whirling in and out of the room, forcing a passage at the backs of the chairs, and 'turning to mirth all things on earth.' She treated Herman with a boisterous patronage which, considering that he was five years her senior, might have been deemed by prim folk out of place. She slapped him on the back as an aid to digestion, and called him 'Doofje'—a reference to his infirmity. Moe playfully took his part, and said he was a 'Goedeje Man,' or good little man, and Herman leaned back in his chair, tilted it, and laughed heartily, looking at the Scouts and jerking his thumb in the direction of Betje, as much as to say: 'That's her. What do you think of her? Isn't she a caution?'

The Kunst-kooper sat little; he drank his coffee standing, or walked up and down the room, occasionally colliding with Betje, and still wore his cap, which it appeared was seldom removed. When the subject of conversation was light and his mood hilarious he flung up his arm, displaying a length of bony wrist and twiddled his fingers; when it was grave, he clutched the lapels of his coat firmly, and frowned with one eyebrow. Naturally, art was his main theme, as he had a sympathetic listener in Vic. Rembrandt and Rubens were admired from afar; in modern art his friend Herr Poster, the German painter, occupied the forefront, though Israels and some others came very close. 'You could not but notice that masterpiece hanging in your room,' he said.

'The—er—patriarch? What's the Dutch for patriarch, Phil?' Phil was at a loss.

'It is not a patriarch,' continued Mynheer; 'but have your joke. That is a Rubens—yes, a Rubens.' He chuckled and nodded his head. 'Some of the wise-acs in Amsterdam dispute it, but that's because it is in my possession and not in theirs—ha! ha! When I made the discovery there was a great discussion about it in the newspapers. Some of the critics agreed that it was, but others denied it, and said some very foolish things about it. But there it is. It is a Rubens, I can prove it up to the hilt, and there's no mistaking the handling of it. I am in no hurry, I can bide my time; in fact, I should scarcely like to part with it, but that masterpiece means a little fortune to me.'

It was a great drop from this height to Modern Art, but he spoke with enthusiasm of his friend Herr Poster, who among other distinctions enjoyed the patronage of the Emperor. According to Mynheer Klomp, the Kaiser employed a staff of artists continually for painting his portrait—a sort of manufactory of which Herr Poster was the head. The portraits were for presentation to men who had distinguished themselves, and to foreign rulers and diplomats who appreciated German Kultur. Herr Poster would be honoured by a sitting from the Emperor, and this portrait, executed from life, would be copied by his subordinates *ad infinitum*—varying the uniforms and dress, of which the artist was supplied with an extensive wardrobe from Potsdam, to



suit the object of presentation, and express the manifold energies of the royal sitter. In private life Herr Poster was frolicsome, and spent his holidays at Edam, was a great friend of the Kunst-kooper, who assisted him in many ways: carrying his paint-box, showing him the best interiors, and introducing him to the most striking models.

(Continued on page 135.)

### DOVES AS PETS.

DOVES are very tame and gentle birds, very interesting to keep, and amusing to watch. I have kept doves myself, therefore I know many of their actions.

It is many years ago now since my father came home one day, and, walking up to me, said, 'There's something for you in the shed!'

I ran out, wondering what the surprise could be. But on entering the shed I saw a small cage with a dove in it. The poor bird seemed rather frightened, and crouched back into the darkest corner of the cage.

Not having had any pets before, except when my sister had two rabbits and I was too young then to look after them, I was naturally very pleased with my bird. A few days later, however, I found a companion for it, and for the first few days that they were together the bird I had first did nothing else but chase the other bird all over the cage. The cage, having been procured in a hurry, was not nearly large enough for them both, nor well-made either: so one afternoon my father obtained a large box and some wire, and with an hour's steady work produced a well-finished, lofty cage, containing two perches and a nest.

The shed was a closed-in building, one side being the back of the kitchen wall and fireplace. The cage was put against this wall, and in cold weather it kept the birds warm. They seemed very pleased with their new home, and when they were cold they would sit on the top perch and get the warmth from the fire.

I now found it rather confusing to say which bird I meant when speaking about them individually, so I next proceeded to find a suitable name for each. I soon found a name for the first dove, the cock. His name was Perky Peter, or Pete. No other name could have suited it better, for now that he had become acquainted with his companion, his new home, and myself, he began to be very lively. Whenever I went to the cage to feed them, Peter would come hopping to the door, making a queer noise which I can hardly describe. It was almost like the laugh of an hysterical child bubbling over with laughter. 'Het-het-hee,' went Peter, and would come and peck at my fingers and flap his strong wings against my knuckles as though he was trying his best to tease me.

He was a very lively, sturdy little fellow, but his companion, the hen dove, was very different in her ways. Instead of running and jumping about all day like Peter, she would fly gently down from her perch without the slightest noise, and come to eat corn out of my hand, whereas Peter would thump, thump on to the floor and ignore the corn, but peck as fast as he could. The second dove, for whom I couldn't find a name, was generally known as the 'mother dove.'

I had had them about a month, when one morning I found a small white-shelled egg in the nest. The egg

was about three-quarters to one inch in length, and the shell was very thin indeed. I was naturally expecting another egg the next day, and I was rather surprised when there was not one! But I found that they lay one egg, then miss one day before laying a second egg. I noticed a rather interesting fact about the doves sitting on the eggs. The hen dove sat on the eggs from about dusk in the evening till morning. Then she would come off the nest and have a drink and something to eat, whilst Peter kept the eggs warm. So that the hen dove sat on them during the night, and Peter generally during the day. I say 'generally.' Peter was not fond of being quiet. No! He would much rather be racing his companion, climbing up the wire of the cage door, or doing some trick or other.

Peter had a very funny way of apologising to the 'mother dove.' He would make a laughable 'coo' and then walk up to the hen dove, as though all the world belonged to him, peck at her and tease her, and then after chasing her about he would straighten himself up again, hold his head high, and then bring his head down to the floor, something like the way that slaves bow down in front of their masters before carrying out an order.

Peter has often made us all roar with laughing. The way he 'coos' sometimes is just as plain as if he were talking, and his feelings can always be seen by his actions.

If I happened to be doing something in the shed, I often opened the cage door and let the birds fly about. They loved nothing better! Whatever I happened to be doing, Peter would suddenly fly on to my head or shoulder, and sit there, cooing and flapping his wings, until I could make him get off. If on these occasions I happened to forget that I had left the door open, I always found them in the cage again if I went in after dark. They seemed to know that they must go into their cage for the night; and so, as soon as it was dusk, in they went.

Doves' eggs generally take sixteen or seventeen days to hatch, and, when they do hatch, it is very interesting to watch the young ones grow up. The first thing to be seen after they are hatched is a small, wriggling form, covered with little bits of yellow fluff, two thin little red legs, and a tiny head which looks all eyes. At the end of the first week the young birds are covered with little black marks, from which the feathers grow later. They grow very quickly indeed for the first two months. At the end of the third week the older doves leave them in the nest alone for a fairly long period. They will now have got sweet, young feathers, and their eyes will be quite open. Myself, I think that during their third to sixth weeks they look as fascinating as they ever do look. During this stage of their lives they begin to be frisky and attempt to fly.

As soon as the young ones can fly, the older doves do not feed them so much, but leave them to try and peck the corn for themselves. It is most pathetic watching the young doves trying to eat. They run their beaks amongst the corn, trying in vain to get some; but they do not open their beaks, and do not even seem to realise it. Gradually, they learn from their elders the art of picking up corn in the beak, and at last they succeed.

Doves do not need any great attention, but they must have *clean water*. Fresh, clean water is even more important than the amount of food given them. Clean



water should be given them at least twice a day, and the drinking vessel should be washed out once or twice during the week, or it will get nasty inside, the result of which might be a disease.

If fowls are kept as well, the keeping of doves will hardly be felt, and very little trouble will be made by them. If the doves lay thin-shelled eggs, a little fine grit should be given with their ordinary food. They will eat any kind of corn which is not too large for them, but of course they will like certain kinds better than others.

During the summer months doves will breed more young than in winter, but if in winter they are kept in a warm, airy place, they will still breed.

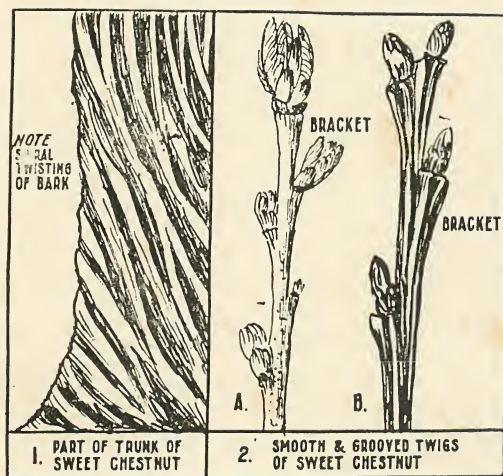
Doves as pets soon become attached to their masters or mistresses, and, if they are well treated, will come at a call.

I. RHODES.

## THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

### IV.—THE SWEET CHESTNUT.

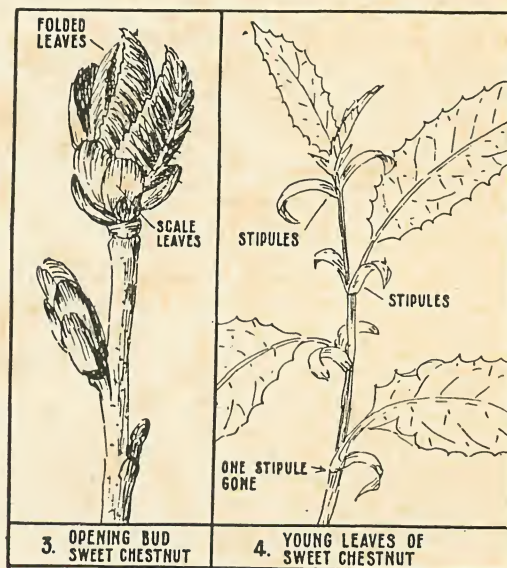
I HAVE decided to introduce you now to the Sweet Chestnut, or Spanish Chestnut as it is often called (*Castanea sativa*). I have not been able to get a photo of a complete tree for you, but I think I can give you such details that you will be able to recognise it easily at any season, and that is one of the objects of this series. The reason why I have no picture of a whole tree is that I could not find one *alone*; there are plenty in our woods, but they are almost always mixed up with other trees, and so unable to show their proper shape.



If the Chestnut is grown in an open space, it develops a fine stout, powerful trunk, almost continuous throughout its height of perhaps seventy or eighty feet. The branches spread out more or less at right angles to the main trunk and its smaller branches incline downwards. This latter feature will always distinguish it from an oak, to which it has a strong likeness. I believe the reason for this hanging feature is the weight of the great masses of large and heavy foliage which the branches carry in summer. The branches very often take on twisted and contorted shapes, which remind one somewhat of the plane. The bark, however, tells you it is not a plane, because it is rough and thick and

inclined to be spirally twisted and fluted rather deeply, giving the impression that the whole trunk has been wrung. In fig. 1 I try to show you my meaning.

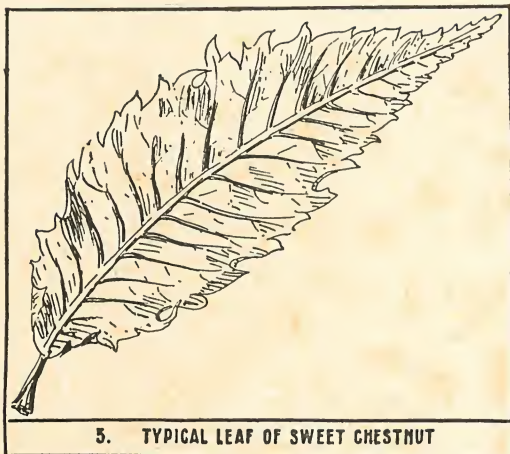
The twigs in winter vary somewhat, according to the conditions under which the tree is grown. If it has a good open position and can develop freely, the twigs are smooth and nearly round in section, with buds on small brackets at intervals (fig. 2 A), the brackets have carried the leaves of the previous year. If the tree is low-



growing, the twigs are much ridged, almost angular (fig. 2 B). As the buds begin to grow they lean away from the stem. When the scale leaves release the true leaves from the bud, it is seen that they are showing their backs on the outside (fig. 3). They are rather red in colour, but turn to a delicate green as they expand. These young leaves are accompanied in their early life by two leafy stipules, one on either side of the point where the leaf-stalk joins the stem (fig. 4). These fall long before the leaf has attained its full size. The fully-grown leaf is 'as large as one's foot,' as I saw it described the other day. The one I sketch at fig. 5 was twelve inches long and four inches wide at its widest. It is of a glorious clear, dark, shining green on its upper surface and lighter beneath. Its main rib is very distinct, standing well out on the back, and its many sharply-defined secondary veins are also a feature. The edges of the leaves are toothed very deeply in rather curious teeth, rather like those of the dandelion leaf. The surface is also very crinkled, giving a wavy line to the edge of the leaf.

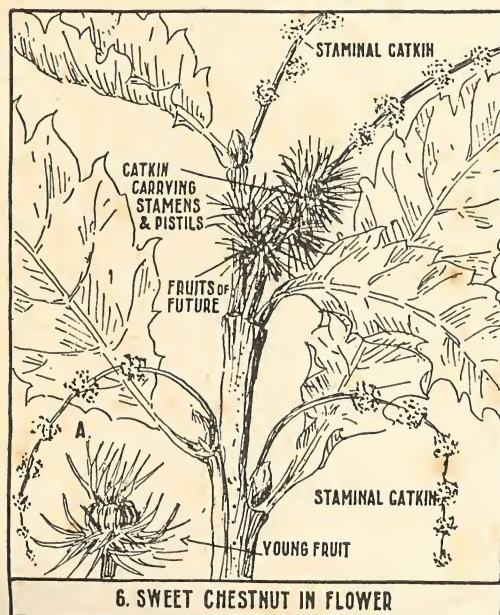
The flowers appear in June and are carried on catkins; this time the same catkin carries staminate and pistillate flowers. (I am sure you will know that those two rather hard words just mean stamen-carrying and pistil-carrying flowers.) Or rather, I should say, they sometimes do so, for there are many staminate catkins only, but there are some which have staminal flowers for about half their length, and pistillate flowers at the junction end with the main stem. A Sweet Chestnut is a glorious sight in June with its cascades of long





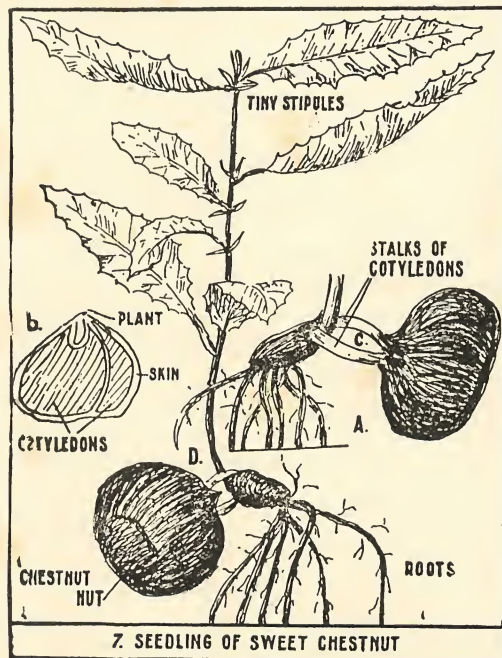
creamy catkins, each from five to six inches in length, hanging out above the leaves in graceful curves. In fig. 6 I show you a twig which is carrying a catkin of both forms of flowers, and there are other staminal catkins as well.

As the season progresses the staminate catkins and parts of catkins fall, having discharged all their wealth of pollen. But the fuzzy green pistillate flowers persist. At A I show you a larger drawing of one. You see there is a nutty centre and a maze of green stiff hairs. As the fruit grows that maze of hairs increases and gradually covers it, till we have the familiar fuzzy, prickly fruits which I am sure you know. I do not think I need illustrate them, as they are just like those in fig. 6, only as large as a Horse Chestnut when fully grown. When ripe the cupule opens much like the cupule of the beech, and two or three nuts are seen,



brown, polished and glossy. They are rarely very large when grown here in England, but of course they are the nuts we have at Christmas and so love to roast!

Last week, when in some woods looking for specimens for this series, I found a little Sweet Chestnut seedling. It was growing in some very soft leaf mould under a tree, so I gently dug it up. To my extreme



delight I found it had its 'Chestnut' still attached! In fig. 7 I give you a sketch of the whole arrangement. Is he not a jolly little fellow? I am writing in August, so this must be one of last autumn's nuts. Now, as a general rule, the first two seed-leaves (or cotyledons, as they are properly called) are quite different from other leaves, and are contained in the seed, coming out quite soon after the seedling begins to grow (I shall be showing you several cases of this later). But in this case they stay in the shell of the nut and gradually give all their contents to the growing plant outside. This state of things is very well illustrated in my sketch, especially at A, where I give a larger sketch. You must have noticed a little fat body at the tip of a chestnut when you skin it? I show you a diagram of a section through a chestnut at B, and there you will see what I mean. That little body is the tiny plant of the future, and all that material which we eat forms the cotyledons. Of course there is a great deal more of it as compared with a pea or a bean, say. Now the little plant has started life well, as you see in my sketch; but the cotyledons are still feeding it partly, for there, at C and D, you can distinctly see the fat stalks of those two leaves which are still in the shell.

I am very pleased to have found this little fellow, because it is so perfect. Be sure you look out for one under, or near, a Sweet Chestnut-tree; you must dig him up very carefully so as not to knock off the nut!

The Spanish or Sweet Chestnut was introduced into



this country by the Romans, so that it is not truly a native tree, though I should think it may be said to be quite 'naturalised' by now! Its chief uses are for poles and fences, which are cut from very young saplings, or coppice as we call low wood. The wood, when old, is very brittle. The tree lives to a great age, quite as long as the oak.

Its distinctive features are (i.) its twisted trunk with spiral markings, and (ii.) its characteristic leaves and fruits.

E. M. BARLOW.

### THE DREAM HOUSE.

I'VE a darling little house that no one knows but me,  
Covered quite with jessamine, and built close to the sea;  
All the rooms are play-rooms; there's no bed-room there at all;

And honey-suckle peeps and nods across the garden wall.

In my darling little house there's lots and lots to do;  
For I'm not alone there; elves and fairies live there too;  
And there's daisies on the lawn, and buttercups, you know;

But we never pick them, for they do so love to grow.

To my darling little house I never go by day;  
But at night it's easy; I can always find the way;  
Deep down by the Rainbow's foot, and nearer than it seems,

Stands the little fairy house I visit in my dreams;

ETHEL TALBOT.

### DOG THIEVES.

IN a certain village near Birmingham some thieving dogs have been very busy. Not long ago a schoolmaster in the village had brought to him by his scholars two loaves, a string of sausages, and four mutton chops, all having been taken within three days from dogs which the children had met on their way to school. The dogs were strangers; the children did not know them. Perhaps they had been specially trained to thief—as poachers' dogs sometimes are—by dishonest masters. It was a wonder that they allowed the food to be taken from them! Thieves though they were, they must have been sweet-tempered animals not to bite their despoilers. As no one claimed the stolen property, the master told the children that they might take it home to their mothers. It was all quite nice, not soiled or damaged in any way.

### UNCLE PHIL'S BIRTHDAY.

IT is distinctly exciting to hear that an uncle you have never seen is coming to stay, especially when he is quite young, as uncles go, and has had some exciting times fighting the Germans in East Africa. We looked forward tremendously to his arrival, and it was rather trying that he didn't turn up till our bedtime: we had to go up as soon as we had shaken hands with him.

When the grown-ups had gone in to dinner, we three went and sat on the stairs. You can see the food going into the dining-room, which is always interesting, and when the door is open you can hear snatches of conversation. Enid, who is a favourite of Cook's, slipped down to the kitchen, and came back with some trifle.

We knew Mother wouldn't mind, for she knows we find it difficult to get to sleep now the evenings are so light, and she also knows that staying awake makes you hungry. So we sat there eating, and talking in cautious whispers.

'I expect Uncle Phil will have heaps of stories to tell us,' said Sybil, 'thrilling things about the War. I shouldn't wonder,' she added sadly, 'if he's telling some now. I'm sure that isn't Father's voice.'

'Well, if it is Uncle Phil, it doesn't follow he's talking about the War,' objected Enid. (She always contradicts Sybil; I don't know why, for they are terrific chums.) 'He might be saying that he had a pleasant journey, or that he wouldn't have any more meat, or something.'

The bell rang at that moment, and as Ellen went in and out we heard bits of a thrilling story. It was rather difficult to follow, hearing it in scraps as we did, but apparently Uncle Phil and some others were waiting for an ambulance to pick up their wounded. 'And as it came towards us,' we heard him say (Ellen rather sportingly didn't quite shut the door when she went to get the puddings—or sweets, as I believe grown-ups call them), 'as we watched it drawing near—and very glad some of the poor fellows were—we saw, to our astonishment, that a lion was running along the track, in the full glare of the acetylene lights.'

'Extraordinary!' said Father. 'The children would be interested in that, Phil. Bernard and—'

But at that we fled, because it is a very shabby thing to listen when people begin talking about you. But we hoped to get at Uncle Phil the next day.

But when we went down to breakfast the next morning, Uncle Phil wasn't there.

'He is having his breakfast in his room,' Mother explained. 'He's rather tired after his journey.'

'Oh, Mother, when will he be down?' We do want him to tell us some of his adventures.'

'Look here, children,' said Father, folding up his newspaper, 'I beg to remind you that Uncle Phil is, firstly, a guest; secondly, still rather an invalid, and, thirdly, unused to children, and as such he must not be bothered. See? Also, soldiers in "Blighty" are often rather glad to forget their life out at the fronts; so don't plague your uncle unduly. Remember it's *your* duty to entertain *him*, rather than *his* to entertain *you*.'

The result of these words was to make us all horribly shy and quiet with Uncle Phil. He seemed very quiet, too, and I must own we were rather disappointed in him. He didn't seem to want to talk to us, and spent a good deal of his time reading in the study. So at first we saw very little of him.

But one day we heard Father and Mother explaining that they had to go away to a funeral. 'And it would hardly be a birthday treat for you,' said Father. 'I'm afraid we must leave you to the children. You'll look after Uncle Phil, won't you, Enid?'

'Yes, Father,' said Enid gravely; and soon afterwards she called Sybil and me up to the schoolroom, and we had a consultation.

'Fancy, Uncle Phil's birthday!' she said. 'What are we to do with him?'

'I wonder what he would like? If it were my birthday, I should say take our lunch on the pier and—'

'But it isn't yours, Bernard,' interrupted Enid. 'Do be sensible, and try to think what *he'd* like.'

'I vote we each think out some plans, and then tomorrow we will ask him which *he'd* like best, or whether



he can suggest anything. And, I say, I think we ought to get him a present.'

'Rather, only we must keep some money for whatever treat he chooses. Shall we get him a cake?'

'If I had suggested that, you'd have said it was because I knew I should have some of it,' I said. 'But we might see if Cook has made one. We could decorate it with flags and sweets and things. And I'll ask Mother if I may take you girls down town, shall I?'

Mother said I might, and we were very busy all that evening.

Father and Mother had to breakfast and go off before Uncle Phil was down, so we waited ours for him, and filled up the time in between by arranging his presents on his plate. We had clubbed together, and got him a pocket-book with a secret place in the lining—just the place to hide a dispatch in. We wrapped it up, of course, and the girls would put a wreath round his plate. I didn't do that, but I put a plate of radishes and cress from my garden, in case he'd like any for breakfast.

At last we heard Uncle Phil coming downstairs. The girls got very excited, but I began to wonder whether he'd think it all tomfoolery.

'Hullo!' said Uncle Phil. 'The table looks very festive.' Then he opened the parcel, and he seemed most frightfully pleased. He liked the wreath, too, and ate quite a lot of radishes. And he said he'd almost forgotten what birthdays were like, and would hardly have remembered to-day was his if it hadn't been for us. He was so jolly about it all that we forgot our usual shyness of him and asked what he would like for a birthday treat. 'Or would it worry you going about with us?' I asked. 'We'll clear off if you'd rather.'

'On the contrary, I'd be very glad to see a little more of you than I have done. You've fought so shy of me since I came that I had an idea it bored you to be with an old fogey like me, and now that you have found your tongues I am quite keen on your company. But why were you so tongue-tied?'

We explained about what Father had said, and Uncle Phil laughed like anything, and said our being shy had made him shyer. I thought it awfully funny for a grown-up to be shy of children, especially a brave soldier like him.

Then we asked him again about his birthday treat, and he said: 'Well, I think the pier's a very good idea, but it might be enlarged. What d'you say to going there in an hour's time, and taking that steamer trip up the river? There's a little tug running which brings us back to the pier at two, I think. We'll lunch on board, and then, if there's anything good on at the pier pavilion, we'll go to that, and finish up with tea at a shop, eh?'

We agreed to this, because after all it was for him to choose. But when we went up to the schoolroom to get our sandwich baskets, we looked at each other rather gloomily.

'How are we to pay for it all?' asked Sybil. 'We've only got about one-and-six left now we've bought the pocket-book and the sweets for the cake.'

'There's only one thing to do,' I said, firmly, 'we must open the magic-lantern box.'

We had been saving up, I must tell you, for a topping magic-lantern there was at Page's in the High Street;

and we had practically vowed not to open the box till we had got all the money we wanted for the lantern. But now we all saw that we must, though Sybil, who is only a kid, after all, nearly cried.

At ten o'clock we joined Uncle Phil, and set off for the pier. He really seemed quite a different person, and told us heaps of stories about the War, including the lion one we had partly heard before. We told him how we had heard the beginning, and he said he and Mother used to do just the same when they were small. So we knew why Mother doesn't always mind our doing it.

When we got to the pier, I paid twopence each for us to go on, and we went to book our fares for the steam-tug. 'And you must let me pay for this,' said Uncle Phil, 'as it was my suggestion.'

'But you mustn't pay for your own treat,' said Enid; 'no, really, it wouldn't do at all!' And Sybil and I chimed in and said he must let us pay, particularly as he was a visi or.

Uncle Phil argued for a bit, but we stuck to our point, so at last he said, 'Well, you shall pay for me, then, but I insist on paying for you three.'

And so it was settled. We took a ticket for him, and he took tickets for us, and we boarded the steamer. It was a splendid trip—the first we three had been on, and you may be sure we enjoyed it. We had our lunch with us—sandwiches and biscuits and fruit, and of course the birthday cake, which Uncle Phil said was the first birthday cake he'd had since he left school. I think he liked it, too, for he had three good slices!

We had booked our seats for the pavilion before we went on board the steamer, and when we landed at the pier again we went in to a most exciting play, about Elizabeth's time. It brought in Drake and Raleigh and all those splendid people, and made you wish you could go back to those days, though of course our sailors and soldiers are just as fine now. Uncle Phil ted us continually with chocolates. Enid, by the way, says I always bring in too much about food, but I think myself it ought to be mentioned just as much as any other part of the treat. But Enid says that is just like a boy. However, since I *am* a boy, I suppose I may as well be *like* one, so I will go on to say that after the play, which lasted till five, we tramped to the best café in the town and had a splendid tea, with ices. And again, as in the case of the steamer and the play, Uncle Phil paid for us and we paid for him.

Just as we were finishing, Uncle Phil said suddenly, 'How much have you saved up for your magic-lantern?'

We looked at him in astonishment, for we never tell other people when we are saving up for anything—nor do Father and Mother—it is so like touting for a contribution. Then Sybil, without thinking, said, 'Seven-and-six,' just as Enid and I were saying something much smaller. Uncle Phil looked at us with a curious smile on his face, and when the bill had been paid, he suggested going home by the High Street, as he wanted to get some cigarettes and things.

And what do you think he did? He bought us that very magic-lantern and heaps of slides, and when we tried to thank him for it he only said, 'I am very glad to give it to you to show just a little bit how much I appreciated the way you small people set to work to make my birthday enjoyable for me. This has been a day I shall never forget.'

And it was one we never forgot, either.

N. M. LA TOUCHE.





"We had our lunch with us."





"She had got us *both* to dress up as ghosts!"



## THE GHOST ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

IT happened when we were staying at Grandmother's; we'd often stayed there before, of course, but never at Christmas-time. Anyhow, we were staying with her *that* year because Father was wounded at the Front and Mother was nursing him. We were all sitting round the fire in the play-room on Christmas Eve, roasting chestnuts and talking, when suddenly Christine—who's the only girl of us three—Bob and me being boys—suddenly came out with it: 'I say, did old Ann tell you about the ghost?' she said.

We said no, for old Ann hadn't.

'Buck up, and tell us yourself,' said Bob, 'for there's something awfully interesting about ghosts.'

'Listen, then,' said Christine. 'It's in this house. Every Christmas night, Ann told me, it used to be supposed to sit and weep in the gable-room. Of course, she says, it doesn't really. It was some Plantagenet girl, or something. I'd rather like to see it.'

Of course we roared at that. Girls are terrified of ghosts, and always have been; and we told her so pretty plainly. She got quite ratty, in fact, at our words, for Christine *hates* being reminded that she's a girl. 'You're a pair of hateful teases,' she said; 'you deserve some one to tease *you*!' Then we roared again, and she shut up and wouldn't say a word; I *real* y thought she was sulking or something until, when Bob went out of the room to get a book, she suddenly turned to me: 'Tom,' she said in her ordinary voice, 'I've got such an idea.'

'What is it?' I said; for Christine really *has* good ideas sometimes.

'I say, it's the ghost. Let's frighten Bob. He says he doesn't mind them; but wait till he *sees* one! If you'd dress up in a sheet and sit in the gable-room to-morrow, I'd get him to go up. He can't say no, if I ask him: he'd be ashamed to.'

'All right,' I said, just for a joke.

It seemed rather a good joke, too. Next night, Christine dressed me up in sheets and things in her bedroom, and then, just at nine o'clock—and it can be awfully dark at nine o'clock on Christmas night—she said I was ready. I felt a bit funny—I won't deny it—as I went along the passage to the gable-room. I hoped Chris would hurry Bob up, and I said so: then he could get his fright and be done with it, and I needn't hang about in haunted rooms.

'Hope you won't see the ghost yourself,' said Christine in a terrified sort of voice as she left me at the top of the stairs and stood to watch me go in at the gable-room door.

You won't believe it, but, the minute I entered the room, I saw it; it was all in white, sitting at the table, and sobbing! I forgot I was dressed as a ghost myself—and if Chris hadn't been watching from the stairs I'd have skedaddled—I own it; but I took a step forward, though my heart beat like a hundred hammers.

And then the ghost looked up. I've never seen such a face: it was all white and staring; it stopped sobbing, though, at that instant, and, instead, it gave an awful shriek: 'O-h-h-h-h!' it went. And in an instant I'd twigged, for it was *Bob's* voice! Christine had taken us both in; she had got us *both* to dress up as ghosts and frighten each other, and had *succeeded*!

'I say, Bob!' I said, and threw off my sheets just in time to stop him as he fled to the door, 'stow it! Don't

let Chris know; it's only me. Let's get the better of her yet'—and we put our heads together.

And the end of it was that we both came out looking cool and collected, and found Christine on the stairs, beginning to look anxious.

'I say, Sis, you've muddled your ghosts,' I said with a yawn; 'I found Bob there before me.'

'Trust a girl to muddle things,' said Bob.

You should have seen Christine's face; she *did* look small—and she's never mentioned that ghost since. All the same, it was a jolly fright we both got that night, *sure*, though we wouldn't let her know that same for nuts!

ETHEL TALBOT.

## THE REAL DICK WHITTINGTON.

By G. BELTON COBB,

Author of 'Stand to Arms.'

THE story of Dick Whittington—how as a boy he heard the message of Bow Bells, how his faithful cat won him a fortune in Morocco, and how in later years he became 'thrice Lord Mayor of London'—is known to every one. The tale is very old, but although part of it is mere legend, it is certainly true that Richard Whittington was well known as a citizen and Mayor of London in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V.

The existence of the wonderful cat is less likely. But it is said that Whittington's fortune was made by selling rich silks brought to England in Norwegian boats of a type known as 'cattes'; and that the change from 'catte' to 'cat' was only the result of handing down from generation to generation the story of how a great Londoner acquired his wealth.

However that may be, it is known that Richard Whittington was born in Gloucestershire in the reign of Edward III. His father was a knight, and presumably well-to-do; but it was no unusual thing that the son should be sent to London to make his own way in the world. The story of Dick Whittington says that at the time when he ran away to Highgate Hill and heard the words 'Turn again, three times Lord Mayor of London,' he was working as a cook's boy in a merchant's kitchen; but it is more probable that he was at once bound apprentice to the trade of the mercers or silk merchants. The mercers of that day lived in three-storied, gabled houses of wood on the north side of West Cheap, or as it is now called Cheapside. Opposite to them stood similar houses elaborately carved with gilt figures, where goldsmiths lived and sold chains, buckles, and jewellery. Both the goldsmiths and the mercers had their stalls in the road outside their shops, and here, no doubt, Dick Whittington called to passers-by to look at handsome velvet cloaks or silk stockings, and conducted wealthy customers into the shop to strike bargains with his master.

By the laws of apprenticeship Whittington would have been bound for a period of years, seven or nine, to work for one master, learning his trade day by day, receiving no wages but his bed and his board, helping sometimes to serve the mercer and his wife with their meals (which may account for the 'kitchen' in the story), rewarded with kicks or a thrashing if he were idle, and getting but faint praise if he served well.

But as Whittington became one of the richest men of his day, it may be said that he was not often idle. When his apprenticeship was finished he worked, a free man, earning his wages, at the same trade, saving money



where he could and doubtless venturing some of it towards the expenses of a ship—perhaps a Norwegian ‘catte’—to buy silks and cloths from the Flemish weavers and bring them to the port of London. And so in a few years he collected enough money to marry the daughter of the mercer with whom he had served his apprenticeship, and to have his own shop and stall in Cheap, hiring a journeyman and an apprentice to help him.

Whittington then became a member of the Mercers’ Company, for if he had attempted to trade within the City boundaries without their approval he would have been taken to the Guildhall before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and heavily fined. The Mercers had their Hall in Cheapside (where one of its successors stands to-day), and here, under the guidance of the Master of the Company, they met regularly to make laws for the betterment and fair dealing of traders, preventing the sale of bad goods, the enticing away of skilled workmen, and the interference of strangers who were not recognised by the Company. Both within the Company and without, Whittington soon became known as a man of honour as well as a mercer of growing wealth, and his fellow-citizens elected him, first, in 1393, a Sheriff of the City, and four years later, just before the death of King Richard II., Lord Mayor of London.

At that time, it was necessary for a prominent citizen to be known at Court and held in good favour. If he wished to buy land within the City, or to organize an expedition of ships to trade with foreign lands, he had first to obtain the King’s Charter or permission, and for this he needed a friend among the courtiers. Whittington had as his ‘special lord and promoter’ Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the King’s uncle, who saw to it that Richard II. regarded him with favour. Yet when Richard was deposed and Henry IV. took the throne, Whittington remained a favourite at Court, and no one doubted his allegiance to the new monarch, for he served Henry in the way easiest to himself and most necessary to the King: he lent large sums of money to the Royal Treasury.

By that time he no longer lived in Cheap, but had a house, probably a large building of stone prominent among smaller buildings of wood, in the district of Paternoster Royal, close to the modern Queen Street, and half-way between his shop in Cheap and the Thames wharves to which his ships sailed from Flanders. Here, with Dame Alice his wife, he lived and entertained his friends, among them Sir John Coventry, another mercer who afterwards became Lord Mayor, and Jenkin Carpenter, Town Clerk of London, and master of St. Anthony’s Almshouses and College.

In 1406, Whittington was again Lord Mayor of London, and in this year the City was ravaged by a terrible plague, of which no less than thirty thousand people died. The streets were dark, narrow, and badly drained; refuse was thrown from the windows and left to rot in the roads, and it is not to be wondered at that plagues were frequent and severe. There was no recognised method of dealing with them, but it was the duty of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, with the aid of the Common Watch (or policemen) and such honest citizens as they could impress, to see to the burying of the dead, the destroying here and there of badly infested houses, and the maintenance as far as possible of order among a panic-stricken people. This Whittington did with some success, although the end of the

pestilence was due more to exhaustion than to any act of man.

Soon after this, Whittington, like many other prominent Londoners of his day, set aside some of his wealth for the improvement of the City. By building ‘standards’ or cisterns, and new pumps, he helped to maintain the supply of water, which had to be fetched in leaden pipes from the neighbouring village of Paddington. At the same time he put a petition before King Henry asking for a licence to build the church of St. Michael Paternoster Royal, and to found at the same place a college and also an almshouse called God’s House for thirteen poor men, of whom one was to be tutor and receive sixteen pence each week, while the other twelve had each fourteen pence a week, with other necessary provisions, a cabinet or chest with three locks, and a common seal.

When, in 1415, Henry V. made his claim to the throne of France and prepared an expedition to take it by force of arms, he had first to raise considerable sums of money, and for this he went to the wealthy merchants of the City. Some of these, cutlers and ironmongers by trade, gave weapons and armour for yeomen and men-at-arms, while others paid gold from their own coffers into the royal treasury. Whittington, who may by then have been the richest man in London, contributed an amount which in modern money would have equalled no less than a million and a quarter pounds, receiving in exchange bonds promising repayment when the campaign was finished.

Four years later, while Henry, the victor at Agincourt, was still fighting in Normandy, Whittington became for the third time Lord Mayor, and although he no longer held office eighteen months later, when Henry by the Treaty of Troyes had won his right to succeed to the French throne, and accordingly returned to England in triumph, it was he who, after the Lord Mayor’s official welcome, gave a dinner of state in honour of the conqueror and his bride, Katherine of France.

This banquet was held in the great hall of Whittington’s own house, and was set with all the richness that wealth could provide. Dishes of silver and gold held favourite meats, as well as pigeons, swans, and larks, and other delicacies, spiced and richly flavoured. Wine in jewelled goblets was served by men and boys in liveries of velvet, and while the guests sat at three broad tables, one for the King and Queen, one for nobles and knights, and one for commoners, minstrels in a gallery made music on harp and zither. Dame Alice attended the Queen, while Whittington stood by the King. It was no wonder that Henry, fresh as he was from all the magnificence of the French Court, marvelled at the splendour of his entertainment. Even the air was perfumed, and the great fire that roared at the end of the hall was fed with logs of cedar. King Henry spoke of his pleasure at finding such splendour in the capital of his kingdom, but Whittington, to show that his extravagance knew no limits, picked up the bonds that represented his own loan to the King, and cast them among the logs on the fire, making by that act a gift to his sovereign of a million and a quarter pounds.

It was at about this date, perhaps at this banquet, that Whittington knelt to receive the honour of knighthood. A year later, in 1421, he died. To three of his friends he left the task of spending his fortune, which by then must have been immense, for the good of the



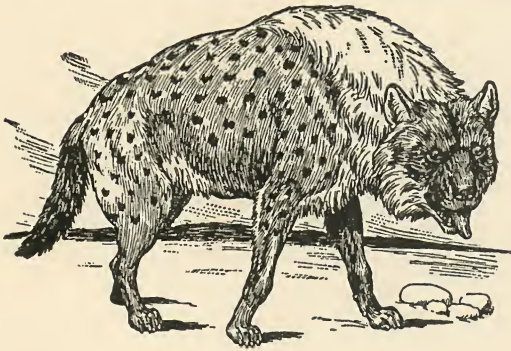
City. The library of the Greyfriars monastery was built and well furnished with books; the Guildhall, which was then being rebuilt, was paved and supplied with windows; Whittington College, with its almshouses, was completed and endowed; and the gate of the City known as Newgate, being badly out of repair, was rebuilt.

Whittington, making his own fortune and spending it well, a friend of kings yet always known as a citizen of honour, may well be called the model of the English merchant-princes.

### LAUGHING BIRDS.

**M**ANY birds have notes that are like the sounds which we make in laughing. The boisterous laughing note, Ha! ha! ha! of the giant Australian kingfisher or laughing jackass is often heard at the Zoo, and you can hardly listen to it without finding yourself laughing too.

Some years ago a showman got up a laughing contest at the White City between this bird and a laughing



The Laughing Hyæna.

hyæna. The jackass was judged to be the winner, for the hyæna, after laughing for about five minutes, could not be got by threats or persuasion to laugh again, whereas the jackass went on laughing heartily. It amused the onlookers much, and they laughed also when the hyæna stood on its hind legs, and twisted itself round and round and nodded its head, while the jackass seemed to be laughing at its queer antics.

Bushmen in Australia are awakened at daybreak by this bird's laugh-like note, and so regularly is it repeated at noon and sunset as to be styled the 'bushmen's clock.' Although a kingfisher, the bird does not fish like the one which haunts our streams. It is a land-feeder, and lives on snakes and mice, which it catches with great adroitness, and is therefore of great service to man.

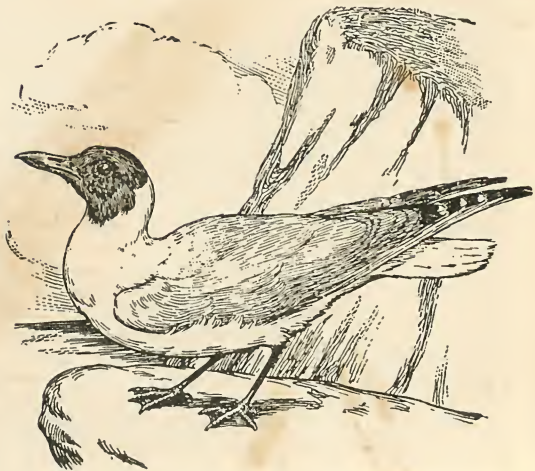
Its life in Australia is protected by law; anybody killing it may be fined ten pounds. It is much larger than our kingfisher, the colour of its plumage being mainly a dull olive-brown and pale blue-green; it does not display the brilliant tints of emerald, azure, and gold that make our small kingfisher so attractive. The bill is long and straight; the head and neck enormously disproportionate in size to the rest of its body.

In New Zealand there is a laughing owl, now almost extinct, and in India a laughing crow and laughing thrush, and in South America a laughing falcon.



The Laughing Jackass.

But let us see if among our wild birds at home there are any that have laughing notes. Yes, there are several. If we walk along the sea-shore we may perchance hear the harsh cry, not unlike a laugh, of the black-headed or laughing gull. It can be distinguished from the common gull by its red legs and feet; the black—or, rather, dark brown—plumage of the head and neck is not seen in the autumn. As soon as the winter begins to get severe on the Continent there come every year flying to our shores



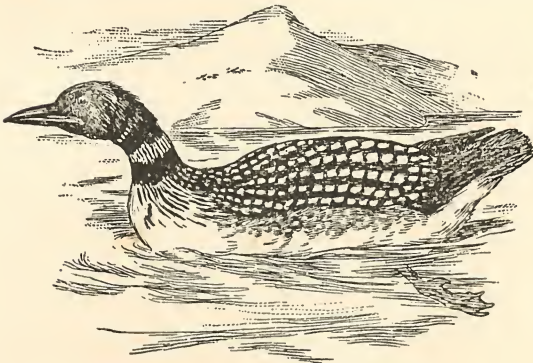
The Black-headed or Laughing Gull.



white-fronted or laughing geese, which can be known from other wild geese by large spaces on their foreheads of a pure white and their ludicrous cackle. Another winter visitor to our island is the great northern diver or loon. Its toes are webbed, its legs placed very far back, and its wings short, narrow, and pointed. The head is black, with tints of green and blue; the upper plumage also black, but spotted with white; the under either white or brownish-white according to the time of the year. This water-fowl has a very powerful voice and is a splendid diver. It utters two cries. One is a wild, long-drawn call—'Boo-boo-ooo'—like the howling of a wolf; the other resembles the laughter of a person who has gone crazy.

While paddling in a boat on a pond in America, a traveller relates, he came across a loon and pursued it. The creature dived again and again, remaining a long while under the water, and every time it came to the surface uttered its strange laugh as if in derision of his efforts to catch it, but occasionally when it had baulked him most successfully and come up a long way off, gave vent to a dismal howl, making the woods ring far and wide.

In some countries this startling cry of the loon is looked upon as a token of coming evil. During spring one sometimes hears in a wood the merry, shrill note of the green woodpecker, or 'laughing bird.' In Shropshire it bears the nickname of 'Laughing Betsy.' 'Yike! yike! yike!' it seems to say, and its note somewhat resembles a laugh. As it is a shy bird, it is more often heard than seen. It is about the size of a jay, the crown and back of its head being crimson, the face black, the upper plumage a bright grass-green, the under parts a greenish ash. One may often detect its presence near one by a drumming noise that it makes as it goes up trees and taps their trunks with its strong, long beak, to find out

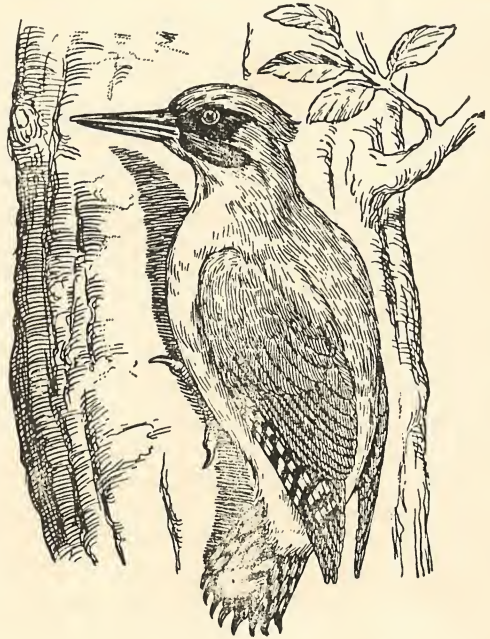


The Great Northern Diver or Loon.

whether the wood under the bark is sound, or decayed and infested with the insects on which it feeds. By some country folk its laughing note is thought to be louder before rain, hence it is now and then spoken of as the 'rain-bird' or 'rain-clock.'

Some parrots when kept as pets learn to imitate sounds of laughter. A naturalist tells of a parrot which when anybody said to it 'Laugh, Polly, laugh!' it would laugh, and then say, 'What a fool you are to make me laugh!' Of another parrot it has been avowed that it used to say, 'Put your finger in Polly's mouth, and Polly won't bite you!' If, however, an unsuspecting

person did what the bird bid him, it would give his finger a sharp nip and burst into peals of laughter. A funny account was once given by a bishop of a cockatoo that was perched on a stand near a lawn-tennis ground. In the course of a game, as the ground



The Green Woodpecker.

was slippery, several of the players fell, and there was much laughter. When the set was over and the players were talking together on one side of the court, 'Cocky' came down from his perch, walked on to the tennis-ground, and rolled over and over two or three times on the grass, and then, picking himself up, laughed loud and long in imitation of the players.

EDWARD KNIGHT.

#### HOW TO BE A WEATHER PROPHEET.

I EXPECT that many *Chatterbox* readers live in London and the Eastern counties, and, if so, during the war they were keenly interested in the weather, especially at the time of full moon. Never before was the weather studied as it is now. The poor old barometer was tapped twenty times a day, when formerly we were almost unaware that we had such an instrument hanging on our school walls or in our houses. In pre-war days almost every cloud was black; now, after having had to look at the weather closely during the war, we find that there are skies which we describe as natural grey, pale yellow, Indian gold, and so on, all of which, as we shall see, enable us to make a very fair forecast of the weather we may expect during the next twenty-four hours.

First, we will speak of the scientific instruments devised by clever men, which help us to prophesy fairly accurately about our weather. I do not intend to describe the construction of these instruments, for most boys and girls when they have reached your age know



quite well the principles on which the mercury and aneroid barometers are constructed. Rather will I make a few remarks on the scientific way to read the barometer.

Most people who possess weather-glasses believe that when the barometer stands high we are going to have fine weather, and when it is low the weather will be wet. This may be true generally, but in our fickle British climate there are many exceptions to the rule. Thus we often find that a rapid rise of the barometer is followed by very unsettled weather. The great point to remember is that approaching changes in the weather are shown less by the height of the barometer than *by the manner in which it falls and rises*. For example, a very rapid rise of the barometer invariably indicates unsettled weather, but when the movement is very steady, and in an upward direction, we are almost sure to have continued fine weather. Again, the barometer usually rises when the wind changes to the north or east, but we frequently have rough weather, with snow-storms, from these quarters.

It would be well for us to have a few simple directions for the correct reading of the barometer, and we cannot do better than give those compiled by Admiral Fitzroy as the result of long investigation of every kind of weather :

#### I.—A RISING BAROMETER.

(a) In wet weather, if the mercury rises high and remains high, expect continued fine weather in a day or two.

(b) In wet weather, if the mercury rises suddenly very high, the fine weather will not last long.

(c) In winter the rise of the barometer foretells frost.

(d) A rapid rise of the barometer indicates unsettled weather. A slow upward movement indicates settled weather.

(e) A steady rising barometer when continued shows very fine weather.

#### II.—A FALLING BAROMETER.

(a) In frosty weather the fall of the barometer denotes thaw.

(b) In very hot weather the fall of the mercury denotes thunder, or a very high wind.

(c) In wet weather, if the barometer falls, expect much wet.

(d) In fair weather, if the mercury falls and remains low, expect much wet and probably wind in two or three days.

(e) A sudden fall of the barometer with westerly winds is generally followed by a violent storm from N.W., N., or N.E.

(f) If a fall takes place and the thermometer is rising, you may expect much wind and rain from S. or S.W.

It will be noticed that the Admiral confines his remarks to the mercury barometer, but the same directions apply to the aneroid barometer. This is a more recent invention, and consists of a system of wheels and levers connected with an indicator which moves over a graduated scale. The cylindrical metal box containing the mechanism contracts when the air pressure increases, and expands slightly when the pressure is decreased, the pointer, meanwhile, showing this on the dial.

We will now turn to Nature's weather signals. These

are believed in whole-heartedly by country folk, who spurn the use of weather-glasses, unless it be the 'old-man-and-woman' barometer seen in many country cottages. Long experience has taught them to read the signs of sky, wind, clouds, plants, and animals, and they are, as a rule, remarkably accurate in their forecasts. It is well that such is the case, for much depends on their prophecies. In treacherous March, during the lambing season, the shepherd has frequently to remove his fold to a sheltered corner of the field when a violent storm comes, and he is anxious to know when rough weather may be expected, so that he may be prepared for it. It also helps the farmer during hay and corn harvest to know what weather to expect.

You know the old saying: 'A red sky at night is the shepherd's delight; a red sky in the morning is the shepherd's warning.' A rosy sunset invariably predicts good weather; a mackerel sky, wind or rain; an Indian red, rain; a natural grey sky in the evening, good weather; the same tint in the morning, bad weather; a greenish tint, wind and rain.

Flowers, such as those of the daisy family, dandelion, scabious, herb-robert, and shepherd's purse, indicate approaching wet weather by folding up their petals. The flower particularly sensitive to weather changes is the scarlet pimpernel, often called the 'poor man's weather-glass.' Very often it closes up its little scarlet petals when the sun is shining brightly, but it rarely fails as a weather prophet.

We will conclude by quoting a poem on signs of rain by Edmund Jenner, and I would advise you to study the poem very carefully, for every line of it is the result of long and careful observation :

'The hollow winds begin to blow,  
The clouds look black, the glass is low,  
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,  
The spiders from their cobwebs peep;  
Last night the sun went pale to bed,  
The moon in halos hid her head;  
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,  
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.  
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,  
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.  
Hark, how the chairs and tables crack!  
Old Betty's joints are on the rack:  
Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,  
The distant hills are seeming nigh.  
How restless are the snorting swine,  
The busy flies disturb the kine:  
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;  
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;  
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,  
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.  
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,  
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.  
The glow-worms, numerous and bright,  
Illumed the dewy dell last night.  
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,  
Hopping and crawling o'er the green;  
The whirling wind the dust obeys,  
And in the rapid eddy plays;  
The frog has changed his yellow vest,  
And in a russet coat is dressed.  
Though June, the air is cold and still,  
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.  
My dog, so altered in his taste,  
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast;



And see yon rooks how odd their flight,  
They imitate the gliding kite,  
And seem precipitate to fall,  
As if they felt the piercing ball.  
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow  
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.'

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 123.)

THE mention of interiors led Vic to state his own inclinations in that direction.

'Have you been to Volendam?' inquired the Kunst-kooper. 'Ach! you must see Volendam for interiors—Prachtig! Not but what there are some in Edam as good. Herr Poster prefers them, they are not so overdone. You shall see my Volendam interior, yes, you shall see it—fitted up in the bakery, as good as anything in Volendam: real old Dutch tiles, oak chest table, Friesland clock, everything, and a proper north light to paint by, too—Prachtig! moo! Would you like to paint it?'

Vic said there was nothing he should like so much if Myrheer had no objection. The Kunst-kooper tapped him on the shoulder in a gentle, friendly way, drew himself back with his head on one side to watch the effect of his words. 'It is for the artists—everything in the house is for the artists. This is the Kunst-haven. Ha! ha! ha!'

Betje had brought a book, and sidling her chair up to Phil's, urged him to teach her English; in this study both master and pupil were behaving in a most unscholarly manner, Betje's pronunciation of English, and shrieks of laughter, rose to such a pitch that the Kunst-kooper had to elevate his voice to a corresponding level, and Herman for once had the advantage of his defect. He finished his meal and betook himself with his empty plate to the bakery at the back, from whence issued, after an interval, strange sounds—groaning, wheezing, and long-drawn-out. The explanation was that in spite of his deafness Herman was musical. It seemed that he was not absolutely deaf, but could distinguish the ghosts of sounds: his delight in leisure moments was an accordion, and he would sit for hours doubled up on a low stool with his ear almost touching the instrument, pumping and gasping out a tune greatly to his own enjoyment. How much he could hear no one was able to judge; he would work vigorously at the accordion to get the utmost out of it—probably it was to him like sweet, far-away sounds at night across the water.

Presently there was a diversion: neighbours came in—Mevrouw and Schipper Slot—and there was a stir of greeting, hand-shaking, and introduction. Moe, who had sat purring and smiling on all throughout the evening, now retired with Mevrouw to the far end of the room, and they sat facing each other, nodding and exchanging remarks. The remarks came mainly from Mevrouw Slot, Moe's contribution being small; for Mevrouw, be it known, came of a rather high family. Moe was a little afraid of her, and, in truth, disliked her a little. Mevrouw was the daughter of one of the largest cheese factors in Edam; it is true she had married beneath her, but what one has been imparts a certain dignity and must not be lost sight of. This lady, who was dressed in black, was stout and heavy of

countenance. She wore a Dutch cap adorned with gold bangles; on it was perched a black bonnet, rising to a great height, decorated with tendrils of beadwork, which, every time she made an assertion, nodded approval. The conversation seemed to relate to neighbours—or, rather, some particular neighbour well known to both—but could not be heard distinctly, for the Kunst-kooper made such a clatter.

'She has gone at last,' said Mevrouw.

'So?' replied Moe, in a surprised, inquiring tone.

'And never said a word to me about it.'

'So,' repeated Moe, in a sympathetic voice.

'And her pretending to so much.'

'So, so,' responded Moe, with mild indignation.

'The least she could have done was to have consulted me.'

'So, so,' said Moe again, with decision.

'It's to be hoped she may never have cause to regret it.'

'So,' murmured Moe, plaintively.

The Kunst-kooper burst into a peal of laughter, loud and derisive, and nothing further could be heard. 'You're making your fortune, my good man!' he cried.

Schipper Slot had been grumbling at the state of trade, and maintained that if things continued as they were he was little better than ruined. 'What with the refugees and the English blockade, it's about the end of things, Klomp,' he moaned.

Now, Schipper Slot was stout, like his good lady, had a round, rosy face with a fringe of whiskers, his eyes stood out with fatness, and every line of his waistcoat bespoke plenty; he was the owner of the house he occupied and half those in the same street. His vessel, which generally plied between Edam and Zaandam, but was now making longer trips, was his own property, never without a freight, and in these war times much in request and doing a flourishing trade. Yet, in spite of all, it was the dark side of things that always appealed to him.

'You may talk about freights and the prices of export goods—that's all very well; but if you try to make a few extra gulden to meet increased expenses they call it smuggling, and there's restrictions on every mortal thing you handle. It's about the end, Klomp. Look at this horrid War—the Germans carrying it all over Europe. Mark my words, friend Klomp, they'll treat us as they've treated Belgium. Don't they want our seaports? Don't they want Rotterdam and Amsterdam? Don't they want the Scheldt now they've got Antwerp? You mark my words, it's about the end!'

The Kunst-kooper was now very serious. He gripped the lapels of his coat and frowned. 'The world has been through many great troubles before,' he said, 'and it has come out of them, and our little country has had its share. What about the French wars all over Europe? and what about the Spanish in Sixteen Hundred, when we won our liberty? Where's your history, Slot?'

'Yes, indeed,' retorted the Schipper. 'What about the French wars? What about Bonaparte? Didn't he do what he liked with Holland? Didn't he put his—'

'No more politics!' shouted Betje, thumping the table. 'It's closing-time! It's always closing-time when they begin politics,' she explained to Phil.

So the party broke up to the sound of the Dutch National Anthem from Herman in the bakery.

(Continued on page 143.)





"Betje had brought a book, and urged Phil to teach her English."





“‘You clumsy boy! why don’t you look where you are going?’”



## THE GOLDEN COACH.

TOM put a hand in his knickers pocket and squeezed the hard knob tied at the corner of his handkerchief, the while flattening his freckled nose against the plate-glass window of the stationer's in South Street.

On a little glass shelf in front of some round china pots, with the City coat-of-arms stamped on each fat side, stood that most wonderful golden coach with its pink-glass windows.

Tom had always looked upon it as a Tom Thumb coach, but he was sure even that small person would have found a difficulty in tucking away his short legs inside.

The hard knob in his handkerchief represented the careful savings of six weeks. He wanted just one more penny, and then he could walk into the shop and ask for the golden coach, and plank down on the counter twelve pennies in payment for it. He did so wish he could get that other penny from somewhere *now*, for to-morrow was his Granny's birthday, and he had looked forward to being able to give her that lovely golden coach tape measure for his present. She wanted a new tape measure, and, after he had seen this one marked up at one shilling, he had made up his mind to save up and get it in time for her birthday.

Just at that moment some one jogged his elbow so quickly that, if Tom's freckled nose had not gone very flat, it would certainly have poked through the window.

'Hullo, Tom! staring at that old brass-tin coach affair again? I should reckon if you stare much more it'll drive out of the window into your pocket,' and turning round Tom saw Geoff Steevens smiling at him.

Now Geoff was very fond of Tom, although, of course, he didn't tell him so, but he showed it in different ways; for Tom had always been a jolly good friend to him ever since he came to live near him in Grove Street.

'D'ye know how much more I want to get it, Geoff?' said Tom eagerly. 'A penny, that's all! I hope no one goes in to buy it before I can go in.'

'Oh, I guess they'd have another inside the shop. Perhaps dozens more,' said Geoff stoutly. 'They wouldn't want a whole row of coaches in the window. Besides, there isn't room for more than one on that shelf along with those great fat pots.'

'My goodness!' returned Tom. 'If I kept that shop and did have dozens of those coaches, I'd put 'em all on that shelf instead of the pots. Wouldn't you, Geoff?'

'P'raps I should,' said Geoff, wondering really how he could help Tom to get that remaining penny. It would be splendid if he could only manage to help him to-day, and see him go in and buy that coach he'd stared at for so long.

They marched off down the street together, Geoff still wondering, while Tom, not noticing his silence, chattered on about his Granny's birthday and what she would say when she could unwind a fine, long, new pink tape measure from the front seat of that beautiful golden coach.

And after Tom left him to go home to his dinner, Geoff, still puzzling over what he might do to get that other penny for Tom, went quickly round the corner, and nearly bumped into an old lady carrying a big bag in one hand and a pink geranium plant under her arm. The worst of it was that she almost dropped the plant, and looked very crossly at Geoff.

'You clumsy boy,' she said, 'why don't you look where you're going?'

'I'm very sorry, ma'am,' he muttered. Then suddenly, and very eagerly: 'Shall I carry your bag for you? It looks heavy, and—and I could help carry it. I'm very strong,' he added.

'Thank you,' replied the old lady, 'I haven't much farther to go; but I shall be glad to accept your kind offer.'

So Geoff walked back with her, and when he handed her the bag (which certainly was very heavy), she said, 'I am very much obliged to you, my boy; thank you.'

And Geoff raised his cap, and then turned and ran hard until he reached the corner of the street again.

'I thought I might have earned a penny that way—but I'm glad she didn't give me one,' he muttered. 'I'm jolly glad I carried her bag.'

Round the corner a hurdy-gurdy was merrily grinding out a jolly tune, and somebody from a house at the side threw two pennies out of the downstairs window, which jingled on to the pavement near Geoff's feet. He picked up the coppers and handed them to the organ-grinder, who nodded her thanks and smiled at him with a flash of white teeth in her brown face, framed in the scarlet handkerchief tied round beneath her chin.

'I could have kept a penny,' thought Geoff, 'but it would have been jolly beastly of me if I had. It's funny how easy money looks to go to some people, and I only want a penny to help Tom with that gold coach he's so cracked on buying for his Granny.'

(Concluded on page 151.)

## THE MAKING OF A BISCUIT.

NOTHING is easier to eat than a biscuit, yet the making of this toothsome morsel is a complicated and highly specialised affair. Few people are aware that an analytical chemist and a laboratory form an essential part of a modern biscuit factory. As a nation we rank an easy first in this industry, with numerous large firms whose names are familiar from China to Peru.

In order to understand the magnitude of this remarkable industry, one must pay a visit to a factory, and a typical one to take is Messrs. Peak, Frean's, of Bermondsey, sometimes known as 'Biscuit Town.' Their factory occupies five and a half acres, with buildings seven stories high, employing some three thousand men, women, boys, and girls. It should be stated that, while biscuits as known at the present day are, comparatively speaking, a modern industry, the particular delicacy represented by this name is of ancient date.

The origin of the term 'biscuit' is open to discussion, many contrary views being given as to when it was first used. But we can assume that the historian Gibbon is correct in referring it to the practice of twice baking bread in a special manner when required for long sea journeys, or for caravan travelling in the olden days, or for military campaigns. Previous to 1830 biscuits were entirely handmade, expensive to buy, and regarded as a luxury. Since then, the introduction of machinery highly specialised for every process has popularised the biscuit and made it so greatly sought after, that the estimated output for this country alone is given as one hundred million biscuits daily!

To describe accurately the birth of a biscuit, it is necessary to start at the very earliest process and follow its romantic career right up to the time it finally leaves



Bermondsey for home or foreign consumption. Machinery does everything that in the days of our grandfathers was performed by hand. The processes of manufacture are, in order of time, mixing flour and other ingredients into dough, rolling it out, cutting it into shapes and baking it. The machinery at the works of Messrs. Peak, Frenn is efficient, yet simple of construction; and here let it be observed that in no other industry have so few changes been introduced as in the making of biscuits. For example, machines in use thirty years ago are to-day doing as good work as when first introduced.

The dry store-room, containing eggs, cocoanuts, almonds, sultanas, currants, &c., is the starting-point in the life-story of the biscuit, and, as indicating the vast quantities of raw material used, it may be mentioned that in the course of a year some hundreds of tons of eggs alone are used. Each egg when broken is carefully examined, care being taken that only those that are fresh and wholesome are passed for use; one stale and musty egg might spoil a whole mixing of biscuit material. Then, the resident analytical chemist examines every delivery of milk, and so on for all the other raw material.

Before proceeding to the mixing-room let us briefly say a word as to the flour. It is received in the usual way from the miller, and carefully 'redressed' before being used for biscuit-making, but previous to this the blending of different flours according to requirements is done. Then the redressed and blended flour, each process performed by a cylindrical machine, is taken to the mixing-room to be made into dough.

It goes without saying that the next stage is one of supreme importance, for on the nature of the 'mixture' depends the type of biscuit. In this department the ingredients of the varieties of biscuit are weighed, measured, and mixed. Without going into too technical details, it may be briefly stated that all flour, sugar, eggs, and other ingredients are filled into large hoppers capable of holding two bags of flour, besides the other ingredients. Then, when the hopper is full, the contents are mechanically shot down into what are known as 'drum mixers,' situated in the room below, where the liquid ingredients, such as milk or water, are added.

The machine-room and bakehouse to which we now wend our way is situated on the ground floor of the factory, and is by far the most important department, for here the actual manufacture is done. Hitherto we have merely described the elaborate preparations leading up to this stage. The dough, as received from the mixing-room, is put into a 'brake,' which is the technical term for the endless feet travelling between two rollers. On this brake the dough is rolled into a sheet of the desired thickness of the particular biscuit being made. Once the exact thickness is obtained, the dough continues its journey, along the endless travelling feet we have already described, to the cutting-machine. The latter is provided with cutters which stamp the shape of the biscuit out of the dough. The number of biscuits stamped out at one operation varies from six to eighty, according to size.

Nothing is wasted in biscuit-making, as will be evident when we mention that the 'scrap'—that portion of the dough between the cut biscuits—is taken back to the 'brake' and used again. As each cut and stamped biscuit passes the cutters, they marshal themselves into

regular rows on trays and are carried on travelling chains towards the huge ovens, fifty feet long and heated by gas manufactured in the works. The sugaring of biscuits is performed simultaneously with the cutting, a long rectangular box, which is mechanically shaken up and down, causing the sugar to fall through in a regular shower on to the dough passing under it.

Each variety of biscuit is made under similar conditions, though of course, in the case of some, the process is altered, as when no sugaring is added. Some kinds are not properly finished even when they leave the oven. Though all leave the oven thoroughly baked, and are conveyed by lifts to a drying floor above, certain varieties are passed on to deft-fingered girls, who, with hands that have become almost machine-like through long experience, put the icing, coloured sugars, and crinkled sweetmeat on the biscuits, also preserved fruits where a particular biscuit requires this toothsome centrepiece. But in general the biscuit is finished when it leaves the oven, the remaining stages being packing in tins or crates, as the case may be. One process carefully watched is the drying, in order that all unnecessary moisture may be got rid of.

Before turning to other aspects of 'Biscuit Town,' some additional matters are deserving of note in connection with the actual biscuit business. For example, Messrs. Peak, Frenn manufacture all the jam, jelly, and confectionery required for the different kinds of biscuit. They make their own packing-cases, the bulk of their tins, and, as showing the high pitch of organization, there is a separate loading-shaft for each of the great railways with London termini. In London their own vans make about forty-five deliveries a day. Here you can experience every temperature you wish, from the tropical heat of the oven-room to the Arctic frigidity of the cold-storage chamber. The working hours are ten a day, and on Friday, which is pay-day, the hands leave off at five, instead of six, and at noon on Saturday.

But 'Biscuit Town' would not be so famous in and outside of Bermondsey if what we have described was all it stood for. The firm is a model one in many respects, seeking to make the conditions of its employees the very best that is possible. For example, cricket and hockey clubs encourage healthy recreation; the clerks have a staff club; various social functions are held, all designed to bind together in a spirit of camaraderie the various units of this large concern. The firm is notable for long-service men and women. Some time ago a silver spoon was presented by the Chairman of the Company to every one who had served for over twenty-five years, and the number of recipients was two hundred and sixty-nine men and thirty-one women. A sick club, free doctor and dentistry, an optician who prescribes once a week free of charge, are all useful social factors making for the betterment of the workers condition.

The men are divided into sections for fire-drill, and on the occasion of the writer's visit a practice call was sounded, and in a few minutes each man in the various sections of the vast building was at his allotted post, while the corps of Boy Scouts, enrolled from the junior employees, was already formed up in line, ready to obey the call of duty.

Cleanliness is the order of the day, and it would be difficult to find a factory where this adjunct to godliness is better observed, not only in the actual manufacture of the biscuit, but among the thousands of employees.





A Picture Puzzle.—The Fox and the Goose: find the Goose.

A fine up-to-date laundry is kept busy washing and drying the overalls of the girl workers, who number over a thousand; and notices with regard to health and cleanliness are posted throughout the factory. Truly a town within a town is this busy hive in Bermondsey, where two hundred and fifty varieties of biscuit are made.

GEORGE A. LEASK.

### BURIED CITIES.

BY A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

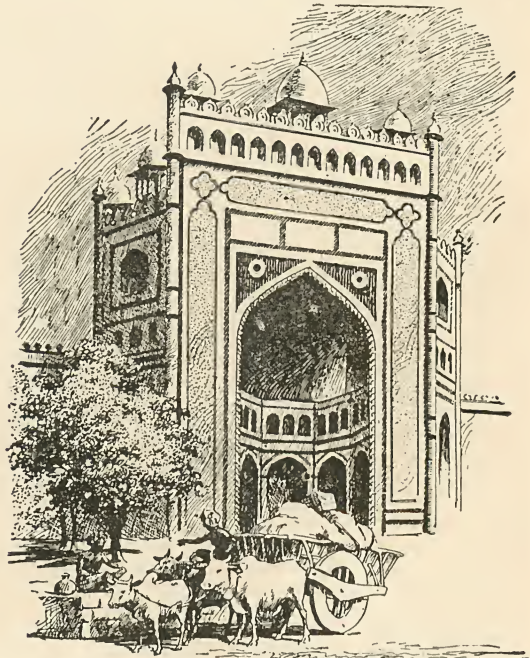
V.—INDIA AND CEYLON.

THERE are two cities in India which can hardly be called buried cities, although they are certainly dead, for no people live now in the houses and stately palaces, no smoke rises at evening-time from the cold hearth-stones, and no sounds of voices or laughter or footsteps are heard in the empty streets.

These strange cities are Futtipur Sikri and Ambar, and they they did not die violent deaths like Pompeii, Nineveh, or ruined Carthage, but were deserted when at the height of their grandeur and allowed to fall gradually into decay.

The story of how Futtipur Sikri came to be left desolate seems almost like a fairy tale, and it carries us back more than three hundred years to India's Golden Age, when the great monarch, Akbar Khan, ruled over the Mogul Empire and was famed throughout the world for his wisdom, wealth, and power.

Akbar, indeed, in true fairy-story fashion, had everything that the heart of man could desire, except one thing, and that was a son to inherit his riches and dominions, and at last he and his queen decided to make



The Great Gateway  
Balad Darwaza  
Futtipur.





Central  
Column  
in the  
Diwan-i-khas  
Futtipur

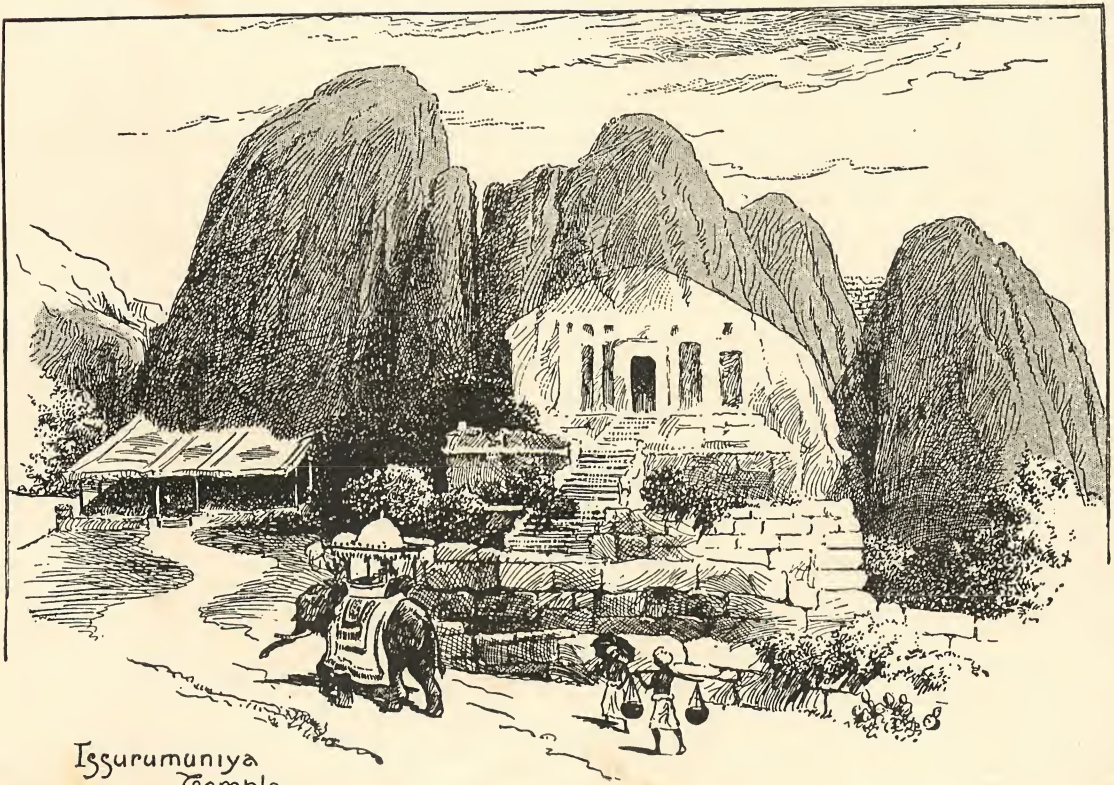
a pilgrimage on foot to a distant shrine where a Mohammedan saint was buried. This was done, and, as the king prayed at night before the tomb, the saint appeared to him in a vision and commanded him to retrace his steps and ask a holy hermit who lived on the great rock of Sikri to pray that his wish might be granted. The king obeyed, the prayers of the holy man were answered, and when at last the long-desired son was born, Akbar determined to build himself a new capital at Sikri as a thank-offering.

The work was begun at once, and it was a beautiful and stately city that rose there as if by magic upon the sandstone rock, with battlemented walls, great gateways, paved streets, palaces, and mosques which were unrivalled even in those Renaissance days of the gorgeous East.

But the glory and prosperity of Futtipur Sikri were not to last long, for the hermit became dissatisfied, and, going to the palace, he declared that his peace was disturbed by the noise and traffic of the crowded streets and his meditations interrupted by the pilgrims who thronged to the new shrines.

Either he or the king must leave Futtipur, that was his decree; and Akbar obeyed, for those were superstitious days, and the monarch feared that the blessing of Heaven might be withdrawn if he dared to disregard the wishes of this arrogant priest.

So Agra was built and Futtipur was deserted, and deserted it still is after three hundred years—a dream



Issurumuniya  
Temple.  
Anuradhapura.



city, gleaming in the sunshine, and rose red as the high red rock on which it stands.

We enter the city by the great arched gateway, where may still be seen the recessed stone seats where once the sentries kept guard, and then go up the street, on either side of which are the mounds which show where the mud-built houses of the poorer inhabitants once stood. These have long ago fallen into ruins, but another gate and a flight of stone steps takes us to the summit of the hill, and there we see the royal mosque, the strange tomb where the king's favourite elephants were buried, the inlaid marble pavement where games of chess with living pieces were played, the hide-and-seek palace, and the audience chamber where Akbar ruled from his ivory throne.

It is truly a wonderful place, this dead city of the East, and so perfectly have the sculptured reliefs and delicate marble traceries been preserved in the dry Indian air, that it seems almost as if it were not really a dead city at all, but only asleep under the power of some magic spell, and waiting for the king and his people to return once more to their old homes.

Now the only visitors to Futtipur Sikri are the tourists, the antiquarians, and the pilgrims, who still throng to the tomb of the domineering priest; but the city is full of memories, and we can almost see Akbar riding his gorgeously-caparisoned elephant through the tall gateways, his bowing courtiers and soldiers, and Mariam Begum, the Christian queen, an alien pathetic figure, kept prisoner in the royal palace, where the faded Annunciation picture can even now be seen on the crumbling plaster wall.

Another lifeless and empty city is Ambar, once the capital of Rajputana, which was abandoned far back in the Middle Ages, and is as beautiful as Futtipur itself, when we catch sight of it, lifted high on a steep, ravined hill, and with the rugged rocks and wonderful ruined buildings, reflected in a clear, blue lake below.

Here too, as in Akbar's deserted town, may be seen palaces and mosques, domes and minarets, marble baths and stately gateways; and there are massive walls and battlements, for the Rajputs have always been a warlike race, and the fortress capital had to stand against many enemies.

The royal palace at Ambar must have been one of the most magnificent in the East, and many elaborate sculptures and mosaics still remain to show us what it was like in those bygone days. Among the most beautiful of the buildings are the white marble Audience Chamber, the Hall of Victory, decorated with arabesques of fruit and flowers, and the Alcove of Light, in what was once the Zenana, where oval mirrors are surrounded with exquisite enamelled garlands of jessamine.

We must travel southward now, leaving behind the sleeping beauty cities of India, and visit Ceylon, where among the hills and jungles of the interior, lies Anuradhapura, the ancient capital of the island, which once upon a time, so it is said, was as large and as populous as the London of to-day.

It seems difficult to believe this now, when we see nothing but overgrown mounds and scattered ruins, but Anuradhapura belongs to historical times, and was founded about 450 B.C. by King Pandukabhaya, who consulted a fortune-teller as to a suitable site for the new city, and named it after the constellation. Anuradhapura.

The story of Ceylon is a strange and eventful one,

for the country was attacked by Tamil tribes from India, and in the ninth century these invaders won a great victory, and Anuradhapura was pillaged and laid waste.

The Cingalese, however, regained possession of their city, but gradually the Tamils became firmly established in the country; and although there were many bitter conflicts between the two races, peace came at last, and they settled down under one ruler.

Anuradhapura, however, never won back its old splendour and importance; and, after a time, the seat of government was moved to Polonnaruwa, and later Kandy became the capital, both the ancient cities being abandoned, and allowed to fall into ruins.

In old times Anuradhapura was not only the royal but also the holy city of Ceylon, for it was the stronghold of the Buddhist religion, boasting temples, monasteries, relics of the great teacher, and a sacred bo-tree grown from a bough of the tree under which Buddha himself was born.

The ancient bo-tree, which was planted one thousand two hundred and fifty years ago, may still be seen in Anuradhapura, and there are also many of the dagobas in which relics were enshrined. These dagobas are huge structures of masonry, dome-shaped, and raised upon massive platforms of brickwork. One of them, when complete, and surmounted with its g'ittering spire, was higher than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, but now, ruined and overgrown as they are, they look more like great natural mounds than buildings.

The walls of Anuradhapura have long since disappeared, but the ruins, sculptured stones, broken columns, marble tanks, and statues, which are scattered through the forest over a vast area, show us what its extent must have been. Old writers, too, have left descriptions of the city, and we read of numerous temples, palaces whose gold pinnacles glitter in the sun, triumphal arches, decorated with flags, lamps and flowers, spanning the sand-strewn streets, and motley crowds of soldiers, jugglers, dancers, priests in their yellow robes, and musicians playing on couch shells and other instruments.

It is strange to think of this scene, with all its noise and colour and brilliance, and then see the city as it is now, silent and deserted among the tropical jungle, where for many centuries it has lain hidden and almost forgotten.

### WISHING!

IF I was an elephant, even a child one, I'd have a whole jungle to play in;  
If I was a fish, I'd have whole pints of water to swim in, and spend the whole day in;  
If I was a bird, I could fly where I liked, and no person would call, 'Don't cross over!'  
If I was a butterfly, then I could choose if I'd fly near the daisies or clover;  
But, because I'm a boy—well, they won't let me step on the flower-beds over the border;  
And they won't let me walk on the road like a horse; but they just call me crossly to order;  
And they won't let me sleep in the garden at night. Oh, I'd love to be free like the fishes  
And the birds and the butterflies; but, though I've wished, not a fairy will answer my wishes!



## AT LAST.

O FAIRIES dear, although I never find you,  
I know you lurk in unexpected things;  
I often see the tracks you leave behind you  
In fairy rings.

O! fairies dear, some folks, I know, have found you  
In daffodils and honeysuckle swings;  
I feel that you are hovering around, you  
Shy, hidden things.

O! won't you help a little girl, who loves you,  
To hear, at least, the rustle of your wings?  
I've looked for you in all the fairy gloves, you  
Elusive things.

O! won't you tell me, dears, where you are lurking?  
Just whisper it—perhaps it isn't far  
From this, my garden plot, where I am working—  
Why! here you are!  
Lillian Holmes.

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 135.)

'PRACHTIG, mooi!' exclaimed Betje in admiration as she looked over Vic's shoulder at his sketch. 'There's the chest and the old clock and all the "dinges" on the tiles. You shall be a great painter, Fick, and I shall pose for you in Volendam costume—like this—tra-lal-lal-la. Papa says you have the face of an artist. Let me look at you.'

'Betje, you must not disturb Mynheer when he is at work,' said Moe, who was bustling around the large table of the bakery, but moving as quietly as a mouse.

'Mynheer has sat there two hours and has scarcely opened his lips—he will get lockjaw. Yes, you have the face of an artist; but you are not a bit like Herr Poster. He has a sticking-up moustache, and his hair sticks up too. He hops about and doesn't sit still a minute. First he looks at his picture with his head on this side, then he looks at it with his head on the other side, then he does a little daub at it and hops back as if a wasp were on his nose. Then he makes a tunnel of his hand, like this, and squints through it. Then he dashes at his picture as if he were going to bore a hole through it with his brush, like this, and changes his mind and puts a tiny little daub on it. Then he says something in German that sounds horrid. Then he turns his picture upside down and looks at it that way.'

Betje imitated Herr Poster's eccentric movements, and Vic had to join in the laugh.

'I've made him laugh, Moe, ha! ha! ha! You are too solemn, Fick—so grave—you will be an old, old man when you are twenty. Mynheer Winkelwater makes a great to-do when he paints. He sticks up his easel in the middle, so that you can't get to do anything, and wants two chairs to put his paint-box on, and slams all the doors; then he takes his coat off and does three scratches at his picture, and lights his pipe and marches into the street, and doesn't come back till dinner-time. Ha! ha! ha! Wat luk!'

Vic was sketching the Volendam interior constructed by Mynheer Klomp. It was built out at one corner of

the bakery, and was an exact imitation to the very stains on the walls of a Volendam dwelling-room, all the articles of furniture being the real thing. The folding doors, which when closed parted it off, were now open, and Vic sat in the bakery—a spacious kitchen containing a large oven for baking bread—whilst the preparations for dinner went on around him.

Phil was off on pleasure bent, but not without an eye to his own particular business. He swaggered up the middle of the street, and looked above and around as if the whole town belonged to him. The people amused him, especially the youngsters clomping about in their wooden shoes. They reminded him of his early days when quite a 'kiddie,' staying with his family at Dordrecht in South Holland: he had tried a pair and had 'come a cropper.' He leaned over the rail of a drawbridge, and looked at the oily surface of the water in the canal as a matter of form, dropping in a few stones. He watched with a patronising smile when a woman came out from a little house next the bridge and began working at the winch that opened it at the middle and slowly elevated its two portions, blocking the roadway and allowing a barge to creep lazily through, and when the woman took a long fishing-rod with a piece of line and little wooden shoe attached, and lowered it to receive the toll from the boatman beneath, at the same time making a shrill inquiry as to the state of his health, he whistled 'The Anchor's Weighed,' dropped another stone on to the deck of the barge as it passed through, then continued his way in the direction of the Haven.

He sat beneath the trees that ran along the Haven's banks, drew out Vic's map of Holland and spread it on the grass. He put his finger-nail on Edam and looked across the Zuider Zee to Groningen, and gave a prolonged whistle at noting the distance. He followed on the map the line of circuitous railway, shook his head doubtfully, and put the map away with a gloomy puckering of the brow. He was very thoughtful when he rose to go, but just at that moment a figure, which he seemed to recognise, hove in sight, bustling along as fast as short legs would allow, and carrying a basket on his arm. This individual jerked his arm aloft and waved a greeting as he sped on. It was Herman, the deaf son of the Kunst-kooper.

'Hi, stop a minute. Where are you going?' shouted Phil.

'Yes, splendid day. Prachtig, mooi!' said Herman, grinning like a mask.

'Where are you going?' repeated Phil at his loudest with his mouth close to Herman's ear.

'No, no, no,' was the reply, and Herman shook his head repeatedly, bent himself, and was convulsed with laughter as at some stupendous joke.

Phil tried again. 'Which is the way to Volendam?'

'Volendam,' repeated Herman, catching the name. 'I'm going to Volendam. Come on.'

Herman steamed on, chuckling and laughing and breathing hard. Phil made some remarks that failed, and then resorted to dumb-show, with sundry antics that suggested that the world was all before them, and that they were 'having a day of it,' that Britons never shall be slaves, and that on the whole 'life was worth living.' Herman heartily agreed, tapped his basket, which was a construction covered with American cloth, as if indicating that it contained untold wealth, and paused a moment to slap his knee with excess of enjoyment.

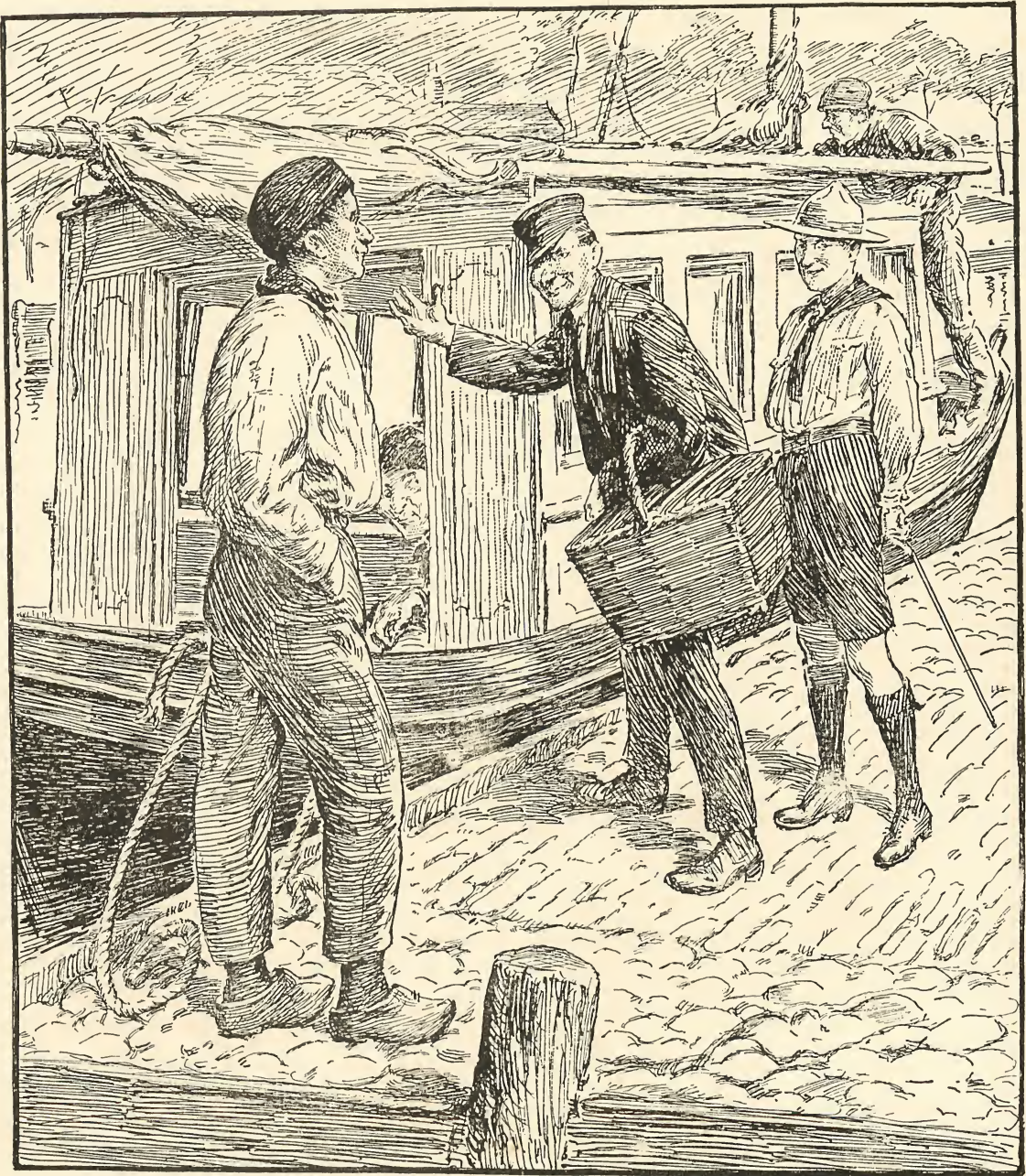
(Continued on page 146.)





“‘He makes a tunnel of his hands, like this, and squints through it.’”





"The time was up for the boat to start."



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 143.)

PRESENTLY Herman passed from under the trees and came to a little landing-stage beside the canal. Here an odd boat lay moored. In appearance it resembled a miniature house-boat. At the bow and stern were little decks for the boatmen, the house part in the middle had a row of small windows decked with red curtains, and on its roof lay the mast and sail not in use for the time being. This was the *Trekschuit* or draw-boat which plied between Edam and Volendam, a distance of about a mile and a half. When the wind was favourable a sail was used; when it was not, the boat was towed with a rope by a man from the towing-path. It appeared that the time was up for the boat to start, hence Herman's hurry. A man was at the bow with a long pole prepared to push her off, and the steersman on shore was giving a last look round for late passengers. With a familiar wave of the hand to this man, and a rattle of compliments between them, Herman hopped on board, ducked his head, and entered the cabin. Phil followed, and the boat began to move.

There were but two passengers in the *trekschuit*, a youth about Phil's age and a tall, gaunt Volendam fisherman, who wore a fur hat like an artilleryman's busby and required much room for his enormous breeches. He was grave of countenance, with large unfinished-looking features. He appeared to be suffering from toothache, for he had a large swelling in his cheek; but much to Phil's relief—for he had on two occasions been thus afflicted, and as the impressions were recent his sympathy was keen—he found that it was not so, the swelling was caused by a piece of tobacco about the size of a small pigeon's egg. The man plunged his hand into the capacious pocket of his breeches, which would have stored a week's rations, drew out a metal tobacco-box a foot long, and placed the unexhausted pellet in it for future use. Phil heaved a sigh and turned to the other passenger.

Herman had placed his mysterious basket very carefully on the seat, and was talking to the youth after his peculiar manner. Phil was informed that he was the son of Schipper Slot, whom he had met the previous evening. The youth was somewhat like his father, being fat, round-faced, and healthy-looking; but his mental outlook was very different; he had the easiest views of life imaginable, and was quite of the poet's opinion that all things come to him who waits. Waiting and whistling seemed to be his chief occupations; at the latter he was a wonder, he could trill and involve a tune in such a mesh of variations that the composer would never have recognised it, and could mix and harmonise incompatible airs as a chemist mixes drugs. He was good-tempered and not in the least shy, and there was no difficulty in making his acquaintance, for he met one more than half-way. His tastes were simple, he liked duck-shooting in the winter and angling in the summer. When Herman bantered him and made allusions to the 'busy bee,' he said, with a lazy shake of his head and pushing his hands deeper into his pockets, 'Not me, I don't work on Saturdays. The Schipper's unloading in the Haven; he's never content unless he's doing something. Ten to one he'll put it all back on Monday. There's plenty of time, we don't push off till

Tuesday.' This was addressed to Phil, for he did not seem equal to shouting a lengthy reply to Herman.

'Are you going to Zaandam?' inquired Phil.

'Expect so,' he replied. 'Trading backwards and forwards to Zaandam don't suit me. As soon as you leave Edam you're at Zaandam, and as soon as you leave Zaandam you're at Edam. It's all loading and unloading. I'm waiting to get a berth on a liner.'

He thought a liner would suit him, as there was not much work and there were plenty to do it.

'You're one of the English staying at Mynheer Klomp's. My father saw you there last night,' he said. 'My name's Piet Slot, you know. What are you going to do with yourself in Edam? Quiet place, isn't it? Rather different from London, I expect. They tell me there's as many people in London as in the whole of Holland—pretty thick, I should think. You speak Dutch almost like a Hollander.'

The boat lurched and bumped against the bank. 'Easy there!' he cried aloud; and, putting his head out of the window, shouted with more animation than Dick expected, 'Easy there, Dirk—you'll have the old tub over!' Herman put his arm out, and shook his fist fiercely.

Phil, who was never to be left out of anything, squeezed his head out above Piet's and yelled, 'Keep her off the rocks, you land-lubber!' partly in Dutch and partly in English, for what 'land-lubber' might be in Dutch he hadn't the faintest idea.

A head wind was blowing, so the sail had not been set. One man was on the path towing the boat with a long rope, a sort of halter being passed round his chest; his body was straining forward, and his hands were clasped at his back. The man in the bow with the long pole was supposed to keep the boat off the bank. Both retorted. The former bawled out something over his shoulder that was scarcely distinguishable, but was certainly not polite. Young Slot shouted that he had gone to sleep at the rope. Herman screeched that he had done it on purpose, that he had damaged the contents of his basket, and he would have the law of him. The man in the bow advised them to 'keep their hair on.' Phil spoke disrespectfully of the boat, and termed it 'Noah's Ark.' The man with the pole wittily reminded him 'that the beasts were inside.' And so it went on for ten minutes, with many personalities and much good-humour, till there was a lull as figures of speech became exhausted.

'Jolly hard work dragging this boat along,' said Phil, sobering down.

'Pretty fairish,' replied Piet Slot, comfortably.

'What do you say to getting out and giving him a hand?'

'Not me,' said Piet; 'I have enough of pulling ropes. Sides, I've got my shore-going clothes on.'

'Rather a lark!' said Phil. 'I'm going'; and he went out on the little deck at the stern, made a trumpet of his hands, and shouted, 'Hi, there! haul her in. I'm coming ashore,' and, watching his chance, he jumped into the flags on the bank. In a moment he had joined Dirk toiling at the rope. 'All hands!' he cried, and gripped it: Dirk looked over his shoulder and gave him a friendly grin.

Phil pulled away steadily for full five minutes; then he said, 'I say, Dirk, old man, let me have a turn by myself with the rope round me. I can manage it all right—I'm as strong as a horse; I've done something of the sort on the Thames in England.'



Dirk grinned a sardonic grin, and slipped the halter from his chest. Phil bent himself to the work, but found it different from towing a light rowing-boat on the Thames. The trekschuit was heavily built, and the breeze against which he pulled was strong; however, he stuck stoutly to it, and the boat came along bravely.

Dirk wiped the perspiration from his forehead, turned away from the wind to light a short clay pipe with about one inch of stem, which had been so long in use that its colour matched Dirk's face; then he grinned again, and trudged along contentedly with his eye on Phil ahead, whilst from the boat came an occasional shout of encouragement.

The small canal from Edam to Volendam is not like some in Holland, as straight as if ruled with a T square; it winds like a stream, and, in one place at least, turns a fairly sharp corner; the towing-path is rather high here and a fence runs right across it to keep cattle off, and the man who drags the trekschuit has to pass through a gate, lifting the rope over the fence. When Phil came to this corner he gave a smart tug to get a little way on the boat, and opened the gate, swinging the rope over the fence as he passed through; but the gate was awkward and so was Phil. The boat shot out into the stream instead of turning the corner, and Phil was dragged by the rope. Dirk dashed forward and made an effort to grip it, but seemed to make matters worse, for Phil rolled down the bank and plunged head-foremost into the water.

(Continued on page 159.)

## A RUSSIAN VILLAGE.

TO speak about country life to an English boy or girl—even to one who lives in a large town—is to call up a charming picture of cottages standing in the midst of flower gardens; of farms where the yards are full of golden wheat-ricks and gentle, soft-eyed cattle; of an old, grey, ivy-mantled church, and a stately mansion surrounded by a beautifully wooded park. What a change would such a child experience, could he, or she, be suddenly set down in the midst of a Russian village and allowed to roam about and inspect the strange place and people there. Here is a description of a Russian village as it would usually be in the days before the Revolution.

First, it would appear that villages in Russia are often very large, with a long street running through the middle, broad and ill-kept, full of dust in summer, of mud and slush, or snow, in winter-time.

The huts of the *mujiks*, or peasants, on either side of the street, have every one a large yard in front. Nothing is planted here; where an English cottager would have fine crops of vegetables, and borders of sweet-smelling blossoms, the poor Russian leaves his yard alone, till it is as dusty or muddy as the roadway beyond. But at the back of the hut will be found, in almost every case, a garden patch planted with cabbages.

These cabbages are grown in such vast quantities because the country people use them very largely to make soup: even those who are better off consume a great deal of cabbage, eating it along with the dried mushrooms of which they are also exceedingly fond. The villagers live on their soup, with black bread and buckwheat or maize porridge. They have none of the nice things of which we think, as likely to be enjoyed in

the country: no eggs, or milk, or bacon, or butter; nothing but perpetual cabbage-soup and porridge; and for drink, the *vodka*, or corn-brandy—of which many of them are a great deal too fond; and tea, with a slice of lemon in it, instead of cream and sugar.

If the huts are wretched without, a look inside one of them will soon show that within they are equally uncomfortable. A floor of beaten earth, a great flat-topped stove, a rough table and benches, and a little religious picture, called an *ikon*, against the wall in one corner of the room—this is all the curious observer can see. It is vain to look for a bedroom—there are no beds; the peasant and his family sleep on the top of the stove in cold weather, and lie on the floor, curled up in any convenient corner, when the nights are warm.

Though they have nothing which we should think needful to make slumber comfortable—no sheets, no blankets, no beds, no pillows—they are yet very fond of sleeping. The whole family will lie down for hours in the afternoon; and even when awake they are lazy and slow in their movements, strolling silently about, unless something occurs to excite them.

Men and women alike dress in long sheepskin coats; and women, as well as men, have high boots reaching to the knee.

But in this poverty-stricken village before the Revolution there were sure to be two large buildings: one, the country house of the nobleman to whom the whole place belonged; the other, the Church, to which the Russian peasant was willing to give, as long as he had a single coin left in his possession. Most likely the nobleman was a prince—there were so many princes in Russia—but his house, though not old, was often ruinous, and the master only came to live in the country because he had spent the fortune which once enabled him to make a figure in town. Perhaps there might be a splendid drawing-room, with gilded mirrors, but the rest of the rooms are mean and shabby, and rain and snow, and a host of rats, have had their way unchecked for years, so the roof lets in water, and the walls are crumbling and decayed.

The Church, on the contrary, is sure to be a rich and magnificent building. It is usually surmounted by a dome, painted sky-blue or bright green, and flanked by golden minarets. The interior is full of treasures; gold, silver, and precious stones glitter on every hand; for prince and peasant alike make offerings to the Church; and the poor *mujik* does not mind his poverty if only he can bring some worthy gift to the holy place.

A Russian village church is always open: the country people love to spend their time there, looking at the beautiful things around them, and perhaps getting some dim vision of a far-off heaven, which they hope will console them for the hardness of their lot on earth.

C. M. BLAKE.

## 'LANTERN CITY.'

LUCIAN, in his funny book, *A True Story*, tells how, after being released by the Sun-people (who had taken him as a prisoner of war), and then spending some days with his friends, the Moon-people, he and his companions again set off in their airship. By-and-by they came to a town called Lantern City. Here they landed. In this place they saw no men, women, or children, but only lanterns, which, however, could walk and talk. Many of the lanterns were small, and



their light was dim ; these were the poor folk. A few were very large and bright, and these were the rich people of the place. Each lantern had his own stand ; each, too, a name of his own, just as you and I have. Lucian and his party could not help feeling rather uncomfortable amongst these very odd folk. There was really nothing to be frightened about, for the Lanternites treated the strangers kindly, and even invited them to supper. Yet, somehow, the Greeks did not care to eat, drink, or sleep in Lantern City. It seemed to them uncanny, and no wonder !

The Government House stood in the middle of the town, and the Mayor was there all night. His duty it was to call by name each of the Lanternites. All had to appear before him, that he might see whether they were properly lighted and well trimmed. Any one who failed to present himself for inspection was condemned to die : that is, to be extinguished. He was looked upon as a deserter from the army.

Amongst the crowd at the Government House, Lucian recognised his own family's lantern, used in his home. He asked after his people, and the lantern replied that they were all well.

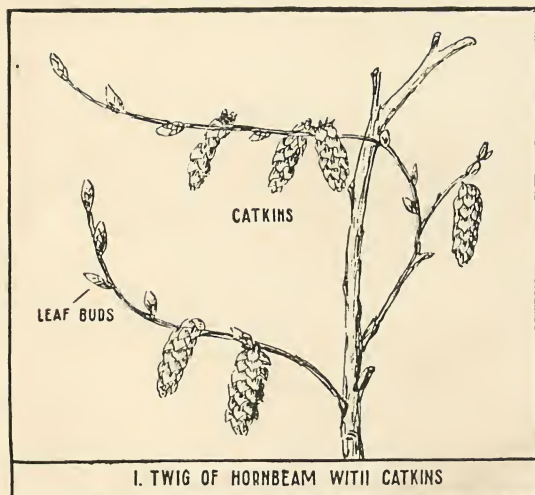
'That night,' says Lucian, 'we spent in Lantern City. The next morning we sailed away, and soon entered the Region of the Clouds, where we saw that famous place, Cloud-Cuckoo-Town.'

Don't you think that this is a most untrue story ?  
E. D.

## THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

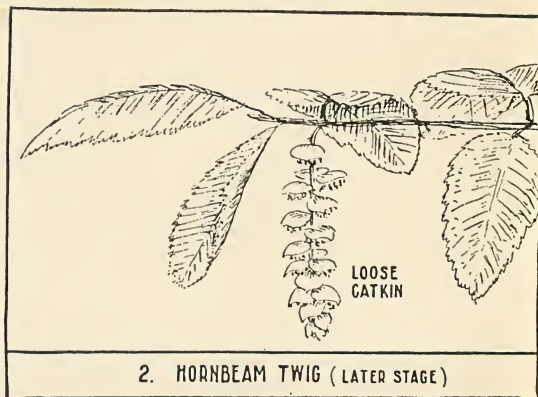
### V.—THE HORNBEAM.

AGAIN I am unable to show you a picture of a whole Hornbeam (*Carpinus Betulus*), because I could not find one except so closely surrounded by other trees that it has never had a chance to show its real shape. However, there are many features about the



tree which will, I am sure, make you able always to distinguish it from all other trees. It grows to a considerable height, and at all times has a rather strong likeness to the beech, so be careful not to get them mixed. But when once you have learned the differences and can remember them, you will never mix them again.

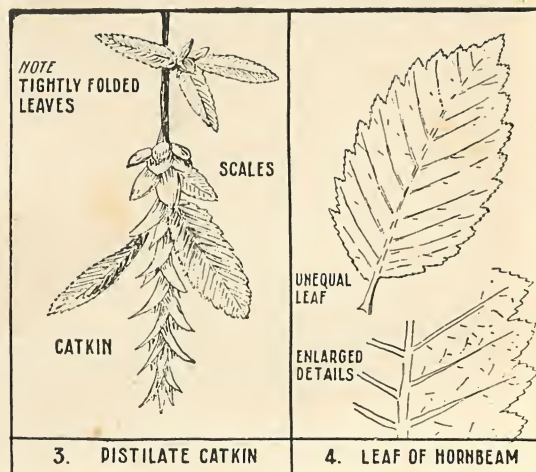
When the trees are bare, you must look for the form of the lower branches. These spread about in flat layers, as though they had been pressed flat. The twigs twist and bend about most queerly and yet retain their curious flatness. It is true the beech has rather flat branches, too, but then you will know this is not a beech because



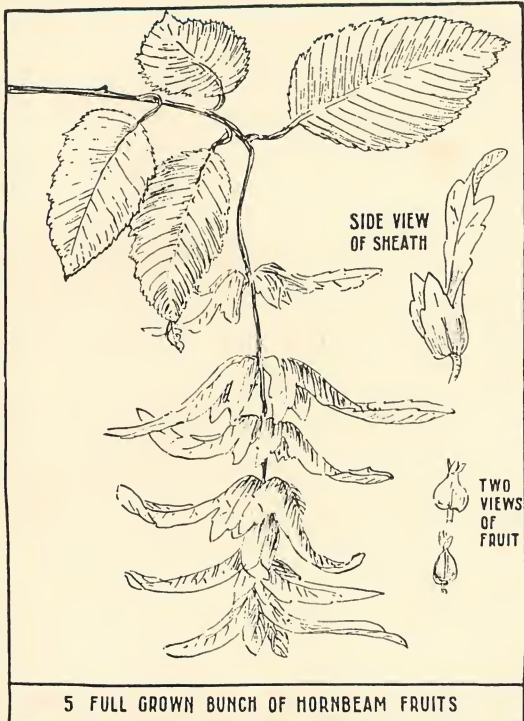
it has not the very long-pointed buds ; those of the Hornbeam are short, fat ones. There is nothing very distinctive about them at this stage, so I will not show them. There is another distinctive mark about the Hornbeam : the branches, if they touch one another in the course of their growth, will sometimes grow together—that is, unite into one stem.

The bark of the tree varies considerably ; it is sometimes smooth grey flecked with white, and at other times it is rather deeply fluted, or even has a plaited appearance. This is, of course, quite unlike the beech's bark, but its whiteness is suggestive of it. Then there is a curious feature about the 'bole' (another name for trunk). It is somewhat flattened on two sides ; this is, of course, mainly noticeable when the tree is cut down ; the section would not be round, but oval.

Before the leaves open (as is the case with many trees) the catkins appear, about April. In fig. 1, I show you a twig in this state. The catkins are looser than most when young, and are green and soft. They are composed of a number of very pointed, almost trian-







gular, pale green scales, which completely cover an indefinite number of stamens. These covers are a little shiny, and have a tint of pink about their tips. About the beginning of May they are fully grown, and are not more than three inches long. The covers spread out nearly horizontally, and the red anthers are then visible. Later these open and let fall a quantity of creamy yellow pollen. This stage I show in fig. 2.

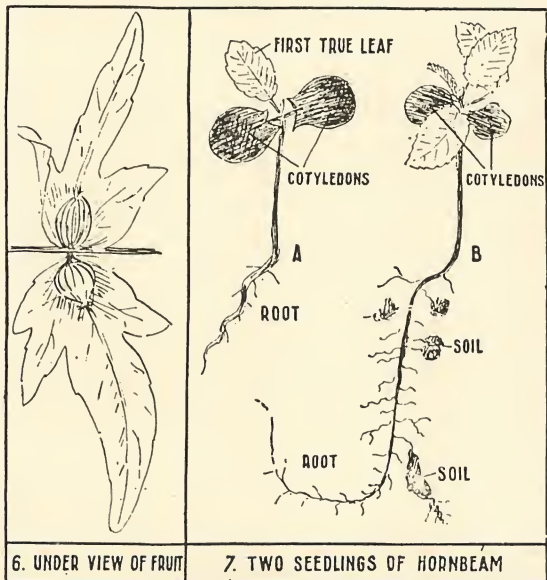
Now, the catkins with pistils appear on the same trees, and arrive a little later. Here in fig. 3 is one emerging from a young bud. This catkin, you will note, is composed of slender, pointed scales, and they are of light, dainty green, the red stigmas just peeping out from behind the scales. These catkins are smaller than the others at this stage, but as the season advances they attain a length of about five inches or more.

But let me first speak about the leaves. These are very like those of the beech, I must say. They are much the same shape, except that they are not, as a rule, quite equal at the base (fig. 4). The fan-like folding in the bud is like that of the beech, but the edges of the Hornbeam leaf are double-serrated (doubly cut), and the beech's are not. The folding of the leaf in the bud is well shown in fig. 3, and you can also observe the scales which composed the winter coat of the bud.

Now the pistillate catkins develop as shown in fig. 5. Here the scales are seen to have grown to be quite large structures. They are yellow, and they hang in opposite pairs, completely hiding the fruits, which they embrace and protect. In fig. 6, I show you a view which you get by looking up under the cluster; you observe the green, hard little fruit in each sheath. These sheaths become quite papery, and, in favourable circumstances, they help the seeds to remove themselves from their immediate birthplace, for the wind can carry them away.

Another reason for the confusion between the Hornbeam and the beech is that they both retain many of their leaves well into the winter.

Again I have been fortunate in finding some of the dearest little seedlings. In fig. 7, I show you two: A was only an inch and a half in length. This is a particularly good specimen, because it shows the two seed-leaves (the cotyledons, of which I have already spoken). These, you see, are very unlike the ordinary leaves. They are almost discs, but have two little points near the junction with the main stem. This specimen also shows the first ordinary leaf. At B, I give the other seedling; this has the two cotyledons and three ordinary leaves, also one tiny one still unfolded. The root, too, in this case is very interesting, for it shows the root hairs firmly fixed to tiny pieces of soil, from which they are busy extracting the food for the plant. This root I *washed*, but the grains of soil still held on. The whole seedling was four and a quarter inches from tip of top leaf to the



end of the root. Is he not a jolly little chap? I am ever so proud to have obtained such a perfect specimen.

The wood of the Hornbeam is very hard, and this hardness may have given it its name—hard, or 'horny,' and 'beam,' the use to which it is often put. There are many theories as to the origin of its name, but as far back as 1633, the date of the old *Herbal*, by John Gerard, the above idea seemed accepted. He says, 'In time it waxeth so hard that the toughness of it may be rather compared to horn than unto wood, and therefore it was called Hornbeam, or Hardbeam.' Mr. Step says, in his book on trees, '... others declare that in the days when bullocks were yoked to the plough the yoke was made of this wood, as being fitted by its toughness to stand the strain, and as it was attached to the horns, it became the horn-beam.'

Now for the marks for identification. They are (i.) the flat branches with fat buds (not long-pointed ones, as in the beech); (ii.) the two forms of catkins; (iii.) leaves with double serrations; and (iv.) very characteristic fruits in big sheaths.

E. M. BARLOW.



## THE FEAST THAT FAILED.

IT was Doris's idea, and it seemed an awfully exciting one. Dormitory feasts we had often had, they're allowed on certain nights; but what we had *never* had was an outdoor feast. Not an ordinary picnic, but a night picnic. It seemed an awfully good idea, too, and we all jumped at it.

'I say, Doris,' we said—we were all in our dormitory, going to bed—'however could we have one?'

'Well——!' said Doris; and then she began. It seemed that she was going to have a birthday, and she was sure to have lots of jolly food sent down to her: a cake, she said, for certain, and chocolates, and things. 'What's to hinder our eating them at a midnight feast?' she said. 'They'll be *my* things, you see, so I can do as I like with them!'

Of course we did see; but I suppose we *ought* to have remembered too that it *must* be against rules to go out into the garden at night. But we comforted ourselves by thinking that there was no real written rule against it; and we began to make our plans.

And when, next week, Doris's birthday and the hamper happened both together, we got so keen and excited about the feast that we didn't think of rules or anything else but the fun we were going to have that night. And then, when bedtime came, we didn't undress at all; we just skeddaddled into bed and lay there till Matron had put out the light, and after that we were ready, of course, and only had to wait till the clock struck twelve. It wasn't very easy to keep awake, but we all managed it, somehow; and then the fun began!

For our dormitory is on the first floor, and there wasn't much difficulty about getting out. There's a pear-tree outside the window, and it was easy enough to let down the hamper. Doris passed it down to me, because I had climbed down first. Then all the others came—there were six of us altogether; and then we raced away over the field to where the trees are, and there we thought we would begin.

None of us had been to a midnight picnic before, and so we had not realised, I suppose, that dew is very damp on a summer night. Anyhow, we had to stand about, we couldn't sit, and as we had not thought of putting on our top-coats, we felt dreadfully cold.

'Hurry up with the feast!' said Maisie, shivering; 'my teeth are chattering!'

'All right,' said Doris; 'ginger-beer will warm you,' and she opened the hamper.

And then, if you had believed it, we found that we had left the bottle-opener upstairs. You can't open ginger-beer bottles without one, and we *all* wanted to be warmed up by that time.

'We shall either have to break the bottle-necks against a tree and risk drinking glass, and perhaps losing half the ginger-pop!' said Doris, 'or else—some one must go back for the opener-thing!'

'All right; I will,' I said, for I was *very* anxious to begin the feast.

It didn't take long to get to the pear-tree; up I went to the window, and then—horror! it was shut and bolted tight! What on earth were we to do? Back I flew like a perfect arrow! 'It's—bolted! The window! We can't get back—not even when the feast's done!' I panted; and at that very instant a big drop of rain fell on my nose, and a peal of thunder began to roll not very far away!

Somehow, *nobody* wanted any feast after that; the ginger-beer was forgotten, and the cake and everything. We all raced across the field with the hamper.

'It can't be true!' said Maisie; 'oh, it *can't*!'

But it was; Doris climbed up to make sure. There wasn't any other window that we could get in at, either; and we didn't know what to do. By this time the rain was pelting, and we were getting drenched through and through.

'Shall we ring at the bell and confess?' said Maisie. 'Oh, we *can't*! And, if we *did*, no one would hear us, for they're all upstairs in bed!'

And then I had an idea. 'What about the bicycle-shed?' I said. 'Anyway, it's shelter, and we might go there. Of course, we'll be nearly dead of cold in a little while, but——'

How we hurried there, carrying the hamper, which we were beginning almost to *hate*! It was cold and wretched and miserable; but, 'Anyway, we're not out in the storm!' sighed Doris; 'and we'll creep in in the morning, and——'

And then suddenly, Prince, the school dog, began to bark. How he barked! Louder and louder; he seemed to think there were thieves about or something.

'Oh, I say, suppose there *are* robbers about!' said Maisie, clinging to my arm.

'You silly, it's *us* he's barking at!' said Doris; and so it was. And it didn't make it any better, but perhaps worse, because we simply *couldn't* go anywhere else, and so he went on barking, and growling, and barking!

And then suddenly, just when we were all feeling as though we'd like to weep for misery, we suddenly heard a window pushed up, and there came a voice: 'Is any one there?' said Miss Thorpe, our head mistress, who had evidently been awakened by the barking.

Well, we all felt so wretched and cold and wet that we simply couldn't wait another minute; we all came out together in a dripping line, carrying that horrible hamper. 'It's—us!' we said.

She came down at once, without a word, and let us in. But she didn't think much of us, I could tell that by the look in her eyes: they seemed to look us through and through. And when we had explained things—standing there with that odious hamper!—I believe she thought less of us still. Anyway, I have never felt so ashamed in my life as I did when she spoke to us at last. 'Matron shut the windows,' she said, 'for she knew that there would be heavy rain before morning; but—she never thought of looking into your beds before doing so. That, *surely*, should not be necessary.'

Oh, how small we felt! We followed her upstairs with that hamper, and we got into bed when we had dried ourselves. We each had a horrid hot drink that night, and at least half of us had bad colds next day: and as for what we felt like, we felt like worms!

'The feast was a failure,' said Doris next day, 'and I've given the hamper and everything to the boot-boy. I couldn't eat a scrap of it, if I wanted to. I don't know how *you* feel about it!'

But we all felt the same!

E. T.

## THE STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

IF you were asked to name the strongest animal, how would you reply? Would you say that the elephant, or the tiger, or the horse, or the ox was the strongest animal in the world? Well, all these are



certainly very strong animals, but, *in proportion to their size and weight*, insects are stronger than nearly all large animals, and very much stronger than men.

A man who can drag or carry a load of three or four times his own weight is considered strong, but a beetle can walk with five hundred times its own weight!

A man put into a wooden box, with things five times his own weight on the top of it, would never be able to get out by himself; but naturalists tell us that to keep a stag-beetle prisoner in the same way, you would have to pile on the top of the box at least eighteen hundred times its own weight.

So you see how wonderfully strong insects must be!

### THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

THERE'S a scamper in the passage,  
There is laughter in the hall,  
To the play-room they're all racing—  
Laughing, chatt'ring—one and all!  
Outside joys are all forgotten  
For a little while to-night—  
'Is it true?' 'It is! How jolly!'  
'Doesn't it look snug and bright?'

'Yes, we guessed it, for we noticed  
As we crossed the garden-plot;  
'Twas the play-room chimney showed us,  
It's a good one—is it not?'  
'We'll have larks to-night!' 'Yes—won't we?  
Toffee? Here, we'll poke it higher!  
Is there anything so ripping  
As the first bright evening fire?'

### THE GOLDEN COACH.

(Concluded from page 138.)

AS Geoff was passing a milk-shop a little girl came out carrying a jug of milk, when some change slipped out of the hand she held beneath the hat of the jug—it really was a hat, as the jug was like the head of a jolly-looking wrinkled old man with a three-cornered hat on. Geoff had noticed this as he came along.

'Don't drop that jolly-looking jug,' he exclaimed. 'I'll pick up your pennies'—and he did, quickly putting them back in the little girl's hand again. 'Fourpence, wasn't it?' he asked.

She stared at him with round blue eyes. 'Yes; thank you very much, nice boy,' she said. 'Two penny-worth of milk and change out of sixpence.'

Geoff went on, really wondering how many more pennies he was going to see before he earned one of his own to give to Tom.

'Tom's been so decent to me always,' he said, walking down the main street, 'I should like to be able to help him out with that last penny he wants so badly.'

A lady who was sitting in a high dog-cart outside a butcher's shop and was leaning over, one hand with a purse in it on the splash-board at the side, somehow let that purse slip after Geoff had passed, and hearing the jingle of many coins he looked back, then ran back.

The lady, in great distress, was leaning over the side. One of the butcher's assistants ran out, and he and Geoff between them collected up the scattered money; and the butcher's assistant handed it all, and the purse, to the lady, as Geoff couldn't reach so high.

'Thank you very much indeed,' she said, smiling down at them, and then busied herself counting over the money, which she placed on the rug over her lap.

The butcher's assistant winked his eye at Geoff. 'Smart work, and a sweet smile's the reward, sonny,' he said.

'I didn't want anything else,' replied Geoff, 'although,' he whispered truthfully, 'I wouldn't have minded a penny. I don't expect she would have missed one out of all that lot of money she has.'

And the butcher's assistant said quickly, 'If you'd like to earn a penny, we've got an order in that's got to be delivered at once. You know that tall white house, left-hand side, past the Corn Exchange?'

Geoff nodded eagerly.

The butcher's assistant rushed into the shop and came out with a full-up basket. 'Nip there with this, there's a good chap,' he said.

And although that basket was very heavy with a good many pounds of meat, Geoff was so pleased about earning that longed-for penny that he hardly noticed the weight.

When he got back to the shop with the empty basket, he took the penny, with a very bright smile of thanks, from the butcher's assistant, who was the only one in the shop at the moment and busily engaged in rolling a rib of beef.

He looked down into Geoff's bright face curiously. 'Look here, sonny,' he said, 'why *did* you want that penny so badly?'

And Geoff told him about Tom's wish for the last penny to buy his Granny's birthday present, and which he had wanted to earn somehow, to give him. 'And now I've really got it,' he finished joyfully.

The butcher's assistant stopped rolling and skewering the rib to listen, and he cleared his throat several times. Then he put a hand in his pocket beneath his blue apron, and, drawing out a shilling, handed it to Geoff.

'That's yours, sonny,' he said, 'and I was going to be mean enough to keep it. I ought to be kicked, I know, but it's worse telling you with your honest eyes staring at me, than to *be* kicked, I can tell you that. That lady, before she went, left a shilling for me and one for you, to give to you when you came back.'

'Oh, thank you no end,' exclaimed Geoff. 'How jolly good of her. And thank you for telling me.' He held out his hand, which was gripped heartily above the rib of beef.

'You've done me good,' said the butcher's assistant, as Geoff, with sparkling eyes, left the shop; 'although perhaps you don't know how,' he added to himself going back to the rib-rolling.

\* \* \* \* \*

Half an hour later, Geoff, who had called for Tom, went back to the shop containing the gold coach, and then Tom, simply delighted to do so at last, bought it for his Granny's birthday.

'I do reckon it was jolly good of you to think about me for your earned penny, and I'll never forget it,' he said, adding, 'What are you going to do with your shilling, Geoff?'

'Oh, I'm going to give Mother that, of course,' replied Geoff, with a beaming smile: 'tisn't time for her birthday yet, or I might have given her a golden coach, too.'

HILDA F. MOORE.





26 'I'll pick up your pennies,' he exclaimed."





"Just in time to see the hearthrug burst into flame."



## DICK'S FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND.

IT was Friday afternoon, and the schoolmaster had just given Dick an hour's music lesson after the other children had gone home. The boy loved music, and some day, when he was grown up, he meant to play the organ in the village church. Mr. Dodds charged nothing for the lessons. He told Mrs. Ransome, Dick's mother, that the pleasure of seeing how quickly he learned was better than any payment.

'He puts a lot of expression in his playing,' he said. 'It's quite wonderful in a child of ten; some day you'll be proud of him!'

Mrs. Ransome might have replied that she was proud already, since Dick was her only child, and had never given her a moment's pain. This afternoon, as he walked along the winding village street, with his music-case tucked under his arm, he was smiling with content because Mr. Dodds had proffered to train him for an examination, and had even said that he was likely to pass with honours. A drizzly rain was falling, the air was cold and full of mist. It was already twilight, and the glow of lamps came dully through the curtained windows of the old-fashioned cottage.

Dick's boot-lace became undone; only when he stooped to tie it again did he become aware that he was not alone in the street. Something touched his elbow very gently, and, turning his head, he saw a forlorn, brown Yorkshire terrier resting on its hind-legs at his side. It was wet and very thin; although its hair was long and thick, one could almost count its ribs. One of the muddy paws rested on Dick's sleeve. The big black eyes were full of pleading, and the bushy tail wagged jerkily and slowly. Dick patted the round head, then rose upright and walked again towards his home, with his new acquaintance trotting close at his heels. Just as they passed the grocer's shop the door opened, and a little old woman came out with a basket.

'Why, it's Dick Ransome, and with that poor dog!' she exclaimed. 'Some folks brought it from town, maybe because they didn't want to pay licence, and hoped a kindly soul would take it in. I'd do it myself if I hadn't three cats to look after. Now and then I've trown it a bone or a crust!'

She went on her way, and Dick soon reached the pretty cottage at the other end of the village. In the porch he stroked the dog and told it to wait until he found something for its supper; then he went in, to find his mother and father sitting beside a bright fire. Both were dressed more smartly than usual, and both smiled just as if something very pleasant had happened. The round table was laid for tea; in the middle stood a plate of Dick's favourite caraway cakes.

'Why, Mother, it's like a party!' cried the boy. 'I didn't know —'

He never finished that sentence, because just then he saw a fine new piano standing in the place of the worn-out one he had known all his life.

'It's a present for our lad!' said Mr. Ransome. 'We've been saving up for years, so that he can have something good to practise on. Sit down to it, Dick, and we'll have a fine tune.'

Dick was trembling with pleasure; before he could obey he hugged and kissed both his parents. Then he played his latest piece—it seemed as if he had never made such beautiful music. The others clapped their hands, and the mother said that after the meal he must give

them selections till bed-time. He was so happy and so excited that he quite forgot all about the poor stranger who waited outside in the cold. It was his father who became aware of its existence, just as he passed his cup for the second time.

'There might be a child whimpering at the door,' he said. 'Open it, Dick; maybe it's some one lost.'

Dick remembered all at once, and went quickly to the door. 'It's a little dog without any home,' he said. 'I promised it something to eat, and I'd forgotten.'

'Let it in, my dear,' said his mother. 'To-night we'll give it a good meal.'

The terrier bounded forward very joyfully, and went to both Dick's parents to 'beg' and to lay a paw on their knees. Then, as if too full of content to want food, it lay on the hearthrug—as near the fender as possible—and watched the three with happy eyes.

'He might think he was at home,' said Mrs. Ransome. 'Poor little thing, it does seem hard for it to have no place. I don't believe it's more than a few months old!'

'That's why it has been lost,' said her husband. 'One has to pay licence when dogs are over six months. It's a pretty youngster, to be sure. What do you say to letting it bide for the night, my dear?'

'It'll be welcome enough,' she replied. 'I couldn't do with a big dog, but this is different. Very polite it is—it must be half-starved, and yet it doesn't come worrying for food!'

She went to the pantry and came back with some 'broken bits.' The visitor ate everything—polishing the plate until it shone like a mirror. After that it sat on its hind-legs again and nodded three times, to show its thanks! A little later, when the table was cleared and everything put straight, Dick went back to the piano. The dog sat beside the mother's chair, with his head resting against her feet.

'Seems to know he's found a friend,' said Mr. Ransome. 'I'd not be surprised if you want to keep him for good and all.'

'But there'd be the licence to pay,' said the wife doubtfully, 'and we need to be careful. The piano cost more than we expected —'

'I've more than enough in my money-box,' cried Dick in an eager voice. 'He seems to belong to the house!'

'We'll see, we'll see!' said his father. 'Now, my lad, we're both waiting for your music. Give us something out of the old book—something your mother and I loved when we were young as you!'

That evening was one of the happiest Dick had ever known, and he was sorry when the time came to close the lid of the piano and go upstairs to bed. The terrier was left in a basket filled with hay beside the hearth. An hour after everybody was fast asleep, a red-hot cinder tumbled from the grate to the rug of knitted cloth, and soon a narrow line of fire was creeping in the direction of the new piano. The dog, awakened from a happy dream, understood that the place was in danger, and, barking shrilly, flew across to the staircase door and began to scratch with all his might. Dick's room being the nearest, he was aroused first, and he ran at once to tell the others that the staircase was filled with smoke. His father took a big jug of water and went down to the kitchen, just in time to see the hearthrug burst into flames. He caught one end, and, Dick having opened the door, threw it outside. Very fortunately, no other damage was done, except that the terrier's basket was burned to ashes.



'This young chap'll not need to seek another home,' said Dick's father, stroking the brown head, half an hour afterwards, when all was set in order again. 'He's put us under a debt that'll be hard to repay—but for him the whole place might have been burnt down!'

'And Dick's piano is not even scorched,' said his wife. 'If he'd been a human being he could scarce have done more. He's come as a friend, and he'll bide with us as a friend. See how he wags his tail—he's pleased as Punch!'

Then, as she had decided that, for the rest of the night, the new member of the family should lie on a cushion beside Dick's bed, all went upstairs and soon were fast asleep again.

AIMEE RANDOLPH.

### AIRMEN versus BIRDS.

IT was twilight in London. On one side of the road I saw a big bird perched on the top of a high building. It was too dark to see what kind of bird it was; perhaps it had flown from a neighbouring park.

On the other side, where the sun had lately set, an aeroplane was approaching. It could just be seen, and was very much heard.

The two looked like rivals. If they had been engaged in a race, which would have won?

Aeroplanes are wonderful, but, after all, airmen are easily beaten by birds of the air.

It may be that a *falling* aeroplane, or one seeking to escape from an enemy pilot, might move at the rate of one hundred and forty-nine miles an hour. That is the rate at which the vulture flies. Aeroplanes, however, are constantly being improved, and it is possible that they may yet attain to the vulture's speed.

It is nothing for a swallow to travel one hundred and twenty miles in an hour, and it is said that one has been known to fly from Antwerp to Compiègne—a distance of one hundred and forty-eight miles—in sixty-eight minutes.

Birds have many advantages over the men who intrude into their domain. They can keep on longer. Eight hours of flying are enough for an airman, but birds can fly twenty-four hours at a stretch. As yet no human aviator has crossed the Atlantic, but the cuckoo can fly from England to Africa.

Another advantage which birds possess is the marvelous keenness of their vision. Their eyes are twenty times stronger than those of man. Fancy being able to discern field mice at an altitude of ten thousand feet! That is what kites can do. You and I, at such a height, would need powerful glasses in order to see broad rivers and large buildings—to say nothing of mice!

### SIMILES.

THE following lines, of which the author is unknown, give us a rhymed list of often-used comparisons:

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone.  
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone.  
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat.  
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat.  
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole.  
As white as a lily—as black as a coal.  
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear.  
As light as a drum—as free as the air.  
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather.  
As steady as time—uncertain as weather.

As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog.  
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog.  
As slow as the tortoise—as swift as the wind.  
As fit as a fiddle—as bitter as a rind.  
As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig.  
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig.  
As savage as tigers—as mild as a dove.  
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove.  
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post.  
As cool as a cucumber—warm as a toast.  
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball.  
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl.  
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks.  
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox.  
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow.  
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe.  
As brittle as glass—as tough as is gristle.  
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle.  
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch.  
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch.  
As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass.  
As keen as a needle—as solid as brass.

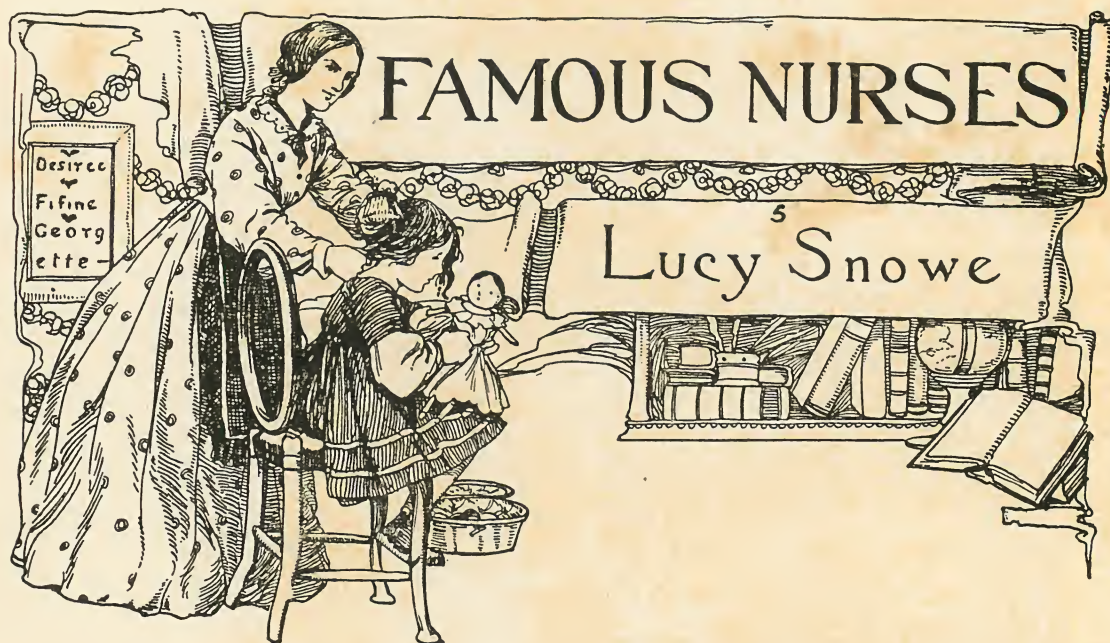
### RATS.

WE heard a great deal about the rats in the trenches—how large and fierce they were, and difficult to get rid of. Ratting terriers were much welcomed at the Front.

It is well known everywhere that rats are difficult to get rid of if once they appear. In the Isle of Man and in different parts of Great Britain rewards are offered for rats' tails, as an inducement to their destruction. From whence do they appear? Probably the very first rats to land on our shores were carried over amongst some ship's cargo by mistake. Since then they have multiplied so exceedingly that very few people know that they are aliens and not British animals at all. It is quite possible that the first brown rats did not appear in Great Britain before the middle of the eighteenth century. The Jacobites decided amongst themselves that rats should be called Hanoverian rats, declaring that the vermin came over with the Hanoverian line. There was more malice than truth, most likely, in this statement.

What is the use of rats? None at all, most people would say, for they seem to be nothing but a nuisance, and yet they are certainly very good scavengers. They haunt farm buildings, especially before the corn is threshed; pigstyes are to them haunts of plenty, and in any spot where garbage is thrown out in the country, there one may expect a colony of rats to appear. To get rid of them, traps are used, or poison, but they soon detect the former and fight shy of them, while the latter may be a source of danger to any other animals on the homestead. One of the best ways of dealing with them is said to be to catch one, cover it with horse turpentine or tar, and then set it free. The smell of those substances is so hated by the creatures, that they instantly change their quarters rather than stay near it. Whether they take with them the offending rat, or whether they leave him behind as a scapegoat, I do not know. Perhaps they kill him, for rats have strange ways of their own, and a good deal of intelligence, it is said. Indeed, the few individuals who have taken the trouble to train rats as pets declare that they are sensible and affectionate to a considerable degree.





DESIRÉE, Fifine, and Georgette had a new nurse. They were asleep in their three tiny beds when their mother, Madame Beck, brought her to the night nursery late on a March evening; but if the nurse had wakened them as she came in, they would have seen that she was young, slight, pale, and tired by her long journey from London to the town of Villette in Belgium. For Lucy Snowe was an English girl who had come abroad in the hope that she would be able to earn her living by teaching little Belgian children her own language. Unfortunately, she had lost her luggage on the journey. Even worse, she had lost her way in Villette: she could not find the quiet old inn to which she had been directed; but at length, late at night, she saw a light burning over the door of a rather large house, loftier by a story than those round it. *This must be the inn at last.*

She hastened on, quite exhausted, but on reaching the great door she saw a brass plate which bore the words: *Pensionnat de Demoiselles* (School for Girls). On the impulse of the moment, Lucy Snowe rang the bell. After all, she wished to teach, and here was a school—though to be sure it was a late hour to apply for such a post. The door opened. A Belgian servant in a smart cap stood before her, and a minute later Lucy was awaiting the head mistress in a glittering salon with gilded ornaments and polished floor.

'You ayre Engliss?' said a voice at her elbow, and Lucy almost jumped from her chair, for she had been sitting with her eyes on the salon door, which had not opened, and yet here at her side stood 'a motherly, dumpy little woman, in a large shawl, a wrapping-gown, and a clean trim night-cap.' The fact was that Madame Beck had entered by a little door behind her, wearing soft-soled slippers, and when Lucy Snowe knew her better she became used to this extraordinary way of creeping on people unawares. Madame Beck

had a large school, and she was convinced that the only method of carrying it on successfully was to play the spy both on girls and teachers. In spite of this peculiarity, Madame Beck had her good qualities, and at least she did not send Lucy Snowe forth into the cold streets to seek elsewhere a lodging for the night. On the contrary, she explained that she was in need of a *bonne d'enfants* (or nurse) for her own three children, and if Lucy cared to accept the post she would engage her immediately. Tired out by the experiences of her journey Lucy Snowe declared that she was willing to do any work, so that she might be permitted to stay where she was, and without more ado Madame Beck took her to have some supper.

She was led down a long narrow passage into a foreign kitchen, very clean, but very strange. It seemed to contain no means of cooking—neither fireplace nor oven—the great black furnace which filled one corner was an efficient substitute for these. Lucy was led forward to a small inner room, called a *cabinet*, and here the cook 'in a jacket, a short petticoat, and sabots,' brought her supper, which consisted of meat served with sauce, chopped potatoes, made savoury with vinegar and sugar, a tartine, or slice of bread and butter, and a baked pear.

When she had eaten, Madame Beck conducted her new nurse to the children's room. They went through 'the queerest little dormitories' which had once been nuns' cells, and when they came to the nursery it seemed strangely hot to an English girl, for there was 'a heated stove' in it day and night. However, Lucy Snowe went to bed gratefully enough, and in the morning she began her work as nurse to Desirée, Fifine, and Georgette. She looked after them during the day (and a mischievous trio they were!), she put them to bed at night, heard them say their prayers, mended their clothes, and taught them English.





HARBOUR MERCHANTS.





"Pitching tents with the sheets and blankets and throwing shoes at her *bonne*."



Desirée, the eldest child, had great skill 'in the art of provocation, sometimes driving her "bonne" ... almost wild.' She would take her mother's best cap out of her drawer and dress up in it, she would creep into the storeroom cupboard and greedily eat the preserves, and as she had always been spoiled she was an annoyance to every one, but particularly to Lucy Snowe, the only person in the house who attempted to correct her faults. On the other hand, Fifiine, the second child, was 'an honest, gleeful little soul ... of the sort likely to blunder often into perils and difficulties.' One day she fell from top to bottom of a steep flight of stone steps. She was picked up with a broken arm, and Lucy Snowe had hard work to soothe her cries till the doctor came to set it; he began by prescribing a glass of *eau sucrée* ('Fifiine was a frank gourmande; anybody could win her heart through her palate'), and much as he hurt her she held out her other hand to him, and bade him a friendly 'good-night' when he had finished. Fifiine rapidly recovered, but no sooner was she out of the doctor's care than Desirée declared that she was ill. She came to the conclusion that she should enjoy being waited upon as an invalid; the consequence was that she lay in bed, 'pitching tents with the sheets and blankets ... throwing shoes at her bonne, and grimacing at her sisters.' In short, she appeared to be overflowing with health, except when her mother or the doctor came to see her, and truth to tell, Lucy Snowe suspected that Madame Beck fully understood what was going on. She was thankful to have her daughter in bed for once and out of mischief; but suddenly the youngest child, Georgette, fell ill, really ill, and Desirée and Fifiine were immediately packed off to stay with their godmother in the country. Lucy Snowe stayed in Villette throughout that hot summer, nursing Georgette, and telling her fairy stories, till she, too, was able to go away.

And although Madame Beck's children had many nurses (for no one would remain long with Desirée!) it is probable that they never had one so careful, so quiet, so gentle, as Lucy Snowe. Presently she became an English teacher in Madame Beck's school, and her experiences are written in a novel called *Villette* by one of our greatest English novelists, Charlotte Brontë, whose own life-story is even more interesting than this book about life in a Pensionnat de Demoiselles. The novel was published nearly seventy years ago; *Villette* is only another name for Brussels, and it is sad to think that, since the War, the house which Charlotte Brontë describes has become a ruin. But if you read *Villette* you will be able to build the school again out of your imagination, even to the stone steps down which fell little Fifiine Beck the day she broke her arm.

JOYCE COBB.

## PICTURES PAINTED UNDER THE SEA.

ONCE there was a boy, named Pritchard, who was fond of diving. At the bottom of the sea he saw lots of interesting things, and, in order to see better, he made for himself a pair of water-tight goggles. He used to make from memory sketches of what he saw.

By-and-by, when he was older, Mr. Pritchard went to California. Two American artists whom he met there were greatly interested in his sea sketches, and with the aid of glass-bottomed boats he made some more.

Off the island of Tahiti Mr. Pritchard saw and painted many beautiful things. But he was not satisfied until he had devised some means of making his sketches while he was actually under water. After countless experiments he succeeded in making water-proof paper. By using a lump of coral as a weight, he could lower himself and his materials, and remain at the bottom of the sea for thirty or forty-five minutes at a time.

Oil-paints and crayons proved to be the medium best suited to submarine picture-painting.

## THE WREN.

HAVE you found a place to build in, Jenny dear?  
Are you keeping it a secret out of fear?  
Of all birds you are my pet  
So don't fly away just yet,  
And don't hesitate to trust me, Jenny dear.

Have you found a mate to wed with, Jenny dear?  
Just to help you build, and comfort you and cheer?  
Won't you tell me, when I coax,  
If that nest I see's a hoax,  
And the real one's round the corner, Jenny dear?

Have you laid some pretty eggs there, Jenny dear?  
That you sit and sing so gaily, sweet and clear?  
All the garden with its flowers  
Could not cause such happy hours;  
Won't you tell me why you're singing, Jenny dear?

Ah! you have some baby birdies, Jenny dear!  
For their timid little twitter I can hear;  
And I see a mossy ball  
In the ivy on the wall,  
So you see I've guessed your secret, Jenny dear!

LILIAN HOLMES.

## THE BLIND ROAD-MAKER.

IN the eighteenth century there lived in the north of England a blind man named Metcalf, who did all sorts of wonderful things.

One of the things which he did was to make roads. In this work he even succeeded when 'sighted' persons (as blind folk say) had failed. For nearly forty years he worked at bridge-building and road-making in Yorkshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire.

Metcalf had a most ingenious way of overcoming difficulties, as the following anecdote will show.

Upon one occasion he contracted for a road on the Manchester line. This road had to be constructed over deep marshes, and all concerned thought that it could only be made passable by digging down into the earth until a solid bottom was reached.

Metcalf said he knew of a better way than that; but the trustees persisted in their opinion, and allowed the blind road-maker to make trial of his way only on condition that if it failed he should then adopt theirs.

His plan did not fail. The worst part of the ground was on Standish Common, where there was a deep bog. Under Metcalf's direction his workmen cut a line, and as far as possible drained off the water. People laughed at the poor blind man, saying that if he had the use of his eyes he would soon see the folly of his plan. He, however, persevered until the bog was levelled across. Then he told his men to gather a large quantity of



heather, and to bind it into round bundles, which they could span with their hands. When this was done the bundles were laid side by side, close together, on the cut line. On the top of these were placed other bundles, row upon row; afterwards, on the top of all these bundles, gravel and stones were laid and firmly pressed down.

The result of the blind man's fine piece of work was that, though other parts of the road had often to be mended, this portion of it needed no repairs for twelve years; even in winter it was dry.

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 147.)

THE boat was now in mid-stream. The man in her bows dropped the long pole and pulled at his end of the rope: Phil, floundering and splashing, was entangled in its coils and dragged into deep water. Suddenly the halter slipped over his head, and the man in the bows fell backwards heavily. Dirk was shouting like a madman on the bank, Herman and Piet were screeching from the stern of the boat, and the lank figure of the Volendam fisherman was leaning over the top of the cabin waving his arm, and bawling directions in a loose-stringed voice loud enough to wake the 'Seven Sleepers.'

Phil was now free of the rope; he rose to the surface and struck out, whilst the man on the boat, recovering himself, seized the long pole and thrust it out: Phil squeezed the water from his eyes, blinked them and saw the pole, took three strokes and gripped it. In a moment he was clutched by willing but hasty hands that laid hold on his clothing wherever there was a promising bulge, and he was hauled into the boat.

There was a ringing 'Hurrah!' from the four spectators as Phil rose to his feet and stood looking down on himself in disgust.

This took place scarcely more than a stone's-throw from the landing-place at Volendam—where, by the way, the water is thickest—and the triumphant 'Hurrah!' was heard in the row of small houses that flank it, so when Phil landed he found himself the centre of a considerable gathering of too sympathetic women, and a fair sprinkling of men who joined in the grins of his companions: but he bore it like a Briton. He had lost his hat, his hair was scarcely the thing, his clothes were deplorable, and the water squelched in his boots when he walked: but Phil pulled himself together and laughed heartily. The gaunt Volendam fisherman gravely shook him by the hand, Dirk did the same with the other hand, three or four Volendammers followed suit, and it seemed as if he were about to hold a reception on the landing-place, till Herman and Piet pushed through and extricated him. They cleared a way and led him up the causeway on to the Dijk which forms the main street of Volendam. Dirk followed, narrating in a loud voice the details of the adventure, the people ranged up on either side, and the other boatman, hastily tying up the *trekschuit*, answering the while a score of questions, followed in their wake.

Herman and Piet conducted their watery companion to a small café. It was soon half full of sympathisers—Phil could not quite make out whether they were sympathisers or admirers: Dirk continued to hold forth

and to appeal to the gaunt fisherman, who corroborated each particular, whilst the man who had wielded the rescuing pole rehearsed the same to all within reach of his voice, and when any fresh arrivals entered they went through it all again.

The good woman who presided at the café took Phil in hand, and gave him a dish of hot soup, exclaiming, 'Ach! ach! What will *Mevrouw* your mother say when she sees you?'

'I shall be dry again before she sees me,' replied Phil. 'She's frying in India. I expect she'd give something to have a dip, too.'

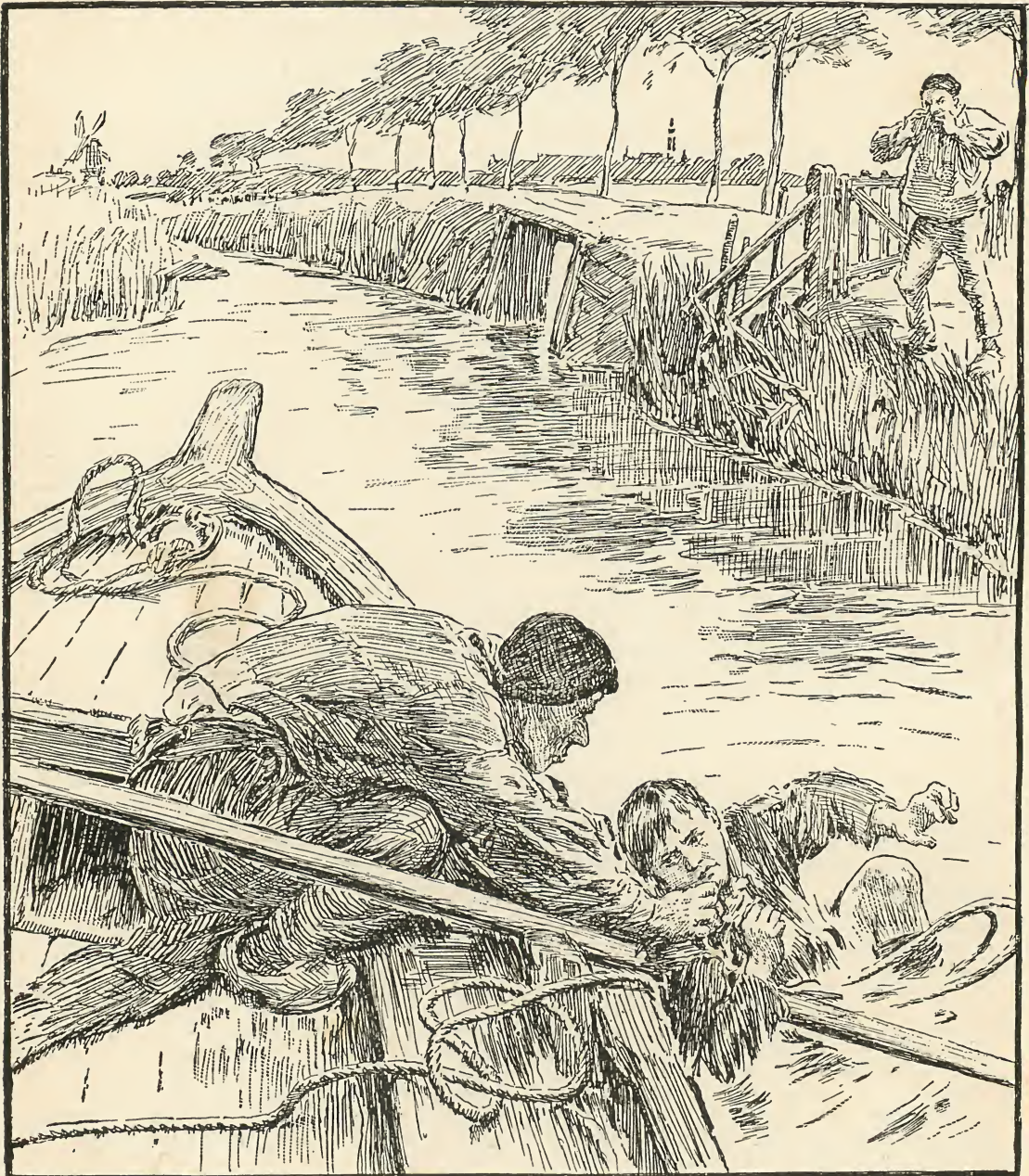
He was taken into a little room scarcely bigger than a cupboard, and dry clothing was brought him. The woman said he must strip off everything, and she would wash his clothes and get them dried as best she could. The good soul had brought him her son's second-best suit, and, as he was a full-grown man, it was a trifle large, but Phil was a big lad for his age, and a few inches more or less make very little difference in the Volendam costume. He chuckled as he put on the enormous breeches, with their two metal buttons at the waistband as large as five-shilling pieces, and when, sticking his hands in the pockets and spreading the garment out to its fullest breadth, he strutted into the café and joined his companions, he thought Herman would die of apoplexy, and Piet laughed and thumped the table till the landlady hurried in expecting to see nothing less than a crowd of impatient customers.

There was no help for it, Phil was a prisoner—it would take the rest of the day to clean and dry his clothes: the sympathisers had cleared away, and Herman now took up his basket and said he must be going, but would look in towards evening on his way back. Piet elected to remain with Phil, as he had nothing to do: anything heavier than whistling was against his principles when dressed in his shore-going clothes. Having them on and nothing to do constituted a perfectly satisfactory holiday, wherever the time was spent and whatever the company. He was placidly interested in these same shore-going clothes, especially the boots, which he said his father had bought in Rotterdam: he quoted the cost, comparing it with Amsterdam prices, and discoursed on the advantages of the former town over the latter for shopping; then off he trilled into one of his lengthy whistling performances.

The café in which Phil had found refuge stands on the Dijk, the elevated dam which stretches along the shore of the Zuyder Zee and keeps its waters from flooding the low-lying polders—or reclaimed meadow-land—a wall of solid stone on top of which runs the road, with its wooden houses gabled and painted green. The houses are mostly level with the street, the backs built out on piles projecting beyond the Dijk. They stand mainly on the landward side, to seaward being the harbour, where a fleet of fishing-boats is moored. There are, however, a few on this side which project over the shore and at high tide over the waters of the Zuyder Zee—the café was one of these. Its interior was a long room running right through from front to back—the living-rooms being at its side—and Phil could look out of a small back window and see the masts of the fishing-boats with their long pennons and festoons of drying nets, and away across the waters of the land-locked sea to the tiny ribbon of the Island of Marken in the distance.

(Continued on page 162.)





"He was clutched by willing but hasty hands."





"He shook his fist at Vic across the table."



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 159.)

PIET finished his 'fluting,' as he called it, by softly practising two or three new pieces, and Phil, by way of entertainment, showed him a little experiment with a marble which was gently rolled on the table and felt by the tips of two fingers that were crossed, producing the distinct feeling of two marbles instead of one. Then Piet showed Phil some tricks with lucifer-matches; very interesting, but which do not work properly with English 'strike only on the box' matches. Phil then exhibited a trick with a tumbler full of water, but with poor effect. After they had wiped up the mess and thrown the broken glass out of the window, they played at draughts. Piet very soon cleared the board by high-handed methods which Phil resented, but which Piet maintained were according to the Dutch system of playing, and therefore were right. Phil showed how the game was played in England; but Piet did not think much of it, and maintained the superiority of the Dutch method. Whilst he took another turn at 'fluting,' Phil found his way into the kitchen, and returned with the moist and stained map of Holland, which he had extracted from his coat-pocket. It was stuck together, but the boys peeled it open between them, and spread it on the table. At first Piet declared that the map was all wrong; but after awhile he began to find his way about on it. Phil inquired if he had ever been to Groningen, and when he answered in the affirmative, asked what sort of place it was. Piet gave a description of Groningen, a very full one, but unfortunately it would have applied to any other town in Holland, and to half the towns in the world. Phil, nothing loth, then told him all about Groningen, its Harbour, Cathedral, and Market. Piet fired up, and he inquired, if Phil was so knowing and had been there himself, why did he go 'squeezing' him and making him give a long description of it. Phil acknowledged that he had read it all up in the guide-book the day before. It was now dinner-time, and as Piet said he did not care about going home, and was making a day of it, Phil invited him to take dinner with him, and a festive meal they had—veal cutlets and haricot beans, followed by a blanc-mange done in a mould the shape of a fish, and they finished up with coffee. Then being well-fed and hilarious they went out and walked along the Dijk, Phil in his Volendam costume with a fur busby on his head; he strutted up and down arm-in-arm with Piet in the most shameless manner. Some of his sympathisers of the morning came up and shook hands. They smiled and raised their busbies to him, he smiled and raised his hat to them, then they again shook hands all round; he felt that he had become a public character, all in a few hours, and reckoned that his popularity was cheap at the price.

Phil had been gradually modifying his opinion of his companion, and, no longer thinking him incurably lazy, had come to the conclusion that if the necessary stimulus were applied in the shape of the spirit of adventure, Piet would work like a negro and 'keep the pot a-boiling' with any one. When they had returned to the café, and Piet had finished his after-dinner fluting, he pulled out the map again and took that young man into

a corner. Whispering, head-nodding, and nudging, and the action of Phil's forefinger told of confidences, dark secrets, and plots. They tackled the map again, and the air became electrical with mystery, doubt, and uncertainty, lit up by an occasional flash of inspiration.

When Herman returned to the café in the evening the conspirators resumed their ordinary deportment as if there were nothing whatever on their minds. Piet whistled like a thrush, and Phil astonished the good lady of the café with his jollity. 'Don't trouble about finishing off my clothes, I'm going home in these,' he declared. 'I shall give my friend a surprise. When he sees me walk into the Kunst-haven with these on he will have a fit. Yes, the busby, wooden boots, and all. I feel six inches taller in them, but couldn't hurry to save my life. I'll bring them back all right first thing in the morning, Mother. Don't you be alarmed. I shan't go back to England in them. Now then, boys, Marchions! Goeden avond! Slaap wel. Sluimer zacht.'

When Vic sat down to tea that evening—the lamp lit and the blinds drawn—and no Phil appeared, he was more than a little anxious. At dinner he had surmised that his companion had gone for a walk which, owing to short cuts, had proved longer than anticipated, and expected to see him drop in at any moment. Now it was dusk, and Vic had not the slightest notion in what direction Phil had gone. Moe seemed disturbed, too; she had prepared a nice dinner and one guest had absented himself; that was enough in itself to ruffle her calm, for the cooking was a tender point, and now it grew dark. In vain Betje rattled, declaring that 'Fill' was a 'Vroolijk jonger,' and thought more of fun than of dinner. Moe was anxious, and more than once popped her head into the room as Vic sat at tea, to see if the prodigal had returned.

'Holland is as safe as England,' Vic reasoned as he poured out his second cup, 'but you never can tell what Phil will be up to.'

Then was heard a clatter of wooden shoes in the passage outside, and a sound of shuffling on the little wooden ladder, the door flew open, and to Vic's amazement a tall Volendammer youth blundered in. He appeared to be in a towering rage and shouted at Vic, shook his fist at him across the table, endangering the lamp, stamped about the room with his clumsy boots, and abused Vic in a stream of very Low-Dutch, calling him by every name that came to his tongue. Then this strange creature flung himself into a chair, kicked one wooden shoe high into the air, and started singing 'It's a long way to Tipperary.' Herman appeared in the doorway doubled up and shouting 'Bravo!' whilst Betje screamed with laughter.

(Continued on page 174.)

## THE ZOO GARDEN.

I'VE a little garden;  
And, standing in a row,  
Oxlips and Cowslips  
Together grow.

I've a little garden;  
And all along its bed  
Coltsfoot and Mares'-tails  
Are neatly spread.



I've a little garden;  
And, as you hurry by,  
Chickweed and Goosegrass  
Will meet your eye.

I've a little garden;  
But I think—don't you?—  
Somehow or other  
It's grown to be a—Zoo!

ETHEL TALBOT.

### THE EXAMINATION.

'WELL, Nelly, how did you get on?' Mrs. Renton called, as her small daughter came slowly up the drive.

'I have failed,' the girl answered, sadly. 'The paper was a simply wicked one, and I was hoping to get through in Arithmetic so much, too. Here is the paper, Mother; see, I have got only two right out of the eight sums. I wrote down the answers and compared them with those of the other girls. Central Welsh Board papers are dreadfully hard, I think.'

'Hard lines,' Mrs. Renton said, consolingly. 'But you never really thought that you would get through in Arithmetic, did you? Besides, there is English Language and Literature to-morrow, and they will pull you up.'

Nelly blinked the tears out of her eyes. 'I don't think so, Mums, darling. We must get through in five subjects, with Arithmetic, or Algebra and Geometry, and I am certain I failed in them, so now I must pass in six. I think I may have passed in Drawing and French, and possibly Geography. Then the Botany paper was quite easy. But even if I pass in those, it only makes four.'

'But there are English and Literature to-morrow,' suggested her mother; 'if you pass in them, that will make up the six subjects.'

Nelly shook her curly head dolefully: 'They are so difficult, but I must try hard.'

'Oh, well,' said Mrs. Renton, 'we must hope for the best. I wonder how Aileen is getting on. Is she out yet?'

'No; the seniors have another half-hour. Now I must go and revise.'

'Why must you? Would it not be better to rest now, and so be fresh for to-morrow?' asked her mother. 'What have you got to do?'

'There is all the grammar to look over,' Nelly answered, thoughtfully; 'and then we have *The Merchant of Venice* to do, and *Sir Roger de Coverley*. No. I must go.'

'Well, just run and see poor little Rose before you start working. She has been asking for you.'

'All right, Mother. Is she better at all?'

'About the same, I am afraid; she seems to have such difficulty in breathing,' answered Mrs. Renton. 'Why, here is Aileen. She is out early.'

A tall girl of about fifteen came running up, with dancing eyes. 'Oh, Mother, we had such an easy paper; I came out a quarter of an hour before the time was up. How did you get on, Nelly? I have seven sums right out of the eight set.'

'I've failed,' answered the younger girl, shortly, and she ran upstairs to where their baby-sister lay in the sick-room with a very bad attack of croup.

After dinner, the two sisters collected their books and strolled out into the garden to do their work.

'Isn't it lovely to think that the C.W.B. exams. will be over after to-morrow?' cried Aileen, delightedly. 'I

am sorry that the paper was hard this morning, Nelly. Let's sit here and revise.'

For half an hour there was dead silence between them, and then their mother's voice was heard calling.

'Oh, do run and see what she wants,' said Aileen, in a cross voice; 'I am just in the middle of learning this piece.'

Nelly rose with a sigh, but at that minute Mrs. Renton came up across the garden.

'I want one of you girls to fly down for the doctor,' she said, hurriedly. 'Rose is much worse.'

'Oh, Mother——' began Aileen.

But Nelly jumped to her feet. 'I'll go, Mother; I won't be long.'

'There is nobody else to send, as the servant is out. I am so sorry, dear,' answered her mother as she ran across the lawn.

Nelly tore down the drive without a hat or a coat, and as she passed the window, she heard her baby-sister's choking gasps and coughs as she struggled for breath.

On Nelly ran down the road, till at last she dropped into a walk, panting.

It seemed ages before she got to the doctor's house and rang the bell with trembling fingers. The maid stared in amazement at the dusty, hatless little figure who asked for the doctor, but she said he was at home.

'Croup?' asked Doctor Brown, a moment later. 'In the middle of the summer? What has the child been doing?'

'She got a bad cold through getting her feet wet the other day, and she is so bad now, sir. Can you come at once, please?'

'Why, certainly, Miss Renton; wait a minute, and I will drive you back with me,' he answered kindly.

An hour afterwards Nelly came down the garden again to where Aileen was sitting, surrounded by her books. 'Rose is better now,' she said happily. 'She is breathing quite easily.'

Aileen moved uncomfortably. 'Oh, please don't talk to me, Nelly; I am trying to learn this.'

Nelly took her book and started to try and make up for lost time, but she could not fix her mind on the work. 'Aileen might have gone,' she was thinking to herself; 'she is sure that she has passed, without to-morrow's exams., and I haven't got enough subjects.'

'Did you miss a very great deal of time when you went for the doctor yesterday, Nelly?' Mrs. Renton asked at breakfast the next morning.

'Oh, not so much,' the child answered bravely. 'How is Rose?'

'The doctor says that you have saved her life—she would have died if he had not come with the right medicine,' the mother answered softly; and Nelly's cheeks glowed with pleasure.

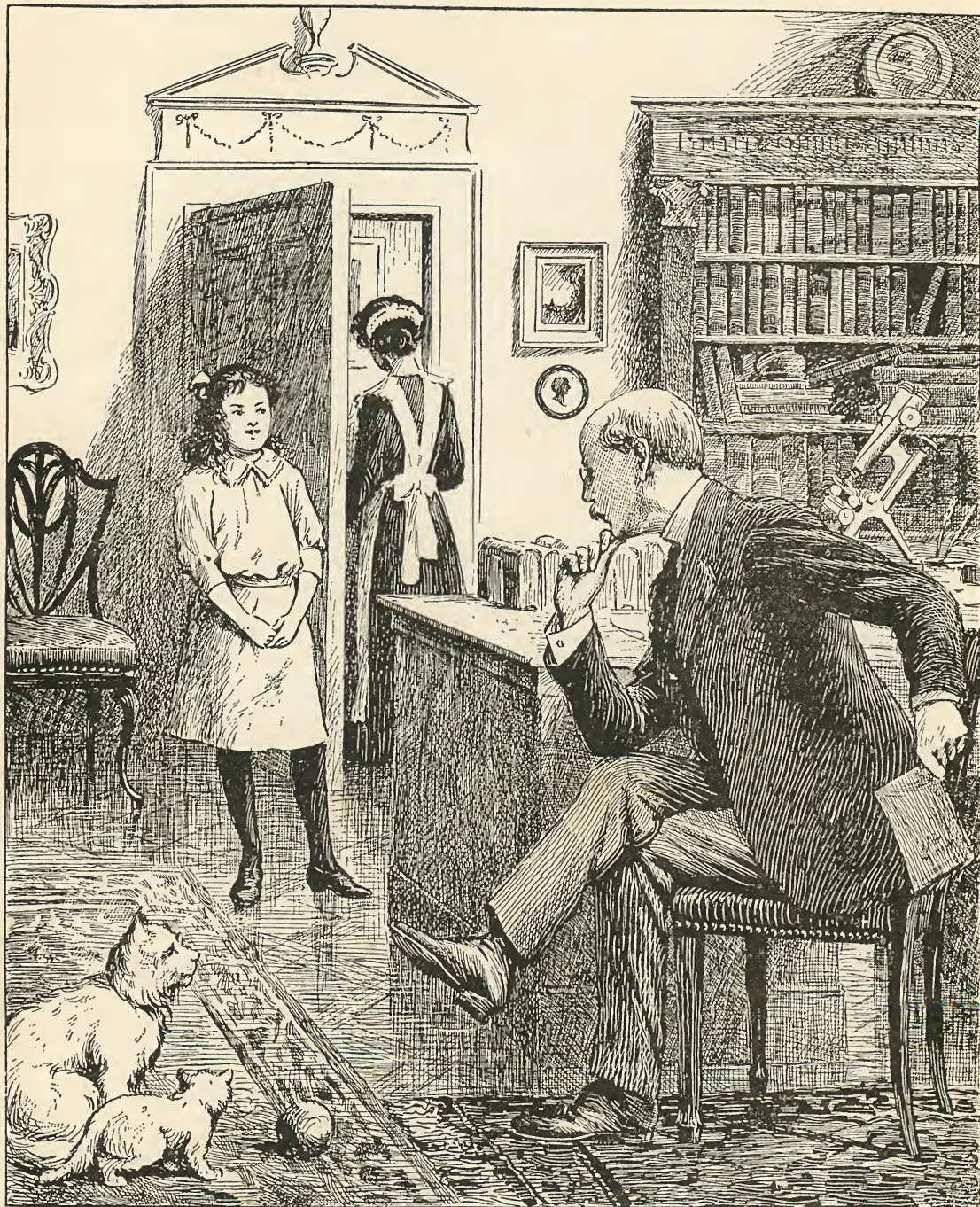
A week afterwards the school broke up for the holidays, and then came the time of waiting for the results.

August passed, with picnics and excursions; and one sunny morning Nelly was romping on the tennis-lawn with baby Rose, then quite recovered. Suddenly Mrs. Renton hurried up, a post-card in her hand, and Aileen following. 'The result has come, Nelly.'

'What?' All the colour fled from the child's cheeks, but her mother laughed joyously. 'Yes, you have passed, Nelly. Let me see—in Latin, French, History, Geography—Botany with distinction, and Drawing. Just the six subjects.'

'And what has Aileen done?'





“‘Can you come at once, please?’”

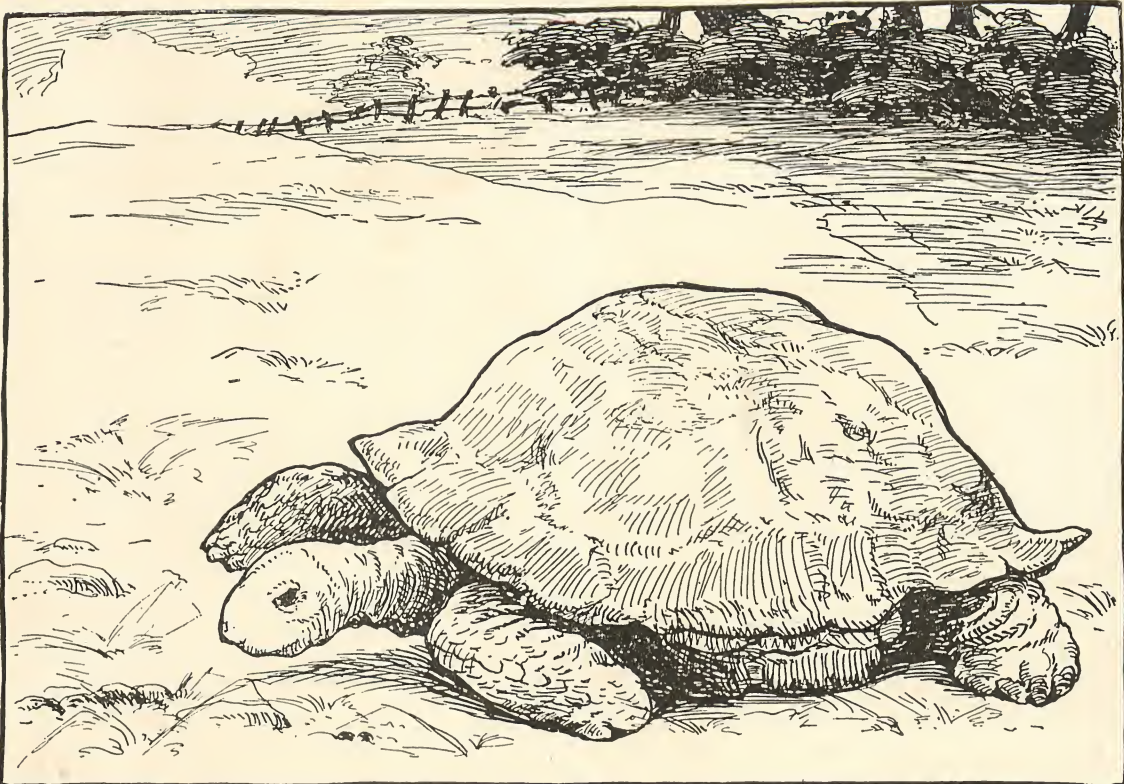
‘I’ve passed in everything, with distinction in Latin, French, Mathematics and Arithmetic,’ her sister answered shortly.

‘Do you think I ought to have done better, Mother?’ asked Nelly, wistfully. ‘I might have done, if Rose——’

But Mrs. Renton caught her in her arms. ‘My pet,’ she said happily, ‘what are all the distinctions in the world to me beside little Rose’s life?’

And Nelly, as she looked at the rosy-faced child laughing up at her, was well content. MAR LACY





## TWO PICTURE PUZZLES.

- (1) The Hare and the Tortoise : Find the Hare.      (2) Father Christmas : Find the Children he is visiting.



### THE LARK'S NEST.

ONE day during the Great War, the enemy dropped a large bomb near a small wood just behind the British lines. The trees for a great distance around were blown down by the force of the explosion, or injured by flying pieces of metal. The bomb, of course, made a big hole in the ground.

A few hours later, some English soldiers, walking within twenty feet of this crater, heard a flutter of wings, and, looking down, saw a lark just soaring up from her nest. In the nest were four eggs.

### FOX AND GEESE.

A POULTRY-DEALER named 'Fox' once advertised his goods and the birth of one of his children thus:—

'Another little Fox found its way into my establishment between ten and eleven last night, but notwithstanding the arrival, there will be no diminution in the number and quality of the geese for which my establishment has long been famous. Remember that the old Fox is always cunning in securing for business the plumpiest goose.'

E. D.

### COLD STORAGE.

IF you were asked why you are usually hotter in summer than in winter, you would probably say, 'Because of the sun.' That is partly true: you can very soon tell the difference between walking along in the full blaze of the sun and walking along on the shady side of the street.

On the other hand, you may find that it is sometimes much colder in the full sunshine on a sunshiny day than on a day when no sun can be seen. This is due to the fact that it is largely the temperature of the air which determines the temperature of your body; thus heat is felt only when the sun's rays or some other agent, such as a coal or gas fire, has power to heat the air surrounding you. In a hot country, thick walls and a thick roof will do much to ward off the sun's rays and keep the air cool. You may have noticed that on a hot summer's day an underground cellar is the most deliciously cool spot that can be imagined. This is not just because the cellar is dark, but because the house above it and the earth around it, prevent the sun's rays from reaching it and heating the air.

When mother wants to make sure that meat or fish will not go bad during the hot summer days, she puts them 'in a cool place.' That is to say, she tries to find a place where the air around them will be cool, and then she knows that they will not go bad so quickly as if she left them in the heat.

Perhaps you may wonder why the heat turns food bad quickly. It is because heat, and particularly damp heat, favours the growth of certain microbes which find their way in from the air: these develop, and give our food a very unpleasant taste and smell, rendering it unfit for us to eat. Uncooked meat is particularly liable to attacks from these tiny invaders. If, however, we could keep food in an enclosed space where impurities from the air we breathe could not enter, and could keep the surrounding air so cold that no microbe could exist, the food would be perfectly good to eat after it had been stored away or a very long time.

A great deal of the meat we eat comes to us from far-off lands, such as the Argentine, New Zealand, and Australia. Now, no raw meat would keep good in ordinary conditions during the six weeks, or even longer, when it is packed away inside the ship, so the people who undertake to transport meat have to resort to special devices. The beef and mutton is packed in little rooms built inside the ship, and the air in these little compartments has to be kept very much cooler than the air in other parts of the ship.

To begin with, the compartments must be specially made for their purpose, constructed of 'non-conducting' material—that is to say, material which does not 'conduct' or allow heat to pass through it easily. The following experiment will help you to understand this.

If you held a long bar of iron in one hand, and a piece of wood, exactly similar in shape and size to the iron in the other, and if you placed one end of each on a hot stove, you would find that presently the heat travelled or was 'conducted' up the bar of iron till it reached the end you were holding, and very soon you would be glad to drop it. But provided that the heat was not sufficiently fierce to make the wood catch fire, you would notice that there was no appreciable difference in the temperature of the end of the wooden bar you held. This is because wood is a bad 'conductor.' The power of conducting heat varies with every kind of material and metal, and the problem of the ship-builders is first of all to find some material which will not 'conduct' heat.

When the compartments are built of non-conducting material, no outside heat will have very much effect on the air inside, but it is necessary to make sure that the temperature of the inside air is so intensely cold that the meat will be frozen and remain so while it is being stored, thereby preventing the existence of any little microbe which would turn it bad.

To do this the air has to be cooled by drawing it out of the room through pipes, which are surrounded by cold water. The air is compressed—that is, squeezed up in a tiny box-like chamber before it is cooled, and afterwards allowed to expand.

The air, after being cooled, returns to the storage chamber by means of other pipes, and this process is repeated continually, so that the air is always kept cool. This method of cooling the air in a storage chamber is not the only one. Scientists have discovered that intense cold can be produced by the help of such things as ammonia; the former method, however, is the one which is used on the ships carrying meat.

Of course, meat is not the only thing for which 'cold storage' is used. Cargoes of fruit are kept in cold storage, as well as the provisions on board all passenger ships making long journeys.

This method of keeping food cool is called 'refrigeration,' from a Latin word *frigus*, meaning frost.

### THE UNBREAKABLE BABY.

(Adapted from the French of ADOLPHE BELOT.)

THREE sisters—Martha, Jenny, and Yvonne—were playing in the nursery, which opened out of their mother's room. The youngest was eight, the next youngest nine, and the eldest thirteen. Added together, their ages make a grand total of thirty years, and if this



is divided by three it gives an average age of ten years to each.

The nursery was gay with dolls and toys and big books with gilt edges, as this particular day was the second day of January. Martha, the eldest, was seated on a cushion turning over the pages of a book that rested in her mother's knees. Jenny was laying out a china dinner-service on the floor, and counting the plates. The set was not complete, as she had already broken three since yesterday. Yvonne was sulking in a corner. Why should she sulk, it may well be asked, when surrounded by such beautiful presents, and on the day after New Year's Day, when French children get presents as English children do on Christmas Day? Why, also, were her sisters listening intently for every sound, and rushing to the door whenever there was a ring at the bell? Could they be expecting still more presents? Yes, the present they wanted most, the one they had dreamed of every night for a week. Uncle John's present had not arrived, and they were excited with both hopes and fears.

A week ago Uncle John had said to them: 'Now, what presents would you little darlings like for the New Year?'

And, as this question had been expected, they were all three immediately ready with their reply, 'An unbreakable baby, Uncle.'

'Very well,' said Uncle, taking out his pocket-book; 'I will make a note of it, so that I shall not forget. Three unbreakable babies. One for each.'

'No,' cried Jenny; 'they will be too small. We would rather have only one baby, but a very big one—as large as that, as tall as Yvonne.'

'I doubt whether they are made as large,' demurred the uncle.

'We have seen them,' confidently asserted the three.

'Very well, then; I will do my best. So you will all play together with the same doll?'

'Yes,' replied Martha. 'That will be jolly. I will be grandmother, Jenny will be mother, and Yvonne will be auntie.'

'What a happy family!' beamed the uncle. 'Well, my darlings, you can look forward to receiving an unbreakable baby, as high as that, early on the morning of New Year's Day.'

New Year's Day had come, and no unbreakable baby had come with it, neither in the morning nor in the evening.

'Uncle could not have ordered an unbreakable baby,' Mother said with a smile. 'He must have asked for an invisible baby.' At the same time she was really sorry at her children's disappointment. How could their uncle have forgotten them? It was not in the least like him. She would write to him, 'I suppose you have kept the doll to play with yourself.'

Now, on the second of January, at the very moment Jenny had broken her fourth plate, the bell rang. At once Martha left her book, Jenny her dinner-service, and Yvonne her corner, and all in a row they waited anxiously to see who it was.

'Uncle!' they cried as they rushed at him and kissed him. They tried to peep behind him. No doubt, he had brought the baby with him, possibly dragging it along by its leg. But no, he was alone, quite alone; nothing in his hands, nothing in his pockets, nothing behind him.

Martha and Jenny, quite big girls, looked disappointed, though they were too well-behaved to complain.

The little one, however, could not contain herself, and cried out, 'Uncle, the Baby?'

'Well, are you pleased with it?' asked Uncle John, with a smile. 'Was it big enough?'

Astonished and dumbfounded, they looked at one another; they looked at him; they looked at their mother.

'Your baby is taking a rest on the way,' said Mother. 'It has not reached here yet, and if you only knew the life these girls have been leading me—'

'How can that be?' said Uncle, alarmed. 'Why, I bought it New Year's Eve, and they promised to deliver it yesterday morning.'

'You must have given the wrong address.'

'I wrote out the address for them myself, so I know that was all right,' he confidently replied.

'Well, there must be a mistake somewhere, then.'

'Evidently there is. I will soon put it right. I will be back in half an hour, and will bring you the baby, dead or alive,' said Uncle, as he rushed out of the house.

The children's faces were all smiles again. Even Yvonne had regained her good temper, as now, with great glee, she assisted Jenny in breaking more plates.

In about ten minutes the bell rang again. This must be a visitor, as it was too soon for Uncle to return.

The maid entered, and told her mistress that a man wished to speak to her.

'What does he want, Mary?'

'He did not tell me, ma'am, but he says it is important.'

'Who is he? Do I know him?'

'I do not know, ma'am. I have never seen him before.'

'Where is he?'

'I have asked him into the hall, ma'am.'

'Very well, Mary. Tell him I will see him,' whereupon she went out into the hall, leaving the door open behind her, and advanced towards her unknown visitor. He was a modest, respectable-looking man of about forty, with a sad but kindly expression in his eyes.

'Madam,' he nervously began, 'I should like to explain to you... but I fear it is a long story...' But, upon receiving encouragement, he continued in a trembling voice that gradually gathered as he rapidly went on. 'Madam, this time last year I was messenger at a bank. My salary was more than sufficient to keep my wife and my two little daughters, so, as the bank seemed to prosper, and as most of the employees invested their money in it at a good rate of interest, I followed their example, and invested there all my savings and a hundred pounds I had inherited. During the year the bank ceased payment, all the people were discharged, and it closed its doors. I lost not only all I possessed, but my situation as well.'

He stopped to take breath. With downcast eyes, twirling his soft felt hat in his agitated fingers, he went on: 'I was in despair; but no one has the right to permit himself to be discouraged when a wife and little children are dependent upon him. I tried to find a new situation. Alas! I could get nothing. Everywhere I was told that business was bad, there were no vacancies, to call again, and they would see. I returned, only to get the same reply. What a position to be in! And I was obliged to hide it from my wife, for she was very ill... She died of consumption last month.'

(Concluded on page 170.)





“‘Three unbreakable babies. One for each,’ said Uncle, taking out his pocket-book.”





“‘I had not the courage to take it from them.’”



## THE UNBREAKABLE BABY.

(Concluded from page 167.)

**S**TANDING with her hand resting upon the back of a chair, the lady listened to this story without being moved. She had heard many like it before from those who came begging for help, and she was almost tempted to say: 'Come, I am tired of standing here—what do you want? Five shillings? Here they are.' But she said nothing, as this unknown man inspired in her, in spite of herself, a kind of unreasoning sympathy.

At this moment, the three little girls, finding the door open, and seeing their mother in the hall, came close to her, and, cuddling against one another, they looked with all their eyes and listened with all their ears. She did not dare interrupt this poor man before her daughters, or turn him suddenly away. She believed in teaching children to be charitable early in life, and to listen with patience to the griefs of others.

'My last penny was spent,' continued the man, 'during my wife's illness. I was in the deepest distress, in utter destitution—such as I had never known, such as I had never thought to know. At this time of year, Madam, poverty is much harder to bear, as the streets, everywhere, have the appearance of a festival. The shops are gay and bright, and people hurry along carrying flowers and sweets and presents. . . . And then, those little shops in every street, filled with toys . . . toys my children love so much, and yet cannot have . . . that's what hurts me more than anything. . . . Some days before her death, my wife, motioning towards the little ones, whispered in my ear, "I shall not leave you until the New Year. Give them some beautiful New Year's gifts for me.'

And as he said these words, great tears, long held back, welled up into his eyes and flowed down his cheeks. The mother's heart was touched. No longer did she carelessly lean against the chair; her hands now were placed upon the three little heads nestling against her.

'As my wife thought of New Year's presents during her last illness,' he resumed, drying his tears, 'my daughters have not forgotten it. They have no idea of how poor and miserable I am. How could they understand? At night, when I returned, after a thousand useless journeys, always in search of work, they flocked round me and said, "Papa, you think of us, do you not, for New Year's Day?" and I replied, "Yes, yes; I am thinking of you, little ones. I am always thinking of you." Then the eldest, encouraged by my words and smiles, told me the other day that they wanted a doll, a very, very large one, called an unbreakable baby. . . . An unbreakable baby. I said these words over and over again to myself, so that I should not forget them. I must have even repeated them in my sleep.'

Martha, Jenny, and Yvonne, at the mention of the unbreakable baby, listened more attentively than ever, holding each other's hands in intense silence.

'Some weeks ago,' continued the man, 'when I was returning for the tenth time from the employment office, I was told that Marshall's, the big toy-shop, wanted porters to take out parcels, and that they were offering good wages. I did not hesitate a moment; I applied and was engaged immediately. I was sent

running to the four corners of the town, all the day and almost all the night. That pleased me much better than being in the shop, as the sight of the toys, and the children who came to choose them would have made me sadder than I was. I carried toys all day—in my hand, on my arm, on my back; but they were wrapped and tied up, and I did not see them. . . . I gradually regained hope. . . . At the end of the month I would receive my wages, and, as I had given satisfaction, something besides, and then I would be able to buy for my little girls, if not the big doll they wanted, then at least a smaller one that would please them. On the last day of the old year we were told we would not be paid until early in the new year, as the cashier was too busy receiving money to find time to pay any out. How I could manage to live until pay-day and get the children's presents, I did not know. Imagine my position, Madam, as the father of a family, to wake up on New Year's morning without a farthing in the house, and nothing—nothing at all—for the children. . . . I had not the courage to wait for them to get up. I dreaded their New Year's greetings. This day of all days, for the first time, their kisses would have made me ill. . . . I went out very early, before they were awake, and walked about the streets, feverish and forlorn. At eight o'clock I found myself at the shop. A number of presents were packed ready to be taken to other children. I was given quite a heavy load, and I made several journeys. Three more remained to be delivered, two in my district, and another—the heaviest, an enormous parcel—further away; here, in this very street. I was famished. I thought of running home to have a bite, without my children seeing me. I went in. The two little rooms I occupy on the first floor, at the end of the court, were empty. A neighbour had taken the children out to amuse them. Then, as the great parcel was very heavy, I set it down in the corner, so that I could return for it after delivering the other two. Half an hour afterwards I returned, and on the staircase I heard shouts of joy. As I entered, my children rushed to meet me, threw themselves into my arms, and embraced me. Amid her kisses the eldest said, "Thank you, darling Papa, thank you;" and the little one was all thanks, too. Thanks? Why? Whilst I was seeking for the cause of all this joy, they ran into the next room and returned with a magnificent doll—an unbreakable baby. Then I understood. They had come back during my absence, and, seeing the parcel in the corner, they thought it was my New Year's gift. I ought to have taken it from them and said, "This is not yours; it is not mine. It does not belong to us. It is for some other little girls." But they were so pleased! Oh, if you could have seen their joy! With what eyes they looked at their baby! How they covered it with kisses! I had not the courage to take it from them. I tore myself away from them. I wanted to run to the shop and say, "You owe me some money; give me a big doll instead." Then I would have brought it to you, Madam, as your name and address was upon the parcel. The master and the cashier were so occupied that I was unable to speak to them, and I was afraid to disturb them. So this morning I determined to come and tell you all. Do not complain of me at the shop, Madam, I entreat you. They know nothing about it. They believe you have received it, and they trust me as an honest man. I shall receive my money in a few days, and I give you my word I will bring you another



doll, exactly like the one my children have so innocently kept.'

There was another ring at the bell, and Uncle entered hurriedly, out of breath.

'They say,' said he, 'that the doll was sent yesterday morning.'

'Really?' said the mother, with a smile.

'Well, where is it, then?' he gasped.

'It is with some other little girls, not nearly so happy as mine,' the mother added, patting her children's cheeks, 'and to whom we have given it; have we not, Martha and Jenny and Yvonne?'

'Yes, yes,' replied the eldest, 'we have given it to them.' And the two others echoed the same words.

Suddenly they rushed into the nursery, to appear again in a few moments with their dinner service, which they placed in the father's hands, saying, 'Give that also to your little girls from us.'

The man's tears again began to flow, and the mother also wept with joy at having been so well understood; whilst the uncle stood aghast—he did not know what to make of it at all. Everything was explained to him afterwards. He made inquiries about the stranger, and, finding that he was a reliable man, he found him congenial employment.

Late that evening the bell rang again, and there, waiting to come in, was another unbreakable baby that Uncle had sent for his three little nieces. Truly, this second of January was a day of surprises.

The two unbreakable babies have been loved so much that they are now without heads and legs, but Uncle John has promised to have them both repaired.

*Translated by D. S. RIDER.*

### RATIONS.

THE following rhyme is an old one, but it is curiously appropriate to the present time:

'Please, ma'am, my ma'am  
Sent me to see, ma'am,  
If you'll come to tea, ma'am,  
At half-past three, ma'am.  
Bring your own sugar, ma'am,  
Bring your own tea, ma'am,  
And I'll have the kettle boiled  
By half-past three, ma'am.'

### THE FAIRIES' POSTMAN.

THE Fairies chose a postman  
To carry round their mail;  
'Our billets-doux and parcels, too,  
Must all go without fail.'  
They said: 'We want a postman  
Who'll work well without fuss;  
No butterfly who flutters by  
Shall do the job for us!'

The Fairies gave their postman  
A jolly little pack  
To hold each note the Fairies wrote  
Quite safely on his back.  
'And don't you,' said they, 'ever  
Let folks see what's inside!'  
And from that day to this, they say,  
He's kept that rule with pride.

The Fairies say their postman  
Works well enough, but, oh!  
Sometimes, they say, they wait all day  
For letters—he's so slow;  
But then his pack is heavy—  
There's lots in Fairies' Mail;  
And though he's slow, he'll come, you know,  
Some time will Postman Snail!

ETHEL TALBOT.

### FOUL-WEATHER FRIENDS.

WE often hear the expression 'fair-weather friends,' but it struck me the other day that we have many 'foul-weather friends' in this country, too, who seek us out for help and companionship in times of trouble and stress. During the cold winters of the North we are generally visited by scores of semi-Arctic birds in search of food; and we often hear that herds of deer come down from their fastnesses on the high wooded hills to seek for food in the valleys below. Occasionally they will venture down a village street, and I, myself, in the coldest part of last winter, saw the print of their feet on the hard snow covering the moors, not two miles from where I live. Hares, also, during the same cold spell made havoc in gardens which they would have been too timid to approach at ordinary times, and, as a result, many careful village gardeners lost their crops of winter cabbage, flowering plants, and early bulbs.

In France wild boars sometimes prowl out from the forest of the Ardennes at the bleakest time of year, and wild wolves, too, may be met with at that season, though they are not so common in France as they used to be some thirty years ago. This may be on account of the fact that a price is laid on every wolf's head; rewards are offered by the Government, 'a grant of four pounds being paid for a full-grown wolf and one pound and twelve shillings for a cub.'

But a rarer visitor—though hardly a friend—appeared on the south coast of England during a recent winter: no less than a grampus, and a grampus of no mean size, being fourteen feet in length. Sir Ernest Shackleton and his men tell harrowing stories of their escapes from these monsters in mid-ocean; nothing will satisfy the creature—it can eat a ton of food at each meal; and 'one twenty-foot grampus on being caught was found to contain the bodies of thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals'! We should not extend much welcome to this particular kind of foul-weather friend, but, for all that, the recent grampus was not the first of his tribe to appear on our shores. They have been known to appear even in the Thames.

I might mention another and rather different instance of 'foul-weather friendship to animals' before I close: it redounds to the credit of our friends, the Dutch. During the bombardment of Antwerp the firing and noise of the shells struck terror into the hearts of the animals shut up in the great city Zoo; and, after the city was taken, the difficulty of how to feed the creatures seemed a very real one, when food was short for the people themselves. Then it was that an offer was received from Rotterdam that there would be a welcome given to the animals from the Antwerp Zoo until after the War. So there they are waiting, comfortably housed and looked after by their hospitable 'foul-weather friends'!

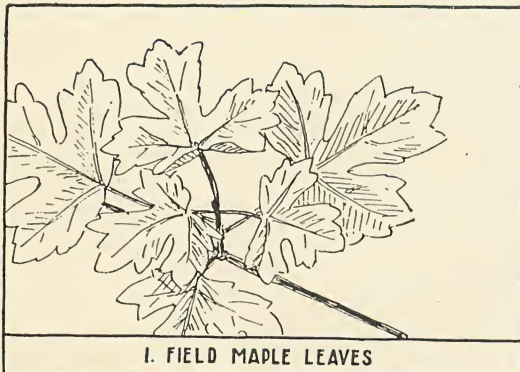


## THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

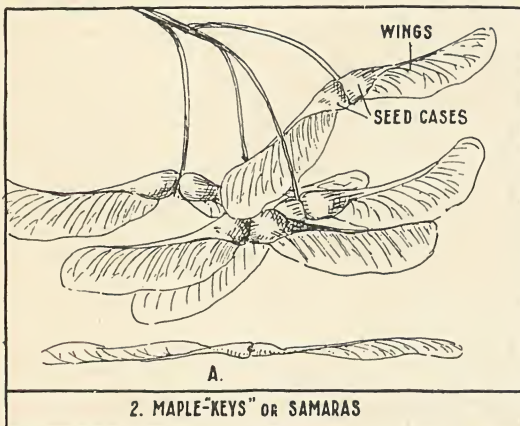
## VI.—MAPLE AND SYCAMORE.

IN this article I propose to deal with two trees. I do this because they are so often confused with one another that I think if I bring them both before you together, I shall be better able to draw your attention to their differences.

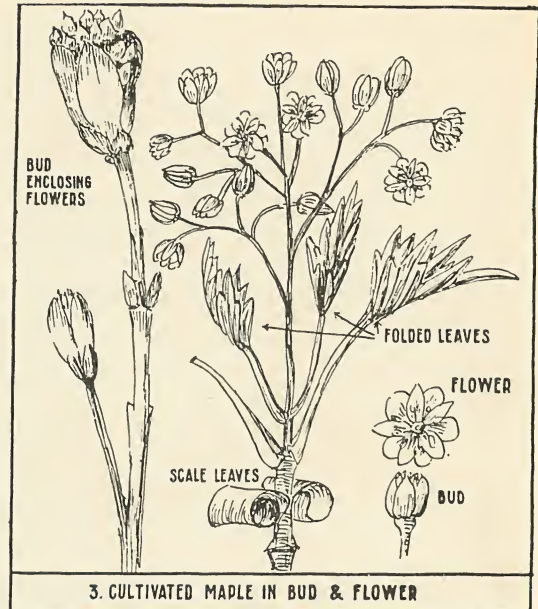
I shall start with the Maple. There are several varieties of Maple to be met with among our trees, and I will only say a few words about each. First of all there is the Field Maple (*Acer campestre*). This never



attains any great size as a tree, but is very familiar in our hedges and undergrowth. Its reddish stems and small much-cut leaves are a well-known feature of our hedges. Fig. 1 will recall it to your mind, I am sure. Its leaves are very variable in shape. About the middle of May dainty clusters of greenish flowers appear at the ends of the shoots. They have five sepals and five petals all looking like petals; then eight stamens which sit on a soft tiny cushion in the middle of the flower, embedded

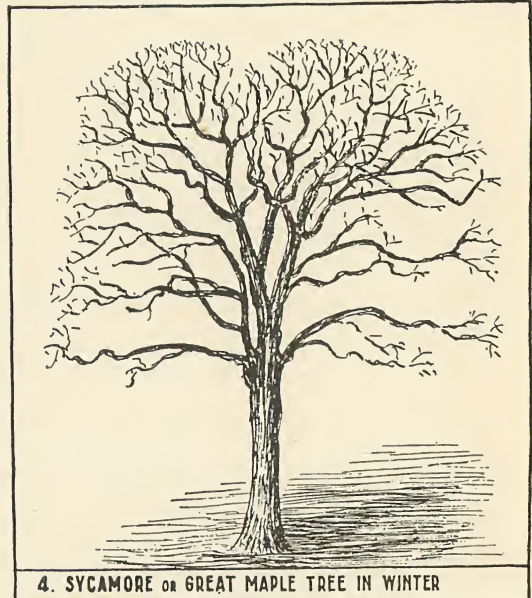


in which is the fruit of the future. This fruit is a pair of 'keys,' or samaras, a group of which I show in fig. 2. These are really each two fruits joined just below the stalk. The seeds are contained in the swollen parts, and the rest is really a wing by which the wind carries it. These two fruits are slightly twisted in opposite directions, which causes them to flutter when they fall; I show this at A. There is a curious feature about the older boughs of Maple which I would like you to look



for. Just below where the opposite branches spring from the main stem, there is an unusual dent round the stem, as though a wire had at some time been bound round it tightly.

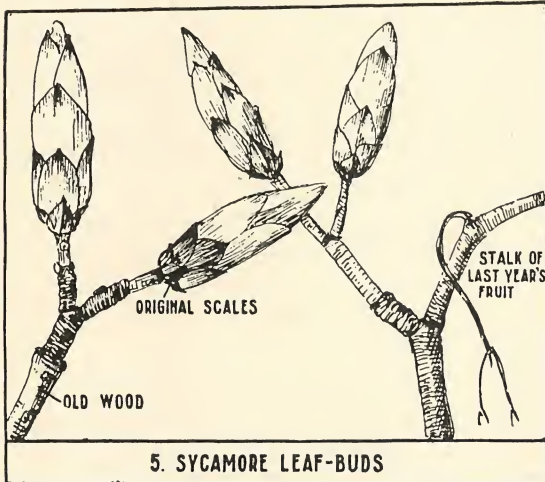
There is another form of Maple which is now fairly common—viz., the Cultivated Maple. This is remark-



able in the spring for its most striking clusters of beautiful, yellow, perfect flowers, which begin to appear early in April. I will here quote what I wrote when I collected the specimens shown in fig. 3: 'April 27th. I have brought in a twig in bloom; the dainty colouring

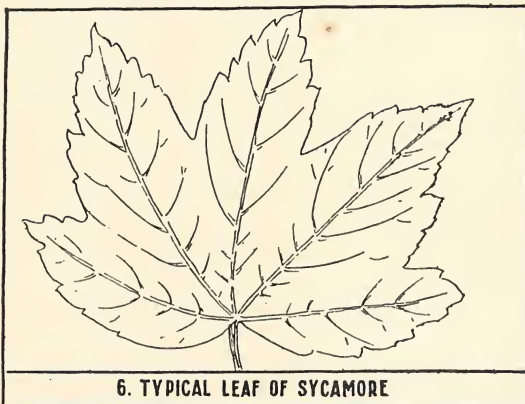


of this tree at this period is delightful. The flowers are of a pale yellow green, in graceful clusters. The scales which covered the bud in winter have all rolled back; just two are left in my sketch, but sometimes there are six or more. They are tinged with crimson, as are also the stems of the leaves. The leaves have not yet expanded, but still exhibit the wonderful fan-like manner in which they were folded in the bud, each



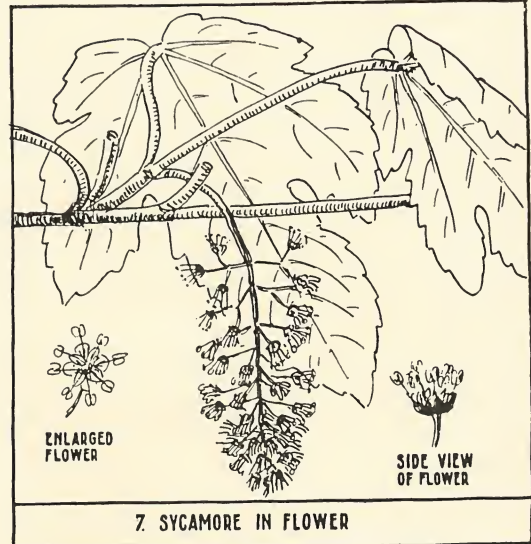
section being folded down the mid-rib. The leaves, too, are of a pale yellow green at present, almost the colour of the flowers.'

I am now going to pass on to the Sycamore, or Great Maple, or False-plane. You see how misleading the names are! *Acer pseudo-platanus* ('Maple false-plane') is its botanical name. This time I will keep to my more usual order of description. The general shape of



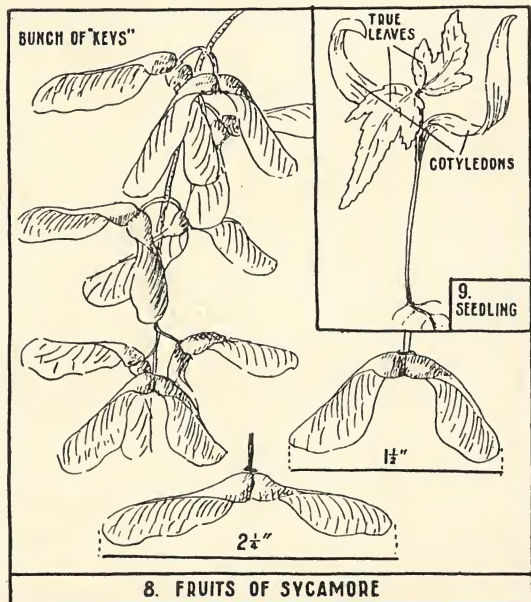
a well-grown Sycamore is somewhat square, strange to say. In fig. 4 you will observe how flat is the top of the tree and how vertical the sides. The plan of branching is in pairs, and this you can distinctly see in my sketch. The branches are fairly clear of twigs till they reach the ends, and here the twigs are short and the buds close. In fig. 5 I show you some well-grown buds, and I will again quote from my note-book: 'I have brought in to-day (April 27th) this twig of buds.

They are one inch and a half long, and their colouring is delightful. The small dark scales at the base are dark green and tipped with black. These are the scales which originally covered the bud. The others were within, but see how they have increased in size! The lower ones are in shades of pale olive green, and the upper ones in lovely shades of pale green and pink. The contrast between this lovely dainty colouring and the branches of the older stem is wonderful. You can see, too, in my sketch the old dry stem of last year's fruits.'



The bark is thin, and is inclined to flake off a little: this is another reason why it gets confused with that of the Plane; but the extent of flaking is only very slight when compared with the Planes.'

The mature leaf I show in fig. 6. You can now com-





pare it with the Plane's, and make sure you know the differences. These are about five inches long when fully grown. They fade very early and are often badly disfigured by black spots as though burnt; these are caused by an insect, but I cannot here tell you more. The leaves are generally five-lobed, but the 'serrations' are much more angular than those of the Plane, so that you will not, I hope, now mix them up.

As the leaves develop, the clusters of flowers appear in the middle of the almost rosettes of leaves. At first they stand upright, but when the clusters begin to lengthen they droop, and you have the familiar state shown in fig. 8. The individual flowers are not quite so perfect as the Maple, the petals and sepals are smaller. The fruit is again two samaras or 'keys,' but this time they are set at a much smaller angle to one another. Let me express it this way: If you measured the distance between the ends of the two wings of a Maple 'key,' you would find it much more than the distance between the two ends of the Sycamore 'key.' This is how you know which is which. In fig. 9 I show you some Sycamore fruits and, to make myself quite clear, I have drawn a key of Maple and a key of Sycamore side by side and put in the measurements, so I am sure you will quite understand now.

If you have a Sycamore anywhere near, you will not have to look far for a seedling! There is a tree over the road about two hundred yards from our garden; every year we pull up hundreds of seedlings from our garden. If we were not very severe we should soon have a small forest—they grow so fast, and are so strong, and put down such fine roots. In fig. 9 I draw one. Here again you have the two distinct cotyledons, first leaves; they are this time just bands of green. They come out of the seed face to face, often carrying the seed-case up with them. Soon they open out and produce two more or less true leaves. In my sketch I give two leaves as well as the cotyledons.

The Sycamore attains its full size in about fifty years, and lives for about another sixty or seventy. The timber is strong and finely grained, and is used for general purposes; it also takes a good polish fairly easily.

E. M. BARLOW.

### THE WELSH DOG.

'YES, we went to Wales for a holiday this year,' said little Tom.

'What part of Wales?' asked his friend, a boy several years older than himself.

'To a place called Barmouth, close to a mountain called Cad—Cad—'

'Cader Idris,' said the friend. 'That means "The Giant's Seat." I've been there too. Did you go up the mountain?'

'Yes,' replied Tom, 'we all went—Father and Mother and I; but not right up to the top. We lost ourselves. Then we met a farmer with a dog, and we asked about the way. But the man could not speak or understand English, so he said—'

'"*Dim sassenach*,"' said the other boy, before Tom could get out the words. It was rude of him to interrupt, and he did it just to show that he knew as much Welsh as Tom did.

But Tom did not mind. 'Yes,' he went on, 'that's what the man said. Father says it means, "I don't know English." And the man's dog said it, too.'

'Tom!'

'Well, Mother says we can speak in other ways as well as with our tongues: by our actions, and—'

'Oh, hurry up! How did the dog speak?'

'Mother offered him a biscuit, and he wouldn't take it, though she coaxed him ever so much. Then she handed the biscuit to the farmer. He said something to the dog in Welsh, and then the dog took the biscuit and gobbled it up at once. We all laughed, and Father pointed to the dog, and said, "*Dim sassenach*." He meant that the dog did not understand English any more than his master did, and that he (the dog, I mean) had said so as plainly as he could.'

'Clever dog, to understand Welsh,' said Tom's friend.

'T'would be a funny thing if he couldn't,' said Tom.

'He is a *Welsh dog*.'

Tom always likes to have the last word.

E. D.

### THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 162.)

'STOP it! Phil Kinchin.'

'Stop it yourself, Vic. I got it first.'

'Here, stow it! It was meant for me.'

'No you don't.' And the Scouts grappled each other, and went round and round the bakery all arms and legs. Phil tried to swing Vic off his feet; Vic tried to trip up Phil. Phil was the heavier, and Vic the more active. They swayed and staggered, bounced against the wall, and sent the strip of carpet flying. Victory hung in the balance. Then Phil, his arms locked round Vic, lifted him off his feet, Vic recovered himself and threw Phil across his leg, and they both fell into the corner, Vic on top.

It was all Betje's fault; she offered Vic a flower to put in his coat, then changed her mind and cried, 'Here, catch,' and threw it in the air to fall between the two boys, who of course made a dash for it, but Phil caught it. Betje was screeching at the top of her voice, 'Stop, you wicked boys. Moe, moe, come and stop these boys. Now you've hurt him. You English—you savage islanders. No wonder the Germans want to put you down. It's enough to turn a neutral girl pro-German—fighting like wild animals.'

'We weren't fighting,' said Vic, as the two arose and dusted themselves down.

'I don't fight with one smaller than myself,' said Phil, grinning at Vic.

'Smaller than yourself,' said Vic scornfully, 'half an inch, pooh!'

'Try another?' said Phil.

'No you don't,' shrieked Betje. 'You savages—and on Sunday, too—and you've got your clothes all over dust. You've broken the flower all to pieces; a lot you care for my souvenirs. Now behave like Mynheers and I'll give you one each.'

'If we're going on like this my clothes won't last out,' said Phil, seriously surveying his legs. 'They're all shrunk up from yesterday, and now I've got a three-corner tear in the knee; and these are the only togs we've got this side of the North Sea.'

Betje took the Scouts to the Groot-kerk, but they were not much edified. The Dominé's sermon was very solemn, and his words rolled round the great church in a most impressive manner, but his language was far and away above the understanding even of Phil. They



were parted from Betje and had to go into seats set apart for men, whilst she entered those for women. The method of taking the collection struck them as odd: the sidesman appeared with a very long wand having a little bag at the end, like a fishing-net. He passed this over the front rows to reach those at the back, and came round no less than three times during the course of the service.

'Couldn't understand a word of the sermon,' said Phil to Betje, on the way home.

'It's well you couldn't,' said Betje with a toss of her head, 'or else you would have blushed for yourselves, after fighting like wild beasts this morning.'

The Scouts sat beneath the trees on the bank of the Haven that afternoon and talked of many things.

'You'll like young Piet Slot—he's rather jolly,' said Phil. 'He knows how to manage a boat as well as a fisherman.'

'Hope he isn't like his father,' said Vic. 'He's a regular pessimist.'

'Pessimist?' repeated Phil in a slightly inquiring tone.

'Yes; he's a regular pessimist, in spite of his fat and flourishing appearance: and the Kunst-kooper is an optimist.'

'One reads a lot about them in the papers, but I don't really know what a pessimist is—or an optimist.'

Vic took upon himself to enlighten Phil.

'An optimist is a man who sees everything rosy, and a pessimist is one who has always got the blues. I can understand an optimist, but a pessimist is a bit of a "corker." It seems to me, a pessimist is a man who is getting all he jolly well can out of life and enjoying it, and yet wants to have the pleasure of being melancholy too: he's not like the genuine miserable, hard-up chap—as a rule, he's an optimist. I suppose health has got something to do with it.'

'Everybody has a fit of the blues sometimes: I know I had one over that exam,' remarked Phil.

'Yes,' Vic agreed; 'I always have one when Uncle Sowerby comes down. A decent fellow only has it in fits, and tries to keep it to himself, but a pessimist has it for everlasting, and tries to give the disease to everybody he comes across. By-the-by, what do you make of the Kunst-kooper!'

'I like him,' said Phil; 'in fact, I like them all—they're awfully jolly.'

'I like him, too,' said Vic; 'but I fancy he's got a keen eye to business—he can look a bit foxy at times. The art-dealing antique business can be tricky. I don't say that it is so with him, but it can be with the work of restoring and patching-up and sticking on a little bit here and staining a bit there—they are apt to go a bit further. There are such things as fakes, you know.'

'Yes; you're right there. I know of people who have been sucked in.'

'I don't want to be too beastly suspicious, but I've got to think out this "Reynolds" business. That he has got it I feel certain, but I keep wondering whether he's in company with the Filbert or whether he knows nothing of how it has been come by, and is simply storing it for him. The receiver may be as bad as the thief, you know. And then all this enthusiasm about artists, too—is it genuine or is it a trade? I can see that it is quite possible that it may pay well. Is the Kunst-kooper a character or is he a fraud? That's what I want to know.'

'Moe comes of a good family,' said Phil. 'Her father

was a Town Councillor, or something of the sort—so Piet says. They seem to be respected: Moe was standing at the door this morning when the Burgomeester passed—Betje said it was the Burgomeester—and he raised his hat to her and bowed as if she were a duchess.'

'There are people in our country, considered respectable, who are not above doing shady things in business. Jolly good of Uncle William to send us some more money, wasn't it?' said Vic, after a pause. 'Not but what we've got plenty.'

'He's an awfully good sort,' said Phil, 'Did you tell him I've adopted him?'

'Yes,' replied Vic, with a slight chuckle.

'What does he say?'

'Oh! he says you're a bit rash on such a short acquaintance. He says—wait a bit, here is his letter: "Tell my new nephew that I do not forget the responsibilities of my position, and I straitly charge him that he is to do nothing foolish, and is on no account to lead you into mischief—he will be able to guess what I mean."'

Phil, who was dropping stones into the water, pondered the words of the message, but did not seem disposed to pursue the subject further.

'Father is awfully cut up about the "Reynolds,"' said Vic, referring to another letter which the morning's post had brought him. He says we ought to have sent round to all the art dealers in London telling them that the picture had been stolen, and warning them against any one who might try to dispose of it.'

'Surely the Scotland Yard people have done that?' said Phil.

'Yes; I should think that's one of the first things they'd do, though it isn't likely that any one would try it on in London—at any rate, not till things have blown over a bit. I don't think Father feels it so much as he would have done in peace times, when at home. Things are exciting out there, and our men have as much as they can do to hold their own: that last affair at Ypres must have been awful. What an experience, Phil, to be actually in it.'

'Ripping!' said Phil.

'I mean to go to Woolwich, if I can pass the exam.; if I can't, I shall go into the Inns of Court O.T.C.'

'That's what I mean to do,' said Phil. 'It's sickening only being sixteen, isn't it?'

'The Colonel who made the speech at the O.T.C. said it was folly of young fellows to think of it under eighteen—they haven't the stamina, and can't stick it.'

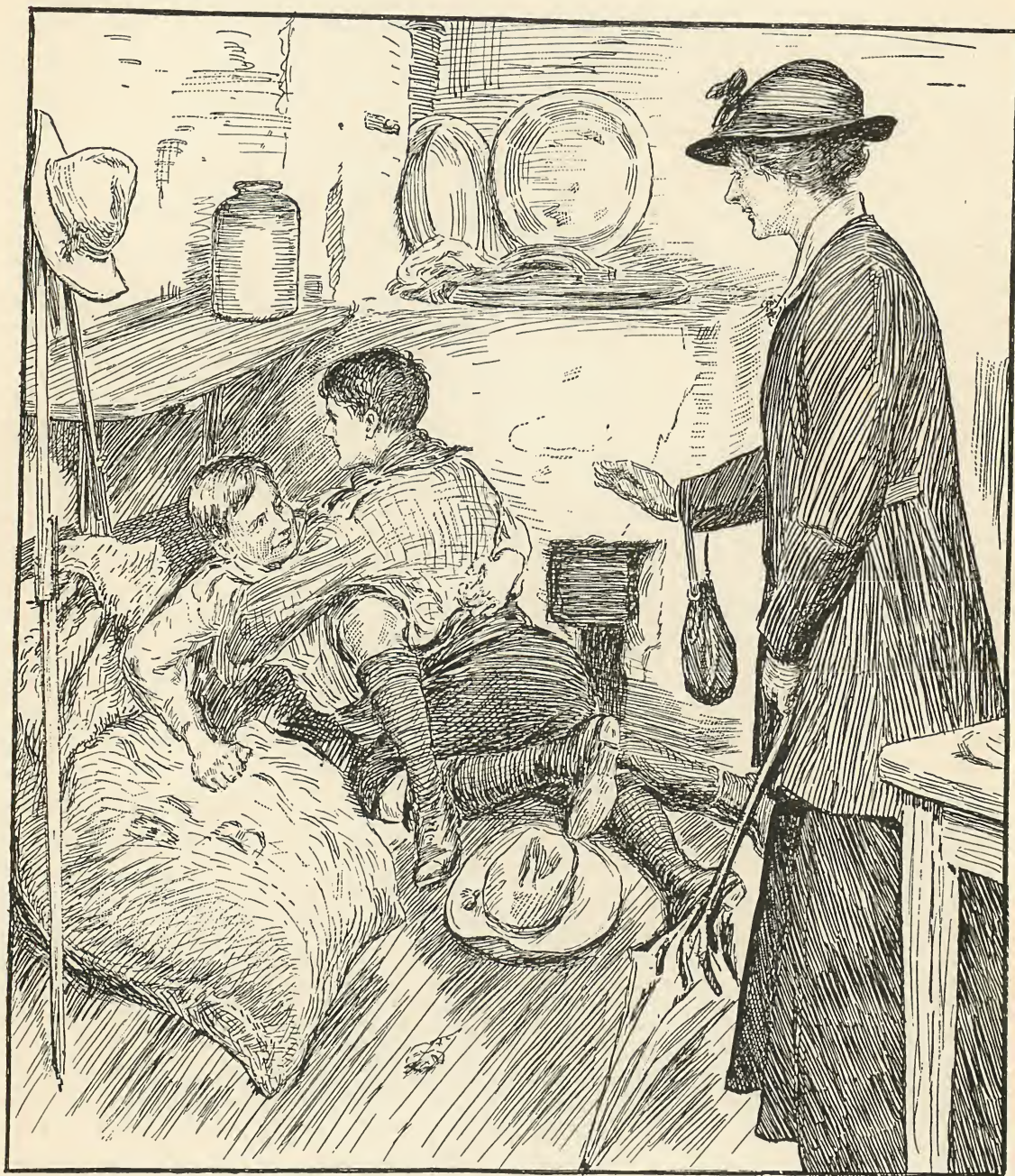
'They go into the Navy young enough.'

'The Navy's different: they enter young, but they have a long training. Besides, war-time on board a man-o-war is much the same as peace-time, unless they have a scrap, and then it's short and sharp all round—men and boys. They have the same routine and plenty of good food and their regular watches: it's different to the rough-and-tumble in the trenches. Of course, on a submarine or mine-sweeper or anything of that sort, it's awfully trying; but I don't think they put boys to that sort of work.'

'I'd join up now,' said Phil; 'I'm big enough and strong enough—five-foot-eight and twenty-nine inches round the chest. I see a lot of chaps not nearly as big as I am. Barlow says they would take me like a shot—official nineteen, as they call it; but I don't believe in lies at any price. What I'm afraid of is that it'll all be over before we're old enough.'

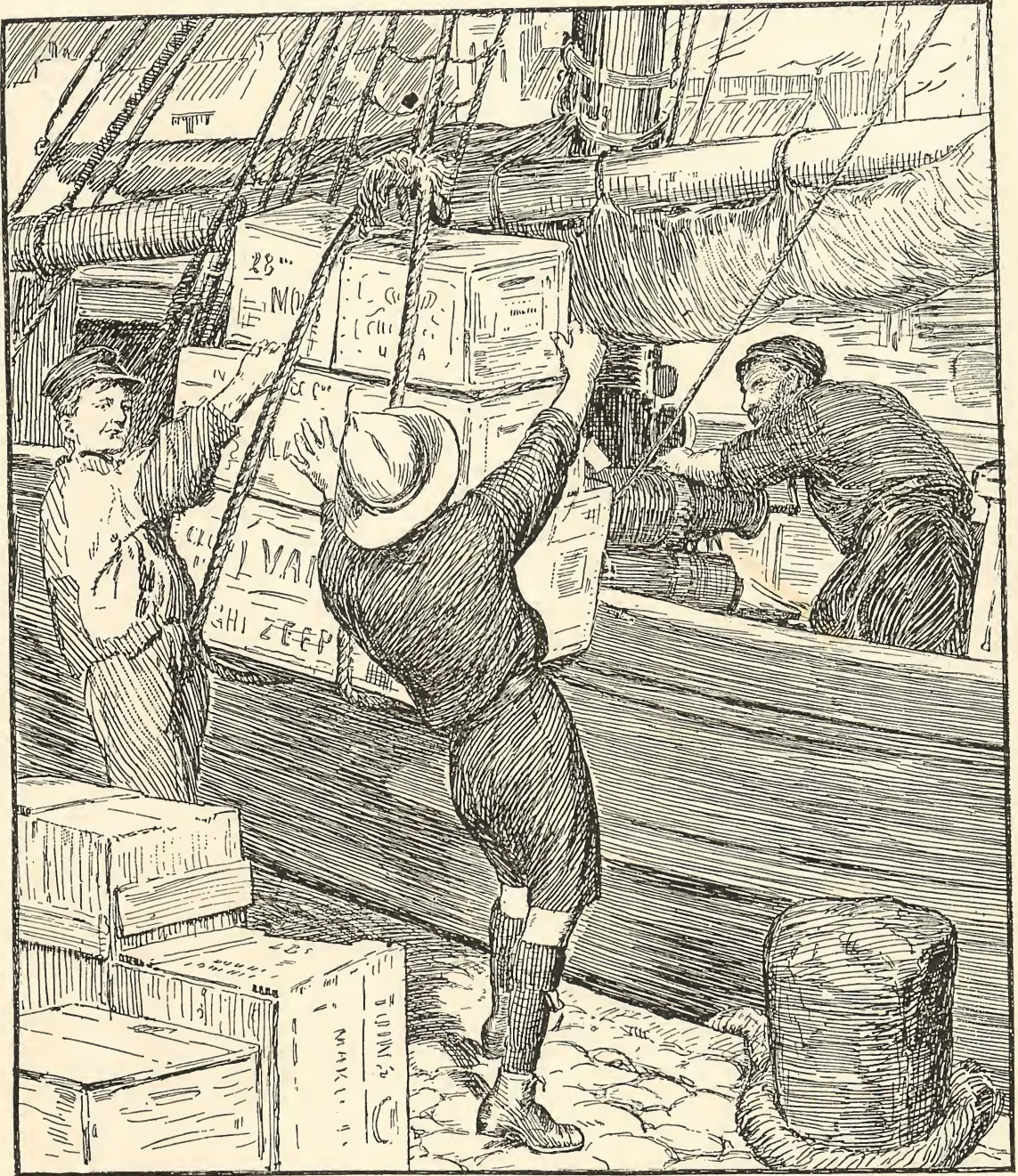
(Continued on page 178.)





“‘Stop—you wicked boys—you savage islanders.’”





"Phil went to work with a will, and soon got into the way of it."



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 167.)

THE Scouts finished the day with hymns in the sitting-room behind the shop. Herman played the accordion rather too strongly for an accompaniment, it is true, but Betje's voice took a lot of drowning: it was a very jolly voice, but a trifle shrill. Moe had the sweetest and softest voice in the world, but she sat too near the accordion. The Scouts chimed in with credit, although Phil's voice was breaking and could not be trusted much. The Kunst-kooper did not sing; he gently beat time with his foot, and conducted with his hand where expression was required. When the hymns began to flag, Betje would have led off into secular songs, which, on the whole, suited her voice best, but the Kunst-kooper did not approve, and called for the 'Old Hundredth': and so the proceedings terminated—all very jolly and home-like.

The *Dompelaar* was taking in her cargo at the landing-place in the Nieuwe Haven: one man was turning the handle of the winch and another was down below in the hold stowing away the goods. A rope was run up from the winch to a pulley, and passing through hung down, the boys making fast to it the boxes, bales, bundles of merchandise, and barrels, which were going on board, and which when securely clamped together were borne aloft, swung round, and carefully lowered into the hold.

'Ease her—turn her—lower away—stop!' sang out Piet.

'Ease her—turn her starn—lower away—stop her!' shouted Phil. His directions were unnecessary, but gave gusto to the proceedings.

Piet, who was not now in his shore-going clothes, but wore a short blouse and an old pair of trousers, had taken Phil over the *Dompelaar* from stem to stern. She was a bulky vessel, much swollen at the sides, which gave her a capacious hold for the cargo, in spite of her little depth—the *Dompelaar* having been built for shallow water. Phil was taken down the hold, and instructed in the method of stowing the cargo, had a turn at the winch, and then went aft, and was shown the snug little cabin with its stove and two berths. He got into Piet's bunk, and vowed it was more comfortable than a feather-bed, and would suit him 'down to the ground,' but thought it would be awkward if one got up in a hurry at night and fractured one's skull against the roof. He had no doubt, however, that one would soon get used to that. He admired the well-polished brass-work and the gay painting of the rudder and ship's stern. On the little green hatch over the entrance to the cabin lay a large megaphone, which Phil would have dearly liked to have had a 'turn at' had not Piet restrained him. He was interested in everything, from the anchor to the rudder-post. After this survey Phil went to work with a will, and soon got into the way of it: the great pile of boxes on the landing-slip was fast disappearing into the hold, but not fast enough to please the schipper, it appeared, for more had to be brought up from the town. The schipper was not on the spot when Phil arrived, but he now bustled up with a big cigar in his mouth, and casting a suspicious glance over the ship to the very rigging and mast-head, did not seem altogether satisfied.

'Here, stand clear, don't foul that rope,' he shouted, 'and don't go mooning about looking at the palms of your hands—a few corns won't hurt you. Mind what you're doing, Piet, and keep those things for Kwadijk till last, so that they'll be handy to put out. It's close on twelve o'clock, and we're not half loaded. The *Mina* has got all her stuff aboard, and is putting on her hatches. I don't know how it is, we're always last to start and last to get back. The *Mina* will have four hours' start of us, and'll get the best berth at Zaandam, and we shall have to lay off there goodness knows how long. We shan't get away much before sundown, and then the breeze'll drop, and there you are. It's gone round now to the s'uth'ard, and we're going to have a change. Thought it was too good to last. It'll rain cats and dogs all night, or I'm no seaman!'

Piet, from long use, took it all serenely, and softly whistled an accompaniment to his father's growls: he stuck well to his work, and didn't mind what he did now he had not got his shore-going clothes on. He was not above getting out a big trolley and trundling it briskly over the cobble stones into the town, bringing back great piles of boxes; and, needless to say, Phil was not above pushing up behind. When the schipper was out of sight, Phil enjoyed it immensely, and he handled the boxes famously, and could lift as heavy weights as Piet, which was in fact the occasion of a little disagreement. Piet, intending a compliment, said he was as good as a Dutchman, whereat Phil flared up, some patriotic fencing ensued, which culminated in Phil's declaring that 'he'd take him one-handed,' and in his making some advances to demonstrate it. However, it all smoothed over, and they were better friends than ever. Piet regarded him with the respect due to his nationality, and they were having the jolliest time imaginable when a little incident occurred, which spoilt it all.

(Continued on page 190.)

## THE STORY OF SOME WORDS.

IN THE DINING-ROOM.

I SUPPOSE most readers of *Chatterbox* could give some account of the things which are associated with the dining-room; the crockery comes from the Potteries, knives and forks are made in Sheffield, vegetables come from the garden, raisins and currants come from Greece. But how many have ever asked how these things got their names? Some articles would have to answer that they do not know: such are fish, salt, sprouts, beet, carrots, cucumber, cress, figs, almonds, pear, plum, and medlar.

Others would tell us some interesting things. A table was so called because the first table was a flat board or plank; so the linen tablecloth put on it was named linen because made of flax, and the Latin word for flax was *linum*. Crockery is another peculiar word, but we find in Welsh a word, *crochan*, which means pot. A cup meant a tub, whilst a saucer was so called because it was used to hold sauce. A plate was something flat, whilst knife means something to nip with. You often hear about wooden spoons, given to those who do badly, but the first spoon was a chip or splinter of wood, and that was why it was called a spoon, this word meaning chip or splinter. Tea and coffee owe their names to the lands from which they came, China and Turkey. Cocoa is a word which has



become somewhat changed. The tree whence chocolate is made is cacao. Sugar is interesting, because it meant grains of sand. It was easy to say that sugar was like grains of sand, and it was called after what it was like. Dough means a kneaded lump, the reason for which is easy to see; whereas bread stood for a bit or morsel. We often speak of a boy as being the 'flower of the family,' meaning the best: so people spoke of the 'flower of the wheat' when they meant the finer part of the meal. Hence we get the word flour. Jam is something squeezed, mashed, or crushed, just like one might say of a foot jammed or crushed; whilst marmalade was a conserve of quinces.

Bacon is the Danish word for pig; whilst ham is so named because it came from the back of the thigh. When we ask the word rasher why it is so called, we find it was probably given to pieces of pork quickly or *rashly* roasted. The mustard we use gets its name because it was something mixed with must, a kind of wine; whilst pepper means the fruit of the holy fig-tree.

The things we use for drinking are interesting. Glass means shining, whilst decanter comes from a word meaning to pour out. The word tumbler has a curious origin. At first it was a glass without a foot, or with a pointed base, which could only be set down when empty, otherwise it tumbled.

The word vegetable was given to things fit and able to live. Cabbages mean large heads, and of the different kinds, savoys were so called because they came from Savoy, broccoli is the Italian for sprouts, cauliflower means flower of cabbage, and kale is another form of cole, a word meaning cabbage. Celery is an Italian word, meaning parsley, whilst spinach comes from a Latin word (*spina*, a thorn)—some say because the fruit is spiny, others because the leaves are so. Asparagus is a Persian word, meaning sprout; at one time it was commonly called sparrow-grass. The word turnip is peculiar because the last part of the word ('nip') means turnip. It is thought the first syllable ('turn') was put on to denote something turned—i.e., made round. Parsnips are roots dug up. Rhubarb was so named by the Greeks because it was a plant brought from a barbarous—that is, a foreign—country. Lettuce gets its name because of the milky juice, *lac* being the Latin word for milk, whilst radish comes from *radix*, a root.

Sometimes when you have been full of fun you have asked for 'a piece of pig.' Now, why should we not use such words for the flesh of dead animals? The reason goes back to the time when our forefathers, the Saxons, used to tend the cattle of their conquerors, the Normans. Whilst alive the animals were called by the names we use, pig, sheep, calf, and ox; but when taken as food to the Normans, they called them by the French names, whence we get pork, mutton, veal, and beef.

Spices comes from a word like species, meaning kinds, and amongst them cloves were so called because they looked like nails—French, *clou*, a nail. Cinnamon means sweet wood, and nutmeg a musk-nut. Curry and ketchup both mean sauce.

Vinegar originally meant sour or sharp wine, whilst cheese was curdled milk.

When we come to dessert, we find this had something to do with clearing the table and of the things used for dessert. Banana is a Spanish word; pineapple originally meant a fir-cone, whilst date means 'like a finger.' Melons are said to have received their name from the Greek word melon, an apple. Raisins and

currants (the shop ones) are grapes—the word raisin being an altered form of *racemus*, a bunch of grapes, whilst currants is shortened and altered from *raisins de Corinth*—this last word has been changed very much, as you see.

Strawberries are said by some to be so named because they strayed about as strawberry plants do, whilst others suggest that the word has something to do with the straw which is placed round the plants. Raspberries owe their name to their uneven surface. Gooseberries are sometimes said to have received this name because the gooseberry bush is like the gorse, covered with thorns. Apples and cherries both trace their names to places from which they were brought: the former, Abella in Italy; the latter, Cerasos in Pontus, a region round the Black Sea. Damsons came from Damascus, whilst peaches were grown on the *Persica arbor*, or Persian tree. In the old Greek stories nectar was supposed to be the drink of the gods, whence we have nectarines. To finish we have apricots, which means 'early ripe,' and pomegranates, an apple (*pome*) full of seeds.

## THE FLOWERS.

ALL the lovely summer days,  
When the sun is very hot,  
I can go and gaze and gaze  
At the flowers in my plot.

Pinks, and holly-hocks so tall;  
Pansies, and wallflowers, too;  
Little musks—I love them all,  
And that's what I often do.

When the wintry wind blows through,  
And the garden's empty quite;  
I've a secret thing I do  
When I lie awake at night.

If I shut my eyes, why then  
Fairy eyes will come instead,  
And I see my flowers again  
Growing on my garden-bed!

ETHEL TALBOT.

## BURIED CITIES.

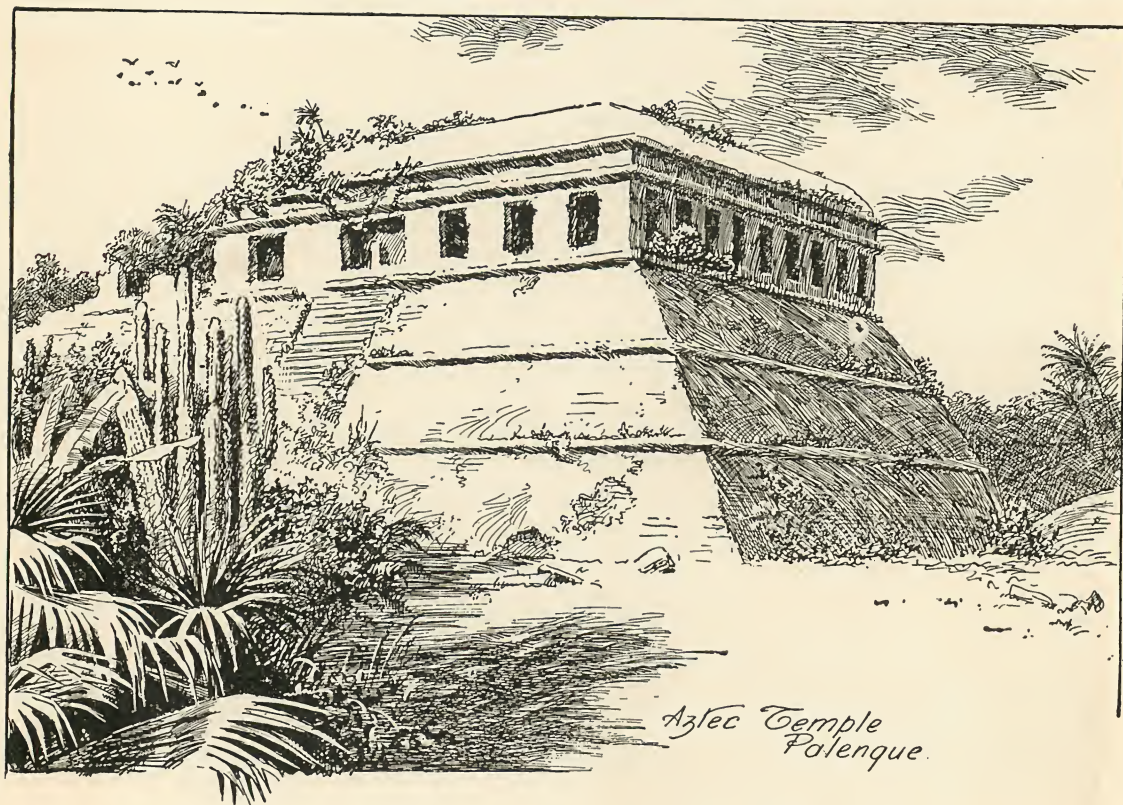
By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

### VI.—BURIED CITIES OF THE NEW WORLD.

WE have seen many of the buried cities of the Old World buried beneath the sands of deserts, the ashes and mud of volcanoes, and the great rubbish heaps of the Middle Ages, and now we must travel westward across the Atlantic to America. There, on the hillsides of Mexico, and in the damp steamy forests of Yucatan, we find walls and temples and palaces—the ruins of a mysterious civilisation which has almost entirely vanished away, for the ignorant natives who now inhabit those regions show few traces of the skill and learning of their great ancestors.

It is very difficult to follow the tracks of history back into the past and to discover anything very definite about those strange races, the Aztecs, the Toltecs, and the Incas. The dead cities of America did not fall into decay slowly and naturally, but died violent deaths, for the Spanish conquerors of the sixteenth century, fierce, avaricious, and warlike as they were, not only destroyed the buildings and works





of art, but did their best to kill the traditions as well, and to blot out all memories of the past in the minds of the subject races of the New World.

Thus it is, that although the ruins of Central and South America often seem to be only heaps of scattered stones, they are in reality much more modern than the buried cities of Europe and Asia, and were splendid and prosperous places in the sixteenth century, when Thebes, Babylon, and Nineveh had already been deserted for thousands of years.

The Spanish freebooters, however, could not destroy everything, and enough remains to show us what marvellous places those old cities must have been, and to bewilder us, too, for in them we discover strange traces of Eastern art and culture. There are pyramids whose pointed outlines seem to carry us back to the banks of the Nile; there are buildings with high pitched roofs and pillared porticoes that remind us of the temples of Japan; there are rich, elaborate sculptures and bas-reliefs that are almost exactly like those which decorate the shrines of India, and, more extraordinary still, we find the cross figuring as one of the most sacred symbols of the mysterious ancient religion of the so-called New World.

It is not wonderful that the first discoverers of America believed that they had sailed round the world to the Indies, and there are all sorts of strange legends of how the land was peopled with tribes who had wandered from Eastern Asia, crossed the Behring Straits on large rafts, and had then drifted southward

until they settled and built great cities among the mountains and forests of Mexico and Central America.

Certain it is that in these countries the civilisation seems to have come from the North, and it is usually believed that the Toltecs were descended from Esquimaux race, while the Aztecs who followed them were more nearly akin to the Red Indians.

The story of Mexico begins in the sixth century, when it is said that a great teacher lived among the Toltecs, taught them religion, art, and science, and then departed, promising to return again in the future. This teacher, who was named Quetzacoatl, may have been a Buddhist missionary, who had reached America from Eastern Asia, but it is certain that he was worshipped as a god in the New World, and that many of the great temples were raised in his honour.

During the next four hundred years Mexico prospered, and many cities were built, but later evil times came, and the land was devastated by wars, famines, and other disasters. The Toltecs seemed to have wandered southward into Yucatan, their place being taken by the Aztecs, and the latter race, under their famous King Montezuma, was still in possession of the land when, in 1521, the Spanish conquerors appeared upon the scene.

'I believe there is no sultan that is served with such magnificence,' Cortes, the Spanish General, wrote to his master, Charles V., and the description would seem to have been a true one, for he describes marvellous jewels, chiefs in golden armour, and a standing army of three million men.



Cortes himself seems to have amazed the Mexicans no less than they astonished him, for they welcomed him as a god, made him offerings, and hung garlands of flowers round his neck. It is, however, hardly surprising that the newcomer was looked upon with awe and wonder, for we hear that he brought a large retinue with him, and travelled through the forests accompanied by dancers, necromancers, jesters, and jugglers.

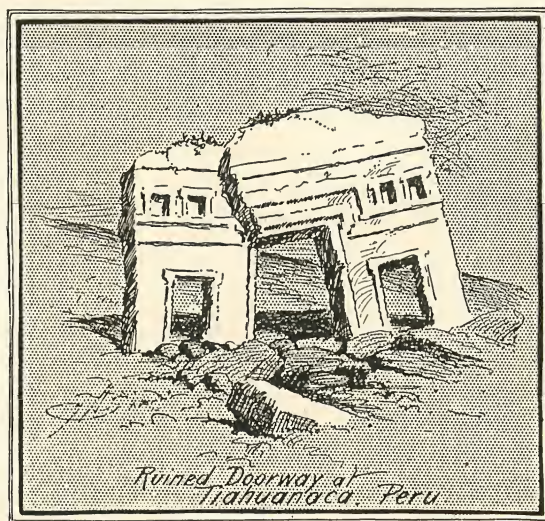
At this time the cities of Mexico were prosperous and densely populated, and one old writer describes palaces and temples perfectly built, white-washed, and polished, paved streets, and beautiful gardens.



*Aztec Pyramid  
Gehuantepec.*

The houses of the wealthy people were large, but usually only of one story, and the walls were covered with a hard white cement, which glittered so brightly in the sunshine that the Spaniards, ready to believe anything in this wonderful new world which they had discovered, declared that the buildings were covered with plates of solid silver.

The homes of the poor people were probably much like the primitive huts in which the Indians live to-day, but being constructed, as now, of sun-dried mud, they have long since crumbled away and disappeared. The larger buildings have fallen into ruins, for the



Spaniards treated the conquered race with terrible cruelty, and thousands of them were slain, while their houses were destroyed and pillaged. The Aztecs abandoned their cities, and the luxuriant tropical vegetation grew up over them, so that, as years and centuries passed away, they were completely hidden, even the places where they had once stood being forgotten.

Tula, Palenque, Itzamal, Chichen Itza, in all these buried cities, there are palaces and temples, with columns, statues, and sculptured reliefs; and we find, too, pottery, weapons, and agricultural implements, so that we can learn something about the life and doings of the dead race, whose origin is so mysterious, and who now have vanished so completely.

Chichen Itza, one of the most wonderful of all the cities of Mexico, was re-discovered quite accidentally by some Indians, who were cutting grass for their oxen, but now the ruins have been explored, and we can see once more the great pyramid surmounted with its fortified temple, the nunnery, the palaces, and the tennis-court, where a game something like our tennis, in which a hard rubber ball was driven through a stone ring, used to be played. Yucatan and Peru also have their mysterious buried cities, some of which are believed to be even older than those of Mexico.

One traveller, La Vega, who visited Tiahuanaca, describes two great figures of giants carved in stone, and a huge wall made of blocks of stone so large that it is a wonder how human force could ever have raised them to their places, 'for,' he adds, 'there are no works or quarries near.'

It is believed that the Peruvians of ancient days, who were called Incas, moved these great stones in the same way as did the Egyptians, hundreds of men being employed to drag them over wooden rollers by means of ropes; but now in Peru all the old skill and science is forgotten. It is not strange that the ignorant natives believe the ruined cities to have been built by giants, and declare that they were begun and completed in a single night.



## THE SWEET-PEA HEDGE.

THE hedge that bears the fairies' wings  
All colourless has grown;  
In autumn winds it sways and swings,  
Its pinions all have flown.

Not long ago—a week, a day—  
Pink, primrose, mauve, and blue,  
Its wings were poised in sweet array;  
What will the fairies do?

Perhaps they toiled the live-long night,  
While you and I were sleeping,  
With silver scythes and sickles bright,  
Those fairy wings a-reaping.

Henceforward from that scented store  
Each little fay will fledge,  
Till Summer comes to strew once more,  
With wings, the sweet-pea hedge.

LILIAN HOLMES.

## LINCOLN AND THE HOG.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the famous President, was once driving with a friend through a boggy part of the backwoods, when he saw a poor hog fast stuck in a slough. The friends drove past; but half a mile further on Lincoln pulled up suddenly. 'I don't know how *you* feel,' he said to his companion, 'I feel that I *must* go back and release that poor beast!'

So back went Lincoln, through the mire and rain, to the ditch where the hog was. He jumped out of his wagon, and dragged the helpless creature on to solid ground. Having thus, by rescuing the hog, lifted the burden from his own kind heart, the good man resumed his journey, feeling far happier than before.

E. D.

## SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

I SUPPOSE if you were asked why we call the turkey by that name, you would probably answer at once, because it came from Turkey? Well, you would be wrong; and, what is more surprising, if you were in Constantinople you would find it very difficult, if not impossible, to get a turkey for your Christmas dinner.

Instead of coming from the East, he came from the West. The Spaniards brought him from Mexico, and by 1541 he was quite well known in England. During Queen Elizabeth's reign the turkey became a fashionable dish on festive occasions, but not at Christmas.

The fashionable Christmas fare was the old boar's head, and it was James I. whose action caused the change. He did not like pork; in fact, he had an intense hatred of it. When the King's courtiers learned of his dislike, they gave up their favourite boar's head and dined on turkey instead.

Another sovereign of England did much to establish another Christmas custom. This was Queen Caroline, who every year had a Christmas-tree either at Buckingham Palace or at Kew House. It was hung with presents for the children invited to see it.

Queen Caroline brought the custom from her home in Germany, and it was from the same country that we got the name 'Santa Claus' for the jolly old gentleman whom every child knows. If we want to call him by an English name, there is none better than 'Father Christmas.'

Italian children do not call him by either of these names. Their distributor of Christmas presents is known as 'La Befana,' a name corrupted from the word Epiphany.

La Befana is said to have an ugly face but a mighty kind heart, and flies through the air and down chimneys, dropping toys for children. On Christmas Eve stalls are placed in the centre of the toy market at Rome, and you would find it very exciting and noisy. A vast crowd gathers there. Some shout a song to La Befana, others blow long tin trumpets. They keep this up until the early hours of Christmas morning. Rather a curious way of 'carol-singing,' isn't it?

There is one Christmas custom which we can rightly regard as British—it is the pantomime. No other country puts fairy tales on the stage at Christmas-time. But when we come to trace the origin of these fairy stories we find we have borrowed a good many from other countries. France has given to us 'Bluebeard,' 'Cinderella,' and 'Tom Thumb,' whilst 'Puss in Boots' comes from Italy. 'Jaek the Giant-killer' is a story hailing from Norway, and Germany has given us 'Jack and the Bean-stalk.' That fine story, 'Sinbad the Sailor,' is of course out of the *Arabian Nights*. Real English stories are 'Babes in the Wood' and 'Red Riding Hood.'

But wherever our customs originated, it rests with us to get the best out of them.

## SPOT, THE MAGPIE.

I HOPE it won't fall off,' said Tom. 'It's perched up very high.'

'They'll tie it on with rope, I expect,' replied Lucy. 'Look, the man is getting the rope ready now.'

The children watched the perambulator being firmly tied to the roof of the moving-van that stood outside the house next door. Before going to business, Tom's father had carried him from his bedroom at the back of the house to a couch by the window in the front room, so that he should see the things taken out and packed in the furniture vans which stood end-on to the pavement.

Lucy had a holiday from school, and she and her brother had been looking out of the open window all the morning. One vanful had already driven off, and Tom had been growing a little weary of seeing tables, chairs, carpets, and boxes. But when the dog-kennel was carried out the little fellow became quite excited. 'How odd if our house could be carried about like that,' he said, laughing. 'I'd get Father to take ours right out into the country.' Then, after a pause, he added, 'I do so want to see the fields.'

Lucy bent down and kissed her brother, for she guessed how hard it must be to lie still month after month with an aching back.

'I'm sorry the Browns are moving; aren't you, Lucy? I'll miss Rover's bark.'

'Yes, it is a pity,' said his sister. 'But you see Mr. Brown's new work is so far off. They had to go. Marie told me so. Won't I miss her!'

'And I shall miss Spot, the magpie, too,' said Tom,



sadly. 'He won't look up at me any more with that perky look of his, as much as to say "Hello, Tom; it's jolly to be out here in the sun, although I'm in a cage." And then there's his chattering—we shan't hear that any more.'

'I wonder how they'll move *him*,' said Lucy. 'Mr. Brown's going to take Rover in the train. But Spot's cage is too big for that, and he couldn't go in a trunk—or even in a basket like a cat. He'd peck his way out.'

'And escape like he did from his cage that time when Marie hadn't fastened the door properly,' said Tom. 'Do you remember the trouble they had to catch him again?'

'Yes,' laughed Lucy; 'and when I called to him and said, "So you're back again, Spot, you rascal," how ashamed he looked!'

'I wonder if they'll pack him in the van, cage and all,' said Tom. 'He won't like the dark—unless it makes him think night has come on.'

'Very likely they'll put him on the roof with the pram and the bicycles and the palms,' said Lucy. 'Look, Tom, there he is!'

And sure enough the magpie was being carried out to the van. Very carefully the cage was handed up to the man on the roof, who tied it on with rope so that it could not move. Spot was excited, beating his wings and chattering all the time.

Soon the horses' nose-bags were taken off and the van started.

'Good-bye, Spot,' the children called, and the bird screamed in reply. They waved their handkerchiefs until the van turned the corner. Then Lucy got her new story-book—she had just had a birthday—and read to Tom, so that he should not feel sad that the magpie had gone, for the bird's cage used to hang where Tom could see it over the garden wall when he was lying by his bedroom window.

But in spite of all Lucy did to keep him amused, her brother *did* miss Spot. Next morning when he awakened he missed his chattering; and after breakfast, when his bed had been drawn to the open window, he looked longingly at the large nail in the wall of the house next door on which Spot's cage used to hang.

Lucy was at school, and Tom tried to give his mind to the pictures in her new book; but he kept thinking of the bird, and wondering if any little boys could see his quaint ways in his new home.

Then a strange thing happened!

Down among the sparrows that were picking up the breakfast crumbs on the little patch of grass in the garden flew a big bird. His body was black and white, and he had a long, black tail.

Tom rubbed his eyes. Could it be? Yes, it was his old friend Spot come back again. Tom clapped his hands with delight, and his mother came running upstairs. 'Well, well,' she said, 'he must have escaped. I must write and tell Mrs. Brown.'

Tom's face fell at this. 'Couldn't we keep him, Mother,' he asked.

'He's not ours, Tom,' she replied. 'Besides, I'm afraid we couldn't catch him.'

'Then may I feed him until some one comes for him?' Tom asked. 'If I had some little pieces of meat I could put them out here on the window-sill. He likes meat, I know; and perhaps he would come.'

Tom's mother brought the meat, and Tom put it out on the sill. He kept on talking to Spot, who looked up at

him as though he knew the voice. After a time the bird flew on to a fence not far from the window. Still Tom spoke to him, and Spot chattered in answer. Then he flew to the roof of the tool-shed quite close to the window.

At last, after looking at Tom first out of one eye then out of the other, the magpie flew on to the window-sill.

Tom was a little afraid at first; for, close to, Spot seemed very big, but he ate the meat quite gently. Tom spoke to him softly, and in a little while put out his hand to stroke his glossy feathers. But, with a flutter of wings, Spot flew off on to a roof, where Tom could still see him.

When Lucy came home from school, Tom told her all that had happened, and she was as excited about it as her brother. 'I wish I'd seen him at the window,' said she.

'Perhaps he'll come again next time he's hungry,' replied Tom.

After dinner Lucy put some scraps on a plate outside on the sill, and to her delight the bird flew down and ate some. 'Isn't he lovely?' she whispered. 'Look at his merry, bright eyes.'

The following morning Tom awoke with a start. He had been dreaming that some one was tapping at the window. He turned his head and looked. There, tapping on the pane with his beak, was the magpie.

'Good-morning, Spot,' said Tom. 'Have you found any worms on the grass this morning?'

The bird cocked his head on one side.

'Perhaps you weren't up early enough,' Tom went on. 'But I'll give you some of my breakfast when it comes.'

At this promise Spot flew off; but he came back when he saw some bits upon the sill after breakfast.

All the morning the bird was a companion to Tom. He flew about from the window to the shed; from the shed to the roof; from the roof to the elm-tree in the garden next door but one; then back he would come to the window. He grew so tame that he let Tom stroke his back, and even came in and perched for a moment on the foot-rail of the bedstead.

Mrs. Brown, having had the letter from Tom's mother, came in the afternoon with a large basket to fetch the bird. 'When the man went to take the cage from the roof of the van at our new home,' she said, 'he found the bird had flown. The cage door was open. It must have jolted loose on the way. Marie was so afraid he was lost, and said she knew some cruel boys would catch him.'

Tom told Mrs. Brown how friendly Spot had been, and then called the bird. The magpie came fluttering to the window, but when he saw his mistress, off he flew to a safe distance and would not return.

'He is thinking "No more cages for me, thank you!"' said Tom.

Mrs. Brown laughed, and after several vain attempts to coax Spot to come near, she said, 'I'm afraid we must give it up.'

'Do you mean we may keep him?' asked Tom, eagerly.

'Yes—if you can call it keeping him,' said Mrs. Brown, with a smile.

'Oh, thank you; that will be fine!' said Tom. 'May we keep him, Mother?'

And what could she say but 'Yes'?

A. K. LOCKINGTON.





"The magpie flew on to the window-sill."





"Do you know anything a'out those ships?"



## THE LADY IN BROWN.

**T**HERE, now, dear, I don't think you can possibly take cold here.'

The speaker was a hospital nurse, in charge of a little boy called Hugh Marsh. They were staying at Torquay, and she had brought him to the Rock Walk, facing the sea. Having placed his chair close to a seat in a sheltered spot, she sat down on the seat herself and began to read a newspaper.

It was a fine autumn morning, and there were a great many people enjoying the sunshine on the Rock Walk. By-and-by Hugh noticed a lady with an Irish terrier coming. When in a line with Hugh the dog glanced up at him. The next instant he was standing by Hugh's chair, and the boy was patting him. The lady stopped, smiled, and remarked: 'Ah, Paddy knows you like him!'

'He caught my eye,' said Hugh, his pale face brightening, 'and then he came to me straight. What a jolly dog he is!'

The lady sat down on the seat and talked to Hugh, whilst the nurse continued her reading. She was a very pretty lady, with brown eyes and brown hair, and she wore a brown hat and a brown coat and skirt. Hugh decided he liked the look of this lady in brown.

'I bring Paddy here for a walk every morning,' she explained. 'We—that is, the aunt with whom I live, and Paddy and I—are in lodgings at Torquay.'

'Like me,' said Hugh. 'I've had typhoid fever, and the doctor said I must have change of air. My home's in London. I have to be wheeled about in this chair because my legs are so shaky. They were much worse at first—after my illness—I couldn't use them at all; but now I can stand on them and walk a few steps, and the doctor says they'll be all right by-and-bye.'

'Oh, I hope so!' exclaimed the lady. She hesitated a minute, then asked: 'Haven't you a mother, my dear?'

'Mother died eight years ago, soon after I was born,' Hugh replied. 'I've no one but Father, and he's no one but me. Father's a lawyer, and he works ever so hard. He brought me to Torquay, but he couldn't stay.'

'Will you tell me your name?' the lady inquired.

'It's the same as Father's—Hugh Marsh.'

There was a brief silence after this; then the lady rose, and, nodding a smiling farewell and accompanied by Paddy, moved on.

The next morning found Hugh in the same spot again. He watched eagerly for the appearance of Paddy and his mistress, and felt a glow of pleasure when he saw them coming. 'Oh, here they are, Nurse!' he cried. 'Look! Paddy sees me. Hi, Paddy!'

Sure now of a welcome, the dog sprang upon Hugh's knees and began licking his face, whilst the lady in brown sat down beside the nurse and inquired how her patient was to-day.

'Better,' was the reply; 'he slept well throughout the night. Oh, he'll soon pick up his strength now!'

Hugh, by this time, had made room for Paddy in the chair, by his side. The dog nestled against him, lovingly.

'Do you know anything about ships?' Hugh asked Paddy's mistress; 'Nurse doesn't. We've been watching those little ships and wondering what they are.' He pointed to a fleet of boats with red-brown sails, which had appeared around a distant headland—Berry Head.

'Those are Brixham fishing-boats—trawlers,' the lady in brown told him; 'often they are called the "Torbay Fleet."' She talked with Hugh and his nurse for nearly half an hour on this occasion, and they learnt that her name was Meredith, and that she was a widow. Hugh asked her if she had any children. 'I had one little boy, but he died when he was a baby,' she answered. 'If he had lived he would be about your age now.'

During the next fortnight Hugh saw Mrs. Meredith every morning, and they became real friends. She seemed to enjoy these meetings as much as he did.

'I wish you knew my father,' he often told her. 'I'm sure you'd like him!'

'Should I?' she always answered, sometimes gravely, sometimes with a little amused laugh.

There came a day at last, and by then he had grown strong enough to do without the invalid's chair, when Mrs. Meredith told him that she and her aunt intended leaving Torquay on the following morning. 'We shall have a long journey, for we're going home—to Aberdeen,' she explained.

'And I shall never see either you or Paddy again!'

Hugh cried regretfully, his face clouding.

'Will you be sorry if you do not?' asked Mrs. Meredith, looking at him earnestly.

Hugh nodded. There was such a big lump in his throat that he could not speak. It made him very sad to be obliged to say 'good-bye' to the lady in brown.

Ten days later the little boy and his nurse left Torquay, too. They travelled together to Paddington, and there separated, Hugh being met by his father, who took him home.

'How happy you seem, Father!' Hugh remarked that night, after dinner. It had struck him during the meal that he had never known his father so light-hearted before.

'I ought to be, when you've returned so much better, my boy,' Mr. Marsh replied. He looked at his little son very tenderly as he spoke, then continued: 'And I've another reason for being happy, which I must tell you. I'm going to be married shortly, Hugh, and—why, what's the matter?'

Hugh, who had turned crimson, was gazing at his father with eyes full of reproach and indignation.

'What the matter?' Mr. Marsh repeated, rather anxiously. As Hugh had never known his own mother it had not occurred to him before that the little boy might object to a stepmother.

'Oh, Father!' gasped Hugh, 'don't do it! Don't get married, I mean! We've been so happy, just you and me together! We don't want a strange woman here to spoil everything! I shall hate her, I know I shall!'

'Hugh!' Mr. Marsh's voice was stern. It softened, however, as he proceeded: 'Let me tell you a little about the lady who is to be my wife. She is one of the sweetest of women. I made her acquaintance during my holiday in Scotland last year, and we saw a good deal of each other, for we were visitors in the same house. But she would not say "Yes" then, when I asked her to marry me—she wanted time to think before giving me her answer. Last week I wrote to her, and—well, she has said "Yes" now, and—'

'Are you *very* fond of her, Father?' Hugh interrupted jealously.

'If I was not I should not be going to put her in your dead mother's place,' Mr. Marsh answered gravely.

From the breast-pocket of his coat he took a photo-



graph, which he handed to his little son, who received it rather reluctantly. The next instant an astonished cry burst from the boy's lips, for the likeness was that of the lady in brown.

'Well?' said Mr. Marsh, smiling, though he still looked anxious.

'Why, Father, this is Mrs. Meredith!' Hugh cried. 'I was going to tell you about her! Oh, there's some mistake! You can't mean that she—that she——' He broke off, his face alight with excitement.

'There's no mistake,' his father assured him. 'That is the likeness of my promised wife.'

'Oh, Father, how wonderful! But I don't understand! Why, she never even told me that she knew you!'

'Because, when you and she met, she was still uncertain what answer she would give me. I understand that you got on very well with her, and—well, she seems to think that you want a mother as much as I want a wife.'

'Yes, yes!' declared Hugh delightedly. 'And what about Paddy, Father?' he inquired.

'I suppose you won't object to Paddy's living here?' questioned Mr. Marsh, with a twinkle in his eyes: 'Paddy and his mistress would not care to be parted, I expect.'

'Rather not!' agreed Hugh, his face beaming with joy; and added, 'Oh, Father, I was never so glad—so happy—about anything before. This is splendid! Oh, to think that my stepmother won't be a stranger, but some one I love already—my dear, pretty lady in brown.'

ELEANORA H. STOOKE.

#### ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

SOMETIMES, during the war, we had rather curious bread, but we were never—so far as we know—treated to 'Hottentot's Bread.' This is the name of a tropical plant, a name given to it because its root-stock is used as food by the Hottentots. And because this root-stock is a large, fleshy mass, cut off at the end, and covered with a corky, cracked bark, the plant is also called 'Elephant's Foot.' Out of this rough 'foot' springs a climbing stem, bearing leaves and flowers.

The name of 'Elephant's Foot' is also given to a genus of plants found in India, having root-leaves which bear some resemblance to the foot of an elephant.

#### IN THE WILDS OF BRITISH GUIANA.

A Letter from a Reader of *Chatterbox*.

I EXPECT you all know where British Guiana—or Demerara as it seems better known—is. Perhaps it has been described to you as being a British possession in South America, noted chiefly for its sugar and timber. Many tourists come every year to visit our lovely Kaieteur Falls, which are said to far exceed the Niagara Falls in height. To get to them you have to travel a long distance into the very interior of the Colony by all sorts of conveyances, crossing rapids and cataracts, and goodness knows what else. I am only describing this from what I have heard, for I have never been so far myself; but I am going to tell you of my visit to a place called Rockstone, which is thirty-eight miles from Georgetown—our capital—and the first stopping-place for visitors *en route* for Kaieteur.

Rockstone is exceedingly pretty, being situated in the very midst of virgin forest, where each tree is a regular giant, and ferns flourish all around. The soil is composed for the most part of pure white sand, and there are many sand-hills quite near at hand. The prettiest part of Rockstone is, I think, the district called New Anarika Line, through which a railway line is being laid down to connect with a line on the other side of the coast. It is not quite completed, but very nearly so, and it has taken a very long time, for the way had to be first cleared through dense bush, and that was no easy matter. It was glorious dashing up and down the hills in the train, and often you could reach trees by leaning out of the carriage window.

Well, we went as far as the line was safe, then scrambled out and continued on foot. After we had gone a little further on we discovered some lovely wild flowers and orchids, and the remains of a thatched hut with floor of mud, once the lordly residence of an Indian. On we pushed through thick bush, getting our clothes badly torn—but what did we care, for were we not out exploring? We were directing our course to a creek where we were told snakes were often seen, but the ground became so marshy that we with one consent turned back. It was beautiful in the forest, I can assure you, with no sign of habitation, and near at hand, though out of sight, all creation wholly awake (for it was about eight p.m.). The forest echoed through and through with the songs of the birds, the prettiest sound being that of the wild dove cooing to her mate, while the parrots and love-birds screeched nosily to each other.

There are many creeks and rivers at Rockstone, and about mid-day eight of us (we were a party of thirteen), all armed with paddles, set off in a small boat on a tour of inspection. We were each secretly in dread of meeting a cayman (a huge alligator which is very fierce and attacks every and any thing), but every one hid his or her fears, and never before I think has the world been able to boast of such a gallant and brave crew as we were! After winding our way up shallow openings, and paddling, sometimes vigorously but more often lazily, along and across the river, the sun decided we had been out quite long enough and sent us home. We were not to be cheated out of our fun, though, for soon after we set forth once more, but this time in a covered launch, where we spent many hours and went for many miles up the river and past islands where man has never yet set foot, and I expect never will. We saw no wild beasts, much to our sorrow, and only a few turtles. The only excitement of this voyage was when we stuck on a sand-bank and had to push off, and when we mistook a buoy for a cayman's head.

I said just now that we saw no wild animals; well, that is true, but I forgot to mention that in the very early hours of the morning we used to hear the baboons not far off, howling. Have you ever heard one? It is an awful eerie sound, and makes you glad you are not near by. We did not see any savage Indians, but only a few civilised boys and girls. Most of them could speak the English language very well indeed, while a few talked away among themselves in their pretty native language. All too soon our short yet sweet holiday came to an end, and we had to bid adieu to Rockstone and start once more on our homeward journey.



# FAMOUS NURSES



THE strangest of all nurses in fiction is the wolf-nurse in the legend of Romulus and Remus. Before the building of Rome, the seven hills by the Tiber, and all the cities of Latium, according to the legend, were governed by the Kings of Alba Longa, a great city standing on the banks of the Alban Lake. It happened after the death of Procas, one of the kings of Alba Longa, that his two sons fought each other for the throne. Amulius, the younger, took it from his brother, Numitor; he also killed Numitor's daughter, and caused her twin baby sons to be thrown into the River Tiber; but this wicked deed had very different results from those which Amulius desired. According to the legend, the basket in which the babies were laid floated to the foot of the Palatine, one of the seven 'hills of Rome,' as they were afterwards called. There it caught in the branches of a fig-tree, and as the water of the river fell, the children were left high and dry on land.

Waking from sleep they began to cry, and now a she-wolf came that way, and licked them with her tongue, as she might lick her own wolf-cubs, and fed them with her milk. By-and-by, Faustulus, a shepherd, tending his flocks hard by, drove the wolf away, and took the twins to his own wife, and they grew up as his children. Faustulus called them Romulus and Remus, and it was Romulus who afterwards built the city of Rome on the Palatine hill, near the place where he had lived with the shepherds. The city was called after him, and when you read about the building of Rome, and how Romulus drew a furrow round it with a sacred plough, and how he quarrelled with his brother Remus, you will read

also of the wolf who tended them even before they were rescued by Faustulus.

But there is another wolf-nurse in fiction who should be known to every reader of *Chatterbox*. That is Mother Wolf in the *Jungle Book*, by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. When Mowgli, the little naked brown baby, wandered to the wolf's cave at night, Father Wolf's jaws closed 'right on the child's back . . . not a tooth even scratched the skin, as he laid it down among the cubs. As for Mother Wolf (not having heard of Romulus and Remus!), she proudly asked, as Mowgli lay without fear amongst the cubs, 'Now, was there ever a wolf that could boast of a man's cub among her children?'

It was Mother Wolf who looked after Mowgli till he was a man—although Father Wolf taught him how to hunt, and Bagheera, the great Black Panther, taught him the jungle law. It was Mother Wolf who washed him when he was dirty, as he often must have been, from romping in the mud by the river-bank; and this she did by licking him all over with her tongue. It was she who punished him when he was quarrelsome with the wolf-cubs, who were his playmates, and when at last Mowgli went back to the village whence he had come and found his real mother, we may be sure that he never forgot the wolf who had been his nurse for so many years.

If you love nurses and nurses' tales you will perhaps wish to know more about the famous nurses of whom I have written in this series. Then you will go to Bret Harte to read about Stumpy, and to George Eliot to know more of Silas Marner . . . But there is one nurse





A STRANGE CATCH.





"A she-wolf came that way."



I have not yet mentioned who is now perhaps more famous among English children than any other nurse in fact or fiction. She is called Nana, like hundreds of other nurses, but there was never a nurse quite like *her*. That, of course, is what many children think about their own nurses, and with reason; but this Nana has four legs, and when it is time for the three children in her nursery to go to bed, she carries them into the bathroom on her back, whether they like it or not. She sleeps in a kennel in the night-nursery, and she will probably stay with Wendy and her brothers till they are grown up, for, unlike Peter Pan, they *will* grow up some day. At all events, you will agree that there was never a more faithful nurse than Nana, the dog, in Sir James Barrie's play of *Peter Pan*. JOYCE COBB.

### THE PAINTER AND THE PEER.

WHEN Hans Holbein, the celebrated portrait-painter, came to England, he became a favourite of King Henry VIII., who took him into his service, and paid him a salary of two hundred florins a year.

One day, it is said, a nobleman called upon Holbein when the latter was very busy, painting from the life. Holbein sent a message asking to be excused the honour of the visit for that day. The nobleman, highly offended, walked straight upstairs, and broke open the door of the studio. At this, Holbein also lost his temper, and aimed a blow at the intruder which sent him from the top of the stairs to the bottom. When his passion had cooled down, the artist realised his danger, and wisely went at once to the King, to whom he told the story of the quarrel. Shortly afterwards, the nobleman made *his* appearance, clamouring for vengeance. Henry made Holbein apologise, but the angry peer declared that nothing but the offender's death would content him. Whereupon Henry replied, 'You have not now to deal with Holbein, but with me. Whatever harm you do him shall rebound tenfold on your own head. Whenever I please, I can make seven lords out of seven ploughmen, but out of seven lords I could not make one Holbein.' E. D.

### CHANGING PLACES.

IN olden times it was a practice in some parts of England to allow servants and apprentices to lie late in bed on Christmas morning, while the mistress got up and did the work. At Bewdley the bell-man used to go round the town ringing his bell, and calling out: 'Good morning, masters! mistresses! and all. I wish you a Merry Christmas.' Then he sang:

'Arise, mistress, arise!  
And make your tarts and pies,  
And let your maids lie still;  
For if they should rise and spoil your pies,  
You'd take it very ill.  
Whilst you are sleeping in your bed,  
I the cold wintry nights must tread—  
Past twelve o'clock,' &c.

At Morley (the Morley near Leeds) a man was paid for blowing a horn twice a day: once at 5 a.m., as a signal for the workpeople to begin their labours, and again at 8 p.m. to tell them to cease working. (Long hours, indeed!) His blast was heard every day all the

year round, except on Sundays. On Christmas morning he blew his horn and sang the following lines:

'Dames, arise! and bake your pies,  
And let your maids lie still;  
For they have risen all the year,  
Sore against their will.'

The dames were rather behind with their pie-making if they left it until Christmas morning! From one of Herrick's poems we learn that in his day it was customary for some one to guard the pies on Christmas Eve, in case an attempt should be made to steal them.

Christmas mince pies have been popular for more than three centuries. They used to be called 'mutton pies.'

### THE MUFFIN MAN.

I ALWAYS watch out on Saturday,  
For the muffin-man comes along our way;  
He's the kindest man, and he nods at me,  
And I nod back, too, from the nursery.  
Then he goes downstairs to the area-door,  
And Cook buys two-pennyworth—and that's four!  
And Nurse has a muffin and a half for tea,  
And there's only a half-muffin left for me!

When the muffin-man gets back home again,  
He rings at his gate, I'm quite sure, and then  
Two wee girls peep out—and they're just like me!  
And they say, 'Hurry, Dad, for it's time for tea!'  
And they all go in; and one takes his tray,  
And the other rings his bell and then puts it away;  
And they all sit down, and they laugh and laugh,  
And—they each have a whole muffin—not a half!

### THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 178.)

THEY were packing some deck-cargo on the little poop, and the schipper had not put in an appearance for half an hour, when Phil espied the Kunst-kooper on the side-walk. He was returning from the Haven carrying his fishing-rod and a string of small fish—his morning's catch: he had not noticed Phil on the deck of the *Dompelaar*, and was sailing along with a serene smile on his countenance, and his nose in the air. Phil could not resist the temptation; he seized the megaphone which lay on the hatch and put it to his lips, and gave such a blast that the Haven rang again, 'Kunst-kooper, ahoy! Heave the main-deck overboard—ahoy!'

Mynheer Klomp dropped his fish, women ran to their doors, a group of loungers were convulsed with laughter, and small boys clattering with their wooden shoes rushed to the spot and gathered round. The effect was so sudden and so splendid that Phil had taken a deep breath to repeat it, when the schipper appeared.

'He was polite but rusty,' Phil narrated to Vic afterwards. 'He said, "Young Mynheer, I don't want any comedies on my ship. You'll oblige me by going ashore, and allowing Piet to get on with his work," and I could see he meant it. So I went ashore, as red as a peony.



He didn't say anything about the four hours' hard work I had put in; however, I liked the job and it suited me—I was discharged without a character—I felt like a kid.'

'You behaved like one,' said Vic.

'Come, now, don't you rub it in,' retorted Phil. 'You're getting a regular Pessimist yourself, all through stopping indoors all day long. After you with the shrimps, please; they're very indigestible with tea. What was I going to say?'

'Something complimentary, I think.'

'Um—it's gone now. All my best things serve me like that. Have you found out anything?'

'Not much. You know that passage that runs off from the landing outside our bedroom. I was going to have a peep at it in an absent-minded way yesterday, only I heard Herman wheezing on the stairs, so I had to give it up. I don't half like prying about the house, it makes one feel sneaky; but it's got to be done.'

'Yes, it's got to be done,' assented Phil.

'I had a look round to-day. It leads to two rooms under the other gable; one is Herman's bedroom, but the other seems to be a very big room running the full breadth of the house—a lumber-room, I should think—likely place, you know. But the door was locked; I shall have to wait for a chance of its being left open, or get hold of the key somehow. This is a rummy old house, the Kunst-kooper says it dates from 1600. Do you hear that? There's some one keeps clinking the latch of the front door and whistling into the passage.'

'By Jove, that's Piet!' cried Phil, starting from his chair. 'I know that fluting. Come in, Piet, old chap, don't stand on the ladder there, come in. This is my friend Vic—my friend I was telling you about—the best fellow in the world, next to myself. Take a seat and make yourself at home.'

'Only got five minutes. We're off. I say, didn't you get it hot this morning?' Piet's round face shone with enjoyment. 'Thought I should have split. Served you right, you know; but, law! I did enjoy it.'

Piet put his hands deep into his pockets, stretched his legs out in front of him, and shrugged his shoulders with pleasure at the recollection.

'And the schipper was so polite, he! he! he! If it had been me, I should have had a smart cuff on the ear, he! he! he! You should have seen him, Fick, he was as red as a turkey-cock, and sidled off trying to look as if he didn't care, he! he! he!'

Piet looked up at the ceiling and was about to start fluting, but his glee was such that his lips would not screw into the necessary shape.

'Is that all you've come for? You're a nice chum,' said Phil.

'No, I come to tell you we're off; but it tickled me so this morning. You ought to have seen it, Fick. What did the schipper say? "I don't allow any comedies on my ship," he! he! he! "You'll oblige me"—"oblige me," did he say? He! he! he! It's the best I've heard for a long time. I never saw a fellow put down a megaphone so quick, he! he! he! Oh, I say, I must be off. You ought to have seen it, Fick.'

'You seem to get a lot of fun out of it,' said Phil.

'Fun! Why, it's the best—he! he! he! Oh! I forgot, I'd only got five minutes to get my bag and all. The *Dompelaar's* out of the Haven, but I couldn't go off without just running round. "You'll oblige me"—I like that, he! he! he! We shall be back Thursday

night, and then we'll have a turn at—you know what. I shall have a week off. The schipper has got business in Rotterdam, and the *Dompelaar* will be laid up. Good-night. "You'll oblige me." Good-bye, Fick, he! he! he!'

'This comes of doing a kind action,' said Phil.

Schipper Slot was right; it did rain heavily in the night, and it did not clear in the morning. The Willems Gracht was deluged and the gutters of the roofs were overflowing and spouting. The trees no longer kept it off, for every gust of wind brought down a shower-bath. The Kunst-kooper, Betje, and Phil were standing in the doorway looking at the rain and watching an occasional passer-by hurrying over the cobbles with streaming umbrella, or some unlucky individual who did not possess such an article darting out of a doorway, scuttling along and dodging a rivulet from above, which, flicked by the wind in a malicious way, caught him when he thought himself clear of it. Phil growled that it was sickening; he had promised to go to Volendam—he was always going to Volendam, and appeared to have a large circle of acquaintance there. The Kunst-kooper said it was a fine rain and just what they wanted, as they were running short of water, and Phil began to regard optimists with a certain amount of distrust. 'Water,' he said, 'I should think you've got plenty of water in Holland, there's as much water as land—look at all the canals.'

'You wouldn't care to drink that water,' said Mynheer, with an expressive grin.

'Well, no,' said Phil, 'I've tried it once, and don't like strong drink. Volendam water is very satisfying.'

'All our drinking water comes from above, and if the season's dry we soon run short and have to buy it,' said Mynheer.

'I shan't wait any longer,' declared Phil. 'I'm going through it and chance it—I'm not afraid of a little rain.'

'But it's not a little rain,' cried Betje. 'If you get wet through you'll have to lie in bed till your clothes are dry. We've got no Volendammer clothes to lend you. You would have to wear a skirt of mine—wat luk!' She screeched a scrap of a song and danced round with a representation of Phil's probable appearance till she cannoned with Herman, who was coming up the passage with his basket, enveloped in an oilskin coat reaching to his ankles.

'I'm going, at any rate,' said Phil.

'Here, wait a minute, I'll get you a waterproof,' shrieked Betje. She skipped upstairs and returned with it.

'I'm not going to wear that,' said Phil. 'It's a girl's.'

'It's this or nothing,' cried Betje.

'Give us hold then,' and Phil slipped it over his shoulders.

Betje laughed and clapped her hands. 'Look at him, Pa. They'd take him for an English lady now, if it were not for his plain face.'

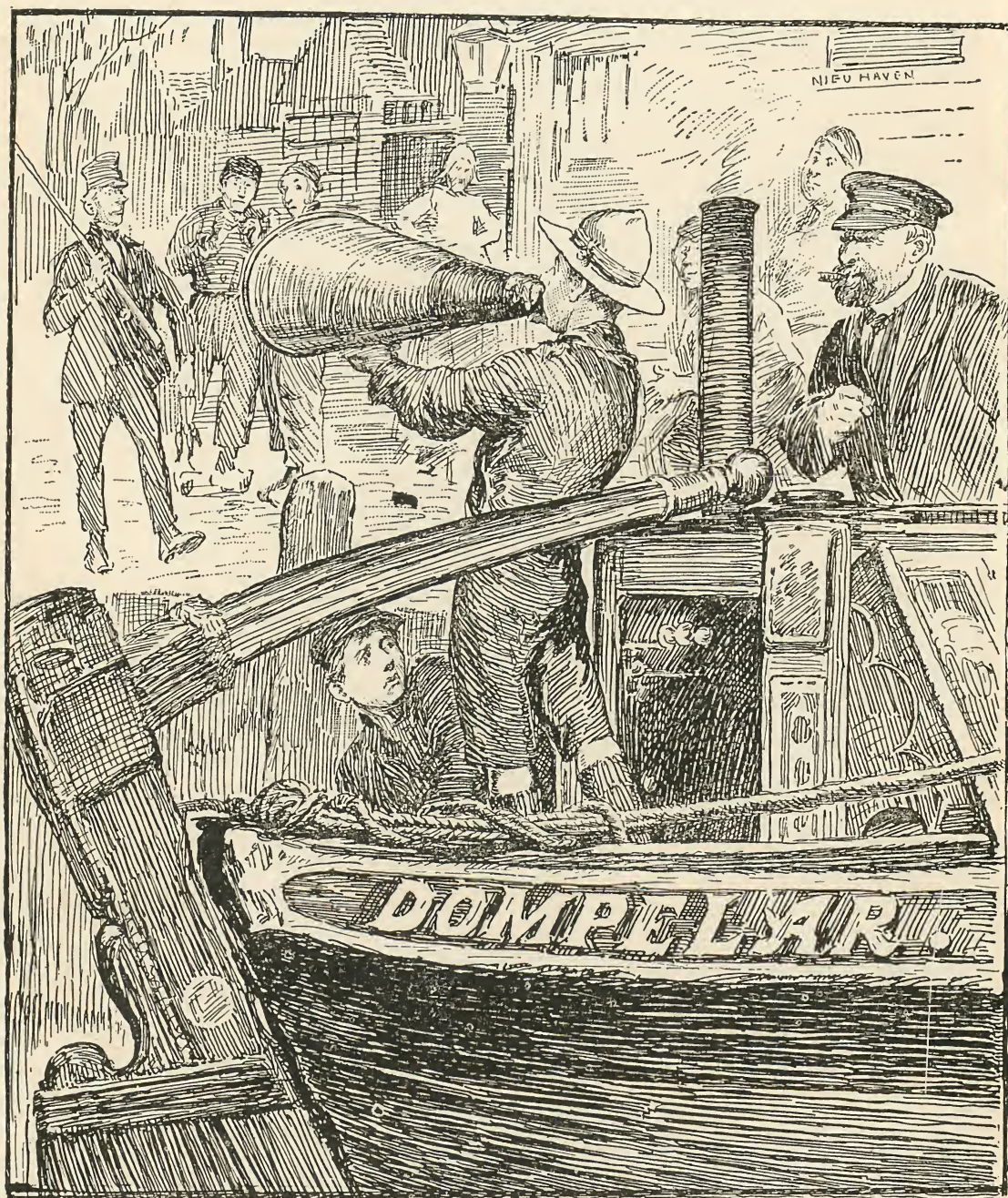
'That's cheek,' Phil retorted. 'What's wrong with my face?'

'Keep away, you savage islander; don't come near me. Oh! it's a very nice face: you'll be quite handsome when you've got a moustache to hide your mouth.'

'If that isn't cool cheek. Here, I'm off, or I shall lose the Trekschuit.'

(Continued on page 194.)





"He seized the megaphone: Kunst-kooper, ahoy!"





“‘If you were a German, I’d see you at the bottom of the Zuider Zee first.’”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By William Rainey.

(Continued from 191.)

THE rain cleared off towards mid-day, the sun shone fiercely, the earth steamed. Phil was on board one of the fishing-boats that lay in the harbour of Volendam: the waterproof was thrown aside, and he was leaning against the side of the boat, talking to a fisherman. It was the tall, gaunt man he had met in the Trekschuit on the Saturday morning that he had tasted Volendam water. He was squatting on his heels — Eastern fashion — as is the habit of Volendammers, and was baiting his hooks with shrimps. The long lines were carefully arranged on a basket to hang over the rim in festoons, so that there was no possibility of their becoming entangled. That something serious had been passing between the two was evident. The man was eyeing Phil gravely, and he elevated his brows and rolled his eyes when he said, 'If you were a German, I'd see you at the bottom of the Zuider Zee first.'

He continued his work for some moments in silence after this not very encouraging remark, and Phil said nothing. Then he threw away a bad shrimp, and again spoke in his deep husky voice: 'Young Englander, you've got plenty of pluck; I saw that when you were in the water the other day — donder! You were as near gone as a man wants to be — with that rope round your legs. You took it like a game-cock — and that Dom-kop screeching on the bank like an old woman. I should have been in after you if you hadn't grabbed that pole. Ya, you've got plenty of pluck, I say, but you haven't got a very wise head on your shoulders. Mayhap that'll come when your beard grows. However, I'll sleep on it, and tell you to-morrow.'

'Right you are, Van Hankey; you think about it — you won't blab, will you?'

'I'm not one to blab,' said Jan Van Hankey. 'If I say Yes — it's yes; and if I say No — it's no. But either way, it goes no further; I can keep my tongue inside my teeth: but there, I say, you're a plucky young fellow, and I don't wish you any harm. I've got a boy myself, but he's a good bit older than you by this time — he was the daringest youngster in Volendam — a bit foolish in the head, if you like, but, as I said, the daringest — He's in Belgium now — at Ghent — if the Germans have left any bits of him above ground. He married a Belgian meisje — the daringest he was — But I'll see about it. It isn't everybody that would up-anchor on a job like this, but, you see, I'm a Volendammer first and a Dutchman afterwards; 'sides, I don't see the sense of Hollanders keeping their friends shut up in prison — It's politics, I suppose, but I don't see the sense of it.'

'Well, you'll think it out and let me know to-morrow, won't you, Jan?' said Phil.

'Ya, I'll think it out and sleep on it, as I said. We do a lot of thinking as we sit here baiting our hooks. Of course, I might be fishing out in those waters — we often do. If the tides are right I might be, you know — some very fine catches I've known in the Friesche Gat — the biggest haul I've ever known of — but there, what's the use of talking? I'll think of it. Of course, there's taking passengers on board.

That's a thing I don't hold with — it's against our customs in Volendam. The Markeners can do what they like, but it's against our customs in Volendam. Let passenger-boats be passenger-boats, and let fishing-boats be fishing-boats, I always say. When Schildpad, up at the café, wanted us to run one of our boats regular over to Marken for visitors and such-like, same as the boat from Monnikendam, I was dead against it. I told him straight. Said I to Schildpad — but there, what's the use of talking? I'll think it out and let you know; but that point'll want a lot of thinking out.'

'We could go in Volendam clothes, you know, just like fishermen. I should like awfully to go out fishing on the Zuider Zee. I've been out with the fishermen off the coast of England, pilchard fishing — it's awfully jolly — and Piet, you know, isn't a visitor — he's a born seaman.'

'No, there you're wrong, young Englander; Piet's no seaman. He's the knecht on a canal-boat, and the Baas, his father, is no seaman — there you're wrong. Canal-boat work is very different from navigating a vessel at sea. No, he's no seaman — I see, there's a lot of things want thinking out.'

'Well, you'll think it all out, won't you?' said Phil. 'Of course, I'm willing to pay expenses.'

'If we can get over that passenger business, which I own I don't like — if that's settled — why, one more or less coming back doesn't signify, as far as I can see. I'm short-handed: you could pull a rope if you were told, couldn't you?'

'Rather,' said Phil, 'and Piet is as used to ropes as a duck is to water.'

'Their boats are not rigged the same as our sea-going craft,' said Jan, shaking his head. 'I wouldn't trust him with a sail for a pension. I remember a man who had served on a canal-boat for ten years, and he was reckoned a first-class hand — but there, what's the use of talking? I'll think about it and let you know. It's about dinner-time, I expect.'

'All right, good-bye. I'll see you to-morrow,' and Phil caught up the waterproof and scrambled up the side on to the plank which led from the boat to the dijk. As he stepped on to it Jan arose and stretched himself to straighten his back. 'Wait a minute,' he said, and came to the boat-side, put his hand to his mouth, and whispered hoarsely, 'It'll cost you a bit, young Englander,' and he made the motion of paying away small coins with his fingers — so expressive in a Dutchman. 'I'd do it for nothing, you know — that is, if I can see it isn't against my principles, but there's my mate, you see, and the boat's share.'

As Phil came down from the dijk he saw the Trekschuit disappearing in the distance, and, as ill-luck would have it, the rain began again, very gently at first, but gradually settling down as if for the rest of the day. Phil muttered something about Dirk and the beastly Trekschuit, put on the waterproof, and resigned himself to a trudge home in the wet. Along the Volendam path there is not the least shelter; trees are planted on the landward side, it is true, but they are so small and so far apart as not to provide the slightest cover, and the wind blows across the great polders, driving the rain before it; all lies so open that it is just the same whatever the direction of the wind may be. He passed the corner and through the gate which he had cause to remember, tucked up his collar, and swung along with the dogged don't care that comes when all precautions



are useless and a thorough drenching inevitable. Along the towing-path, over the many little bridges under which run the ditches draining the meadow-land, past the one lonely farmhouse about half-way to Edam, which, in the pouring rain, looked more lonely and dismal than ever, beside the canal with its flags bending with the wind and wet, the further landscape obscured with a curtain of rain. Waterproofs are all very well, but their continual dripping makes reservoirs of one's boots, and Phil was almost as wet trudging beside the canal as when, after the Trekschuit incident, he was hauled out of it. As he neared Edam he started a poor imitation of Piet's fluting, but it lacked vivacity as well as compass. He gave it up, and dug his hands deeper into the pockets of the waterproof. Without noticing it, he had been turning over something with his fingers in the corner of one of the pockets. He now drew it out and looked at it—a crumpled piece of paper or card. He gave a slight start and examined it more closely, then gave a soft, prolonged whistle. The scrap of card was not returned to the pocket of the waterproof, but placed carefully in his tunic. Then he struck his thigh with his fist, as if he had settled some knotty point, and continued his way homeward.

(Continued on page 206.)

### THE RETURN.

'WHERE is my master?' he seems to say—  
That dog with the clear brown eyes.  
'Don, dear, he's gone, oh! so far away,'  
The child, with a sob, replies.

'Don, dear! I know you can't understand  
That father has gone to fight.'  
Don, as he lovingly licks her hand,  
Says plainly, 'Twill all be right.'

Don's eyes speak truly; across the grass  
The father is hurrying now;  
In his arms nestles the little lass,  
While Don gives a glad 'Bow-wow!'

E. Dyke.

### AN ANCIENT GLOBE-TROTTER.

'MR. SQUINT-EYE' is not a pretty name for a gentleman, is it? It was given to one who, if he *did* squint, made an excellent use of his eyes. Strabo (the name means 'squint-eye') was a great traveller, who was born at Amusea, in Pontus, about the middle of the first century B.C., and died some time after A.D. 21. On his mother's side he was of Greek descent; of his father nothing is known.

Strabo was well-educated by some first-rate grammarians. He must have been well-to-do, or he could not have had so much leisure and money to spend in travelling. His *Geography* is in seventeen books. The first two are introductory; the next eight deal with Europe, the six following with Asia, and the last book is about Africa. (Of course, Strabo knew nothing about America.)

Of himself the author says: 'Perhaps there is no one among those who have written geographies who has visited more places than I have' (within certain limits).

His work is still interesting, and of great value.

### A MUSICAL BLACK-BEETLE.

SINGING insects are found in Japan. One of these is a singing black-beetle called *susumusi*, that is, 'insect bell.' The sound that it makes resembles the tinkle of a little silver bell.

### THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

#### VII. — THE ASH.

LET us consider now a tree which just lately has 'come into its own again' on account of the great developments in that most wonderful of all modern inventions, the aeroplane. I refer to the Ash. I suppose no tree of all our many varieties was of such use in days gone by. Ash-wood was used for agricultural implements, handles and shafts of many tools, and, in fact, for anything requiring strength combined with a certain amount of bending capacity ('spring' or elasticity). The shafts of many golf clubs, too, are made of ash. But 'the day' of the ash dawned with the coming of the aeroplane, for its wood is particularly adapted for the making of the propellers and other parts.

But I must get back to my proper order of description, for I have begun at the end by remarking on the uses of the tree. I must be forgiven on this occasion, for I am so keen on aviation and everything connected with it that an ash-tree to me now always sets me speculating as to whether it will ever give its strength and suppleness to one of those wonders of the air so familiar to us all of late years.

First of all, as to the ash's general shape. Like most trees, it is seen at its best when growing alone, with plenty of space round it, and it is also at an advantage when growing in moist soil. In Wales I know many beautiful specimens, and I also have a beauty growing in a garden just opposite my study window, in Kent.

I have come to the conclusion that the most characteristic feature about the general shape of the ash is that above a straight trunk it generally divides into two equal branches.

In fig. 1, I show you a sketch of the tree outside my window. It is really a very good specimen; it has been allowed to grow without being cut back at all, and therefore it makes a good tree to show the type. The general system of branching is to keep dividing in two; first the right-hand shoot and then the left-hand shoot divide again, giving a curious waving curve to the branches. This I show you in a diagram at A in fig. 2, and it is also visible in the tree. The main tendency of the branches is to curve outward and upward, but some of the lower ones sometimes droop a little. But to recognise an ash in the winter, look out for that division into two main branches; I think this will lead you always, or nearly always, to an ash.

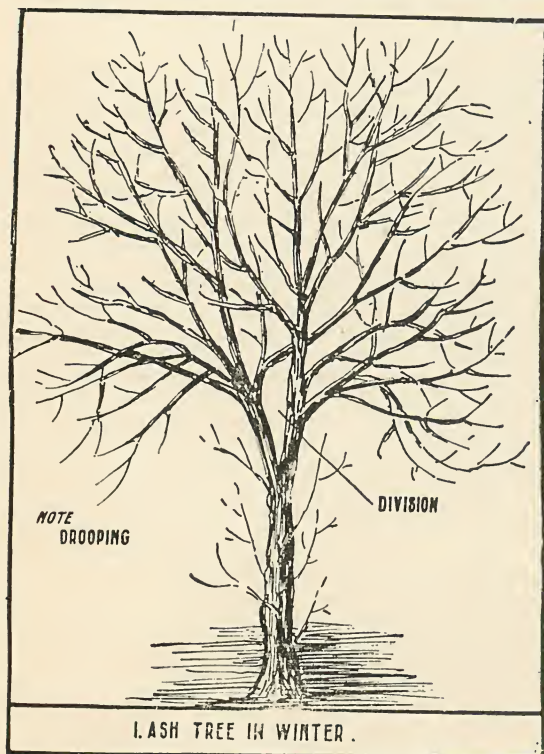
Do you remember the old rhyme about the oak and the ash? They are supposed to be foretellers of the coming summer. Let me see, how does it run? Something like this:—

'If the oak is in leaf before the ash,  
The summer will pass with scarcely a splash;  
But when ash is in leaf before the oak,  
We have to look out for a terrible soak!'



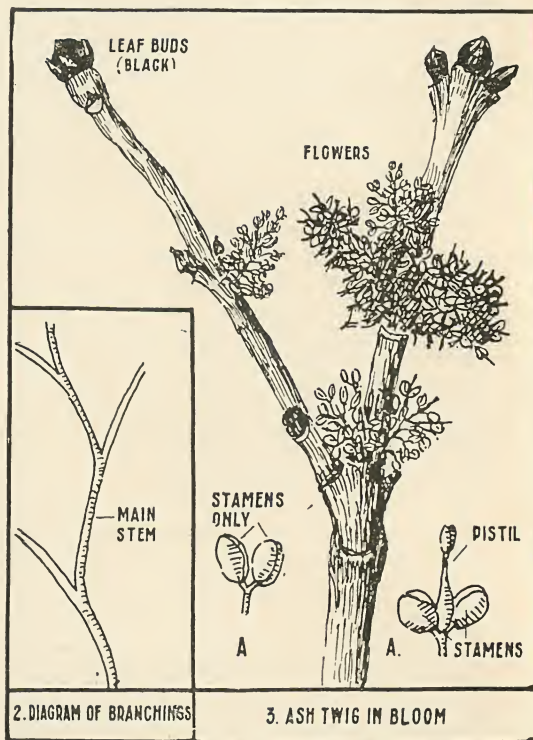
I always try to remember which appears, the leaf of the oak or the leaf of the ash, but I generally find at the end of the season I have forgotten! But certain it is that these two trees always come into leaf one after another, as though one variety of tree wanted to have all the world's admiration to itself, and not to share it by coming into leaf with its rival.

Now as to the twigs in winter. These are very characteristic, and I think I cannot do better than



quote direct from my note-book under a date in April, when the twig was still in its winter state, but the flowers were out: 'This twig of ash I brought in to-day. (Fig. 3.) You see it is in full bloom. This is from rather an early tree, but I am glad to get hold of such a nice specimen. Here you can see the clusters of flowers, each consisting of either two fat red-purple stamens or two stamens and a pistil; no petals, no sepals. These flowers are carried on short yellow-green stalks. When the stamens are ripe they break open and release masses of lemon-yellow pollen. At A I show you enlarged flowers; you will note how fat the anthers are. My sketch of the twig shows you the hard, little black buds on the ends of the stems, and also on its sides, which will eventually develop into the leaves. At present they look for all the world like little bits of coal set into the ash-grey stems.' You will observe the buds are on opposite sides of the twig, in pairs. This twig was taken from a fairly young tree, but as the tree gets older so the pairs of buds appear closer together; that is, there is not so much length of stem between sets of buds. You will have learned from the sketch that the flowers of the ash appear before the leaves.

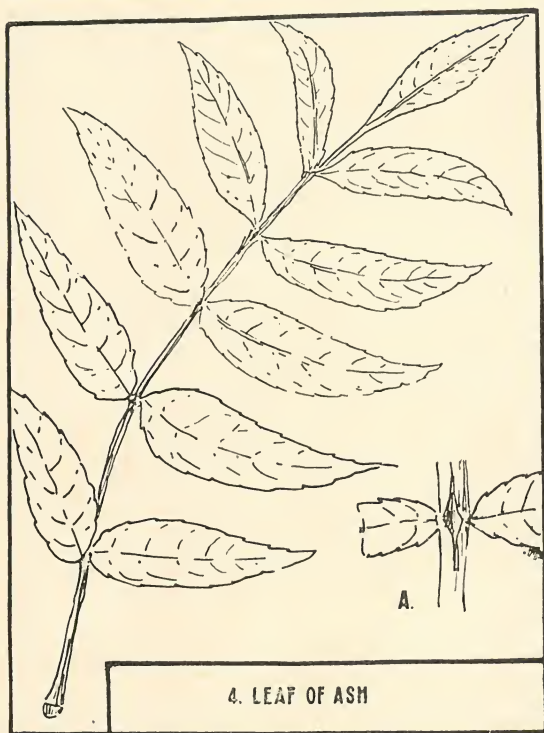
When the stamens have dried up, the pistils gradually develop, but we will leave them for the present and watch the leaves. Those black overcoat scales open out, and display the tiny leaves carefully clothed in thick, woolly, brown hairs. The leaves of the ash are compound; that is, each complete leaf is composed of from four to six pairs of opposite leaflets, and one single one at the end of the leaf-stalk. These leaflets are all folded down their middle veins when in the bud, and appear like the leaves of a book. Later, these complete leaves grow to be ten or twelve inches in length. The leaflets are carried on a long leaf-stalk, they sitting immediately on its sides in opposite pairs. There is a rather interesting detail about the joining of the leaflets to the



leaf-stalk. This stalk is rounded at the back, and more or less flat on the top, with an apparent join all down its length. At the points where the leaflets spring from it, it seems to open out to throw them off and then shut up again, leaving a funny little diamond-shaped hole. Look out for this; it is really interesting. In fig. 4 I show you a complete leaf on a small scale, and here at A you can see the feature which I have just described. The leaflets are of a dull green, the backs being lighter. The backs of the leaf-stalks are very yellow, and they are a noticeable feature when the leaves blow about.

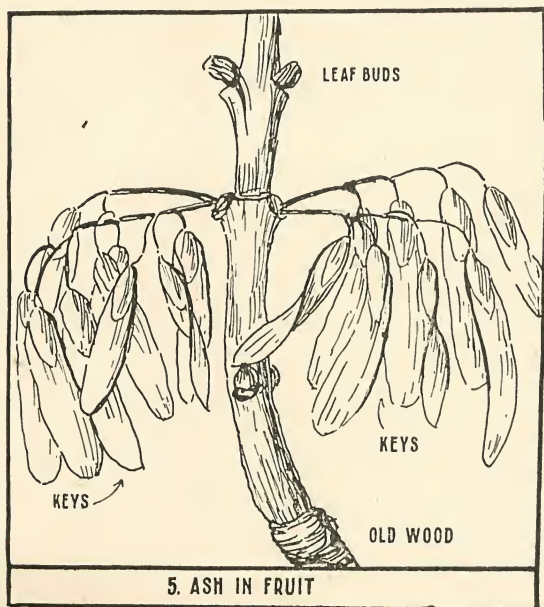
The ash never casts much shadow, because its leaves are so open in structure that much light passes between the leaflets. The leaves fall early, and often when still green. The leaflets fall from their parent leaf-stalk, often leaving the leaf-stalk hanging with the end leaflet only.





4. LEAF OF ASH

The fruits hang in clusters on much-divided stalks. They are green and flat, being 'keys,' something like the fruits of the sycamore or the maple. In fig. 5 I show you a cluster, and I am sure you must have seen them often. They are most noticeable after the leaves have fallen, and they often remain on the



5. ASH IN FRUIT

trees all the winter. Each 'key' (or samara, to give it its proper name) contains one seed, and they generally take two years to begin to grow (germinate).

In looking for the fruits you must not be surprised if you examine several trees before you find any, because, you see, some trees have no flowers carrying pistils, and you must remember the pistil is the fruit of the future.

E. M. Barlow.

### BELINDA'S NEW FROCK.

BELINDA was certainly not pretty; so her mother, who had new-fashioned ideas, determined that she should be quaint, and took a great deal of trouble about the little girl's dress and appearance.

The consequence was that Belinda was sent to school in a very short frock with a very large pattern of black and white checks on it, and had a black patent leather belt—not round her waist, but rather lower down—and white socks instead of stockings. Then her straight, dark hair was cut short all round and tied with an enormous black butterfly bow on the top of her head, and altogether she looked so uncommon that, as she was a very shy, sensitive child, her life was a burden and a torment to her for two whole terms.

'My dear, did you ever see such a freak?' That was what she heard Mabel Lane whisper to her friend, Lily Miller, and whenever the mothers of new pupils were brought into the class-room by Miss Reynolds, the head mistress, they always said, 'Oh, what a quaint little girl!' or, 'Who is the funny little thing in the queer frock?'

Belinda, who had quick ears, used to blush up to the black bow on her forehead, and try to hide her conspicuous bare knees under the jaunty skirt of her chess-board-pattern frock. She would not have minded being plain, or even ugly, like Lily Miller, but it was dreadful to be quaint, so that every one stared and giggled. One of the tears dropped down and blotted her copy badly.

'It is better to be good than to be beautiful,' Belinda was writing out that sentence over and over again in her slow, careful round-hand, but she did not agree with the copy-book at all. For her part, she would much rather have been beautiful than good, and besides, she felt sure that if she were beautiful, it would be quite easy to be good as well.

Mabel Lane was beautiful—at least, so Belinda thought—with her yellow hair, blue eyes, and pink cheeks, and it seemed very strange that she should so often be cross and spiteful.

'If only I were like her,' Belinda would say to herself, and sometimes she would stand for a long time in front of the big looking-glass in the dressing-room, staring with wistful disapproval at the reflection of her own small, pale face, dark, lank hair, and thin little figure in its funny black and white frock. She looked just like a picture in a modern French or American magazine, but she did not know that, and hated the short skirts, dark bow and white socks that made her look so different from all the other girls in the school.

Mabel Lane caught her in the dressing-room one day, and laughed at her scornfully. 'Hullo, Belinda! Admiring yourself in the glass? You are a conceited kid. And why on earth does your mother dress you up in such outlandish clothes?'



Belinda wondered, too, but she never thought of complaining to her mother, whom she adored, and who, of course, knew best about everything.

Miss Reynolds' school was an old-fashioned one in an old-fashioned country town. There were twenty-five little girls, all under twelve, and they all, except Belinda, had long hair and black stockings. Each girl had a dearest friend, except Belinda, but perhaps that could not be helped, because where there are twenty-five girls, one must be left over. When they went out the friends walked in pairs, and Belinda had to bring up the rear with the English governess. The little girl's hats were quite as quaint as her frocks, and none of the others cared to be seen out of doors with 'such a figure of fun.'

It was not that the schoolgirls meant to be unkind to Belinda, but they all admired pretty Mabel Lane immensely, and, as Mabel teased Belinda and laughed at her, they all followed like a flock of sheep.

Mabel, for her part, disliked Belinda because she was painstaking and nearly always top of the class. Mabel was clever, too, but she hated hard work and wanted to get the prizes without any bother. Besides, Belinda was only ten, while Mabel was eleven and a half. She had always been head girl before Belinda came to the school.

Poor Belinda often felt very dull and lonely, especially as her mother was ill that winter and had to go abroad to the South of France for three months. The little girl went to school as a boarder then, and was more shy and miserable than ever.

Well, in the middle of that Christmas term the English governess got appendicitis, and a new one came to take her place. This new governess, Miss Bevan, was quite young, with spectacles and a kind, merry face. Although her grey eyes were short-sighted, she seemed to see everything, and very soon noticed the pale, sad-looking girl in the queer frock, who sat at the top of the class. She noticed Mabel Lane, too, with her sneers and giggles and sideways glances. Mabel was second, but she turned her shoulder on Belinda and kept whispering to Lily Miller, with whom she was sharing a packet of Everton toffee.

Miss Bevan's pencil rapped sharply on her desk. 'No talking, please, and no eating sweets in class. Mabel and Lily, you must stay in after school and write out the French verbs—*parler* and *manger*.'

Later on the new governess spoke to Miss Reynolds about Belinda, but the head mistress shrugged her shoulders and said that she did not see what could be done.

'I know the girls laugh at the poor little thing,' she said, 'but if I speak to them, it will only make things worse. I can't think why her mother dresses her up in those outlandish clothes. The child can't help being plain, but there's no need to make her look like a Christy Minstrel.'

'I don't see that Belinda is plain,' said Miss Bevan, 'and I do wish I could dress her myself. She'd look sweet in pink. Oh, Miss Reynolds, I have an idea. Do you think I might make Belinda a new frock and give it to her for a Christmas present? She could wear it at the prize-giving, and she's certain to get two prizes. If the other girls could see her look pretty—really pretty for once—it might make all the difference, so that they would be nice to her next term, instead of horrid.'

Miss Reynolds smiled, but she was not very hope-

ful. 'Yes, I don't see why you shouldn't give Belinda a present,' she said, 'and I'm sure she will be delighted; but I very much doubt if you will be able to make a swan out of our queer little ugly duckling.'

The next day Miss Bevan went out shopping, and she bought some pink silk that was just the colour of a wild rosebud, lace and ribbons to trim the frock with, a pair of white stockings, and two sweet little white kid shoes. The things cost a good deal altogether, almost more than the governess could afford, but she had made up her mind to be extravagant for once.

'I can quite well do without a new hat this winter,' she said to herself; 'and my umbrella can be re-covered again. It will be well worth all the bother and expense if I can only make those silly girls give up teasing poor little Belinda.'

After that there came several busy weeks for both Miss Bevan and Belinda. The latter worked hard at her lessons, for she knew that her mother would be delighted if she got a prize, and Miss Bevan spent hours every evening stitching at the new pink frock and making it pretty and dainty with tucks and frills and delicate embroidery.

At last the day of the prize-giving came, and before breakfast the governess folded the finished dress in white tissue paper and carried it down the corridor to Belinda's room.

'May I come in, dear?' she said. 'I have something for you, a Christmas present, and I want you to wear it at the party to-day.'

Belinda was standing by the dressing-table in her little white petticoat, brushing her hair, so as to be quite ready when Maria, the housemaid, came to tie her bow and fasten the chess-board-pattern frock.

She dropped the brush and began to unwrap the tissue-paper parcel with trembling fingers. 'Oh, how lovely! Is it really for me?' and then, forgetting her shyness, she flung both her arms round Miss Bevan's neck.

After that the new frock had to be tried on, and the governess felt certain that her plan would be a success, for Belinda really did look pretty as she stood there, smiling and dimpling with excitement, her eyes bright, her hair tumbled, and her cheeks as pink as the rose-coloured silk of her Christmas present.

'Don't tell any one about it,' Miss Bevan said a little later, as they went downstairs together, 'and I will come at six o'clock to do your hair and help you dress.'

The prize-giving was always in the evening at Miss Reynolds' school, and afterwards there was a regular party, with dancing, ices, and any number of friends and relations.

There were no lessons that day and all the morning the girls helped to decorate the big schoolroom with evergreens and paper flowers. They laughed and chattered merrily as they worked, and Mabel, who was a day-boarder, had a great deal to say about her new white frock and about a wonderful American friend who was coming with her mother to the party.

'My dears, she's beautiful! Simply lovely! And such clothes! The very latest fashion! I expect she will think us all frightfully dowdy. And then Belinda! How Miss Vanderheyn will laugh when she sees Belinda!'

Belinda was not far away and she heard every word, but to-day she did not mind what Mabel said.



She thought of the pink silk frock upstairs and smiled happily over the prickly holly wreath that she was making.

A little while before dinner the second post arrived, and there was a large parcel for Miss Belinda James.

'A Christmas present! Yes, it must be a Christmas present!' and the girls crowded round with eager curiosity. Belinda, however, had seen her mother's writing and a foreign post-mark, so she dropped her unfinished wreath and carried the parcel away to her own room.

She was found there, half an hour later, by Miss Bevan, who went to find out why she did not come down to dinner.

'My dear child, what is the matter?' The governess's voice was full of anxiety as she looked down at the woebegone figure of her little pupil. Belinda was sitting on the floor, sobbing bitterly, in the midst of a litter of paper and string.

Could the little girl have had bad news from Cannes, where her mother was staying? Miss Bevan took the letter which Belinda held out to her and read it quickly:

'My darling Belinda,—I am sending you a new frock for the breaking-up party. I do hope that it will arrive in time, and that my little girl will be pleased with it.'

There was no need to read any more. Miss Bevan turned to the table and lifted the new frock out of the box. It was striped black and white—broad stripes, like a zebra—and there was a scarlet leather belt. Underneath were white silk socks and a little pair of square-toed shoes with silver buckles.

Poor Belinda! Instead of being pretty and like the other girls at the party, she would be more quaint and peculiar than ever.

'I must wear it; Mother sent it to me herself.' The little girl tried to speak steadily and to force back the tears that were welling up into her eyes. Miss Bevan nodded.

Yes, of course, Belinda must wear her mother's present—the present that had come to her all the way from France; but it did seem hard, for the striped frock was even worse than the checked one. Miss Bevan was almost as much disappointed as her little pupil.

'And if I get a prize? Oh, what shall I do if I get a prize, and have to walk up in front of everybody?' The tears fairly brimmed over now and trickled down Belinda's pale cheeks. She was thinking of the beautiful American young lady, who, as Mabel had said, would be sure to laugh at her queer attire. The child felt as if it would be impossible to face the coming ordeal, but Miss Bevan, who had not heard of the American, only told her to cheer up and be plucky.

'Of course you will get a prize—two, most likely, and you must not be foolish, Belinda. No one will think about your frock, and your mother will be awfully pleased when she hears of your success.'

The governess's own voice was rather shaky, and her grey eyes were dim behind the spectacles. She was only nineteen herself, and she knew how terrible it would be to wear a very unusual dress at a school party.

The prize-giving began at seven o'clock, and there were more relations and friends that year than there had ever been before.

The American came rather late, and as she walked up the long room behind Mabel's mother, all the girls thought that they had never seen such a dream of loveliness in all their lives before.

She had on a white dress—white lace—with a cluster of long-stalked carnations, and a gleam of diamonds at her neck. Her hair was golden and wavy, her eyes were as blue as forget-me-nots, and she had wonderful, glittering rings on her white fingers. There was quite a rustle of admiration and whispered comments as she passed by, but Belinda felt as if she should sink through the floor with shame and misery. The striped dress was shorter than the old one had been, and the new silk socks were short, too. She pulled down her skirt and pulled up her socks again and again with furtive little tugs, but it was all no use. A few minutes later Miss Reynolds mounted the platform, and the ceremony began.

There was a little speech first, and then the babies, mites of four and five, toddled up to get their prizes. The middle-sized girls came next, and afterwards it was the turn of the first class.

'English prize, Belinda James. French prize, Belinda James. Essay prize, Belinda James.'

Miss Reynolds lifted three beautiful scarlet-leather books from a pile on the table, and, after a long pause, Belinda got up from her seat and began to walk slowly and nervously along the pathway of red carpet between the rows of chairs. She looked so white and unhappy that all the girls were sorry for her, and even Mabel felt a little stab of pity and remorse.

The beautiful American girl was sitting right up in the front, and, when Belinda appeared, she suddenly turned round to Mrs. Lane. 'Oh, my!' she cried, 'what a well-dressed little girl! She looks for all the world as if she had come straight from Paris or New York.'

Every one heard. They could not help it, for the stranger's voice was high and loud and clear. For a moment there was silence, and then there came a great burst of clapping and cheers and laughter. But it was Miss Vanderheyn that they were laughing at, not Belinda, and she only joined in the merriment, and did not mind it in the least.

'Well, she is a smart little girl, with that cunning frock and bow, and I don't care who hears me say it. Come here, darling, and show me those lovely books.' And then she kissed the little prize-winner and gave her the pink carnations out of her own dress.

When she got back to her seat again all the girls crowded round Belinda to shake hands and congratulate her, and Mabel Lane, having gulped down her tears of disappointment at not getting a prize, and recovered from her amazement at Miss Vanderheyn's strange taste, came up and joined the group.

'I'm awfully glad you've got the prize, Belinda,' she said, in rather a husky voice, 'and I think that—that your new frock is perfectly sweet.'

Miss Bevan appeared upon the scene then, with her grey, short-sighted eyes beaming through her spectacles, and she kissed Belinda and Mabel too, and every one made friends all round.

Lily Miller was leaving that Christmas, so, after the holidays, Belinda paired off with Mabel Lane, and no one was left out in the cold.

A. A. Methley.





"The beautiful American girl turned round. 'What a well-dressed little girl!' she cried."





“‘You can set that right by making the bowsprit longer.’”



## THE 'HOPE.'

'THERE!' exclaimed Harry, closing his penknife with a snap and slipping it into his pocket. 'The good ship *Wavelet* is free to sail the high seas.' 'I do hope she'll get safely across, Harry,' said Bob, anxiously.

'We must risk that, of course,' his brother replied. 'All vessels have to run risks, you know. But it will be more fun to sail her without the string, won't it?'

'Heaps!' said Bob.

The boat was launched, this time with no string to pull her back. Her square sail, made of the cover of a magazine, soon caught the breeze, and she set out gaily for the other side of the pond. The two boys watched her eagerly, for although she was only made of a board sharpened at one end and had a meat-skewer for a mast, they prized her highly.

Farther and farther she went from the shore, and the boys started to walk round the pond to meet the vessel at the other side.

Suddenly Bob cried, 'Look, Harry, there's going to be a collision! Oh, dear!' A sailing-boat about two feet long with real sails, was making straight for the *Wavelet*. With anxious faces the boys watched. The two vessels struck, and when the boat with real rails continued her voyage the *Wavelet* had gone.

'Capsized!' said Harry, sadly, 'and nearly half-way across, too.'

'Can't you get her somehow?' asked Bob, who believed his brother could do almost anything.

'No,' Harry answered; 'she's much too far from land; and we may as well give up hope of ever seeing her again.'

Bob swallowed a lump in his throat, and his eyes were wet, so Harry said, 'Come along, let's go and feed the ducks.'

They were just setting off for where the ducks were being fed by some nicely dressed boys and girls with their nursemaids, when Bob said, 'Why, there's Cecil!' and a boy with a grin on his face came up to them.

'Where's your boat now, eh?' said he in a mocking voice. 'Didn't she go down finely? My new boat, the *Duchess*, did it.'

'You ought to be sorry, not glad!' said Bob.

'Sorry at the wreck of a plank!' said Cecil, scornfully. 'No fear!'

'You rotter!' exclaimed Bob, hotly.

'Come along, Bob,' whispered Harry, tugging his brother's arm, 'let's go and feed the ducks.' And the two boys left their tormentor to himself.

For a time the fun of feeding the ducks made the two boys forget the loss of the *Wavelet*; but when the last piece of stale bread had been scrambled for, Bob and Harry grew sad again.

'What a nasty boy Cecil is,' said Bob.

'Yes, he is,' agreed his brother. 'But you know he has no father, nor brothers and sisters, and his mother spoils him. That makes a lot of difference. Mother told me so when I was telling her how he sulked because I bowled him out at cricket last week.'

'Still, he needn't have said nasty things about the *Wavelet*,' said Bob.

'It was unkind of him,' said Harry. 'But there, the boat's gone now! Ah, there are two gentlemen just getting their big yachts ready for the water. Going to have a race, I expect. Let's run and see the start.'

A quick run soon brought the boys to the spot. The two yachts were very big and had masts that reached far above Harry's head. Silently the boys watched the sails being set in position and the cords tightened.

When all was ready, the smooth curved hulls with their gleaming sails were slipped into the water; and, heeling over to the wind, the white-winged vessels glided off, leaving a rippling wave as they went.

'Aren't they fine!' exclaimed Bob. 'I wish we had a boat like those!'

Harry's face brightened. 'I know,' he said, eagerly. 'Let's make a ship—a proper one!'

'But do you think we could?' asked his brother.

'We'll have a good try!' replied Harry. 'We have some blocks of wood at home, and Ethel would make the sails for us, I know, if we tell her the shape and size.'

'Oh, Harry! if only we can!' said Bob, longingly.

All that week in their spare time the two brothers worked hard at their new boat. It was hard to make both sides the same shape, but at last they managed it. Then there was the hollowing-out to be done, and the deck to be fitted. A deep keel of lead was fixed in place after much difficulty, and sticks light enough for the mast and spars were cut the proper length.

While Ethel was hemming the sails the boat was painted, and when at last the sails were hoisted the boys danced for joy. Indeed, the ship looked very well.

'But will she sail?—that's the question,' said Harry. They had floated the *Hope*, as they called her, in the bath, to get the keel the right weight. 'But only the trial trip will tell if she will sail properly,' Harry had said.

The following Saturday the boys hurried off to the park with their new ship. For safety's sake they did not let the *Hope* sail alone at first, but fastened a string to her in case anything went wrong.

To the boys' delight the ship stood up well to the wind and sailed quite well. There was only one thing wrong with her. She would not sail in a straight line.

While they were trying to set this right, Cecil came along.

'Hello,' he said. 'So you've got a real boat at last! Who gave it you?'

'We made it ourselves,' said Bob. 'Didn't we, Harry?'

'Yes, but our sister made the sails,' said Harry.

'Home-made boats are never any good,' said Cecil. 'They topple over or else sail very slowly.'

'Ours doesn't,' said Harry. 'She keeps almost upright, and sails quite quickly. The only thing is, she will not go straight.'

'Let's see,' said Cecil, as though he meant to help set the fault right.

The *Hope* was launched again, and, as before, she sailed in curves.

Cecil burst out laughing. 'When are you going to let her sail across?' he jeered. Then, seeing that his own boat, the *Duchess*, had nearly reached the shore, he ran off.

'I thought he meant to be friendly,' said Harry.

'So did I,' said Bob. 'I'm sorry now we showed him how she sailed.'

'It would have been better,' his brother agreed, 'if he had come by later on, when we've got her to sail straight. Come on, let's have another try at her.'



They tried drawing the sails in, then letting them out. Still she sailed in curves. The boys were puzzled.

Just then an old gentleman, with white hair, who had been watching the boys from a seat, got up and came towards them.

'What's the matter?' he asked. 'Aren't you satisfied with your ship?'

Harry told him their trouble, and the old gentleman explained that the sails were not properly balanced. 'But you can set that right,' he said, 'by making the bowsprit longer.'

'Which is the bowsprit?' asked Harry.

'The spar that points straight forward from the prow of the ship,' said the old gentleman.

Under the guidance of their new friend the boys managed to move the bowsprit so that it projected some distance farther than before. When the *Hope* was launched again she sailed straight forward. The boys were as delighted as could be, and the old gentleman was equally pleased.

'I was a boy myself once, you know,' he said, when the boys thanked him as he said good-bye; and he walked slowly away, leaning on his gold-mounted stick.

(Concluded on page 211.)

### MONKEY STORIES.

THREE marked characteristics of the monkey are his impertinent curiosity, his talent for mimicry, and his love of mischief. An old story tells of a monkey whose curiosity led him to the mouth of a cannon. He wanted to see how it went off, and, of course, he was killed.

In a certain ship, while the men were busy fetching powder from below, a monkey on board snatched up a lighted candle, and ran down to the powder-room to see what was going on. Fortunately, he was overtaken just in time. He and his candle were thrown through the nearest porthole into the sea.

It is said that sometimes, when people wish to capture wild monkeys who have escaped to the tops of trees, they show these monkeys the use of gloves. Again and again the gloves are put on and taken off, until it is supposed that the monkeys must have learned the lesson. Then the people retire out of sight, leaving on the ground a number of gloves *carefully lined with pitch*. The monkeys, when the coast is clear, come down, put on the gloves, but cannot take them off. The men return. The monkeys make for the trees, but in their gloves cannot climb them; so the helpless creatures slip back and are captured.

A nobleman had a high-spirited horse which nobody could ride. Some one suggested that Pug, the monkey, should be set upon his back. The experiment was tried, with complete success.

The monkey, with a switch in his hand, was mounted on the horse, which kicked and galloped furiously. Pug, however, kept his seat, and made a free use of his switch. The horse flung himself on the ground, but when he threw himself on one side, the agile monkey slipped to the other side. Then the horse ran into a wood, trying, but in vain, to brush off his tormentor. At last the poor horse was so utterly worn out and broken-spirited that he turned homeward to his stable for protection. He gave no further trouble.

E. D.

### BURIED CITIES.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

#### VII.—ASIA MINOR.

WE go northward now, from the rivers and mounds of Assyria and Chaldaea and the golden desert sands of Egypt, and come to Asia Minor, where are to be found the buried cities of many forgotten peoples and traces of civilisations and races that have long since passed away. Hittites and Trojans, Greeks and Persians and Romans, they have all lived and ruled and fought and died in this country, but they have disappeared now, and the ruins of their palaces and temples and dwelling-houses are, for the most part, hidden away beneath the swamps and the grassy uplands. Some places, however, have already been excavated and, no doubt, in the future many more relics and treasures will be brought to light.

It is difficult to know where to begin our researches in this most ancient corner of the Old World, but, as Egypt was the last country that we explored, it will be best to take ship from there, sailing down the Nile, perhaps, and across the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Smyrna is reached, an ancient city itself, although not a dead one, and then we go on to Ephesus, lying among the hills and thickets beyond.

We must leave our vessel at Smyrna nowadays, for Ephesus, which once had a fine harbour of its own, is left high and dry, the sea having receded from its neighbourhood. There is nothing but a dreary, unhealthy swamp now, where once ships from all ports of the known world lay at anchor and where St. Paul landed nearly two thousand years ago.

And as the harbour with its quays and anchored vessels and busy crowds of sailor-men and merchants has vanished, so the city itself has gone, too, and only piles of shapeless ruins, fallen columns and broken masses of masonry are left. We can, it is true, trace the outlines of the old Ephesus and say that here was the stadium, here the theatre, and here, perhaps, the marvellous temple of Diana, a temple that was so beautiful and so richly endowed that it was considered to be one of the wonders of the ancient world.

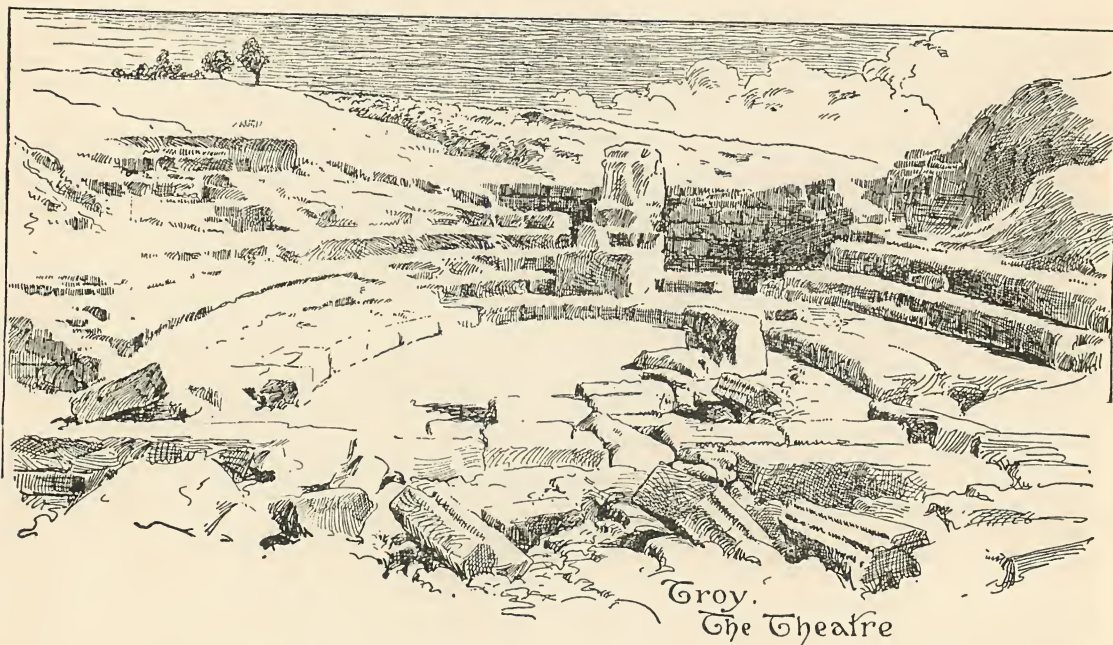
To-day we cannot even be certain where this great building stood, but it is believed to have been near the harbour, so that newcomers, as they reached the city, caught sight of its marble colonnades and portico. From very early times, it is believed that there was a temple dedicated to Diana at Ephesus and one magnificent building, historians tell us, was destroyed by fire in the year 346 B.C.

It was speedily restored, however, the ladies of Ephesus giving their jewellery towards the expenses of the work, and the new temple was, if possible, even more magnificent and wonderful than its predecessor.

Columns sixty feet high, pictures and statues given by the foremost artists of the day, a cedar-wood roof, doors made out of the timber of a single vine—the temple of Diana of the Ephesians rivalled even the Parthenon itself, and in the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople can still be seen some of the beautiful green jasper pillars that were among its treasures.

The image of the goddess, which was for centuries enshrined in this splendid building, was not an exquisite marble statue, as one would have expected, but only an uncouth figure of blackened wood, but it had come down





Troy.  
The Theatre

from heaven, as its votaries believed, and as such was considered to be especially holy and powerful.

'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!'—the words seem to echo down to us through the centuries, and we are carried back from the ruined, desolate city of to-day into the Ephesus of the past, and find ourselves standing in the wide sunlit theatre on a clear spring morning, when a crowd has collected to listen to the words of one Paul, a Jew of Tarsus, who, it is rumoured, preaches a strange new doctrine and challenges the fame and might even of Diana herself.

It is all described in the Bible story that we know so well, and, as we remember the words, here among the littered ruins, it all seems real and vivid. We can see the throng of idlers and vagabonds pushing this way and that, not knowing even why they had come together, and we can see Demetrius the image-maker, with his tray of little silver figures of the goddess and models of her temple, rousing the ignorant people to anger and excitement and whispering that this mischievous stranger threatened their safety and prosperity.

'Great is Diana of the Ephesians!' The mob shouted the words for more than two hours, and clamoured for Paul's imprisonment and punishment, but it was of no avail. The worship of Diana was doomed even then, and now it is all forgotten. The miraculous image has gone; lost, too, are the little silver idols that Demetrius the silversmith made, and as for the temple, we cannot even be certain where it stood.

And now we must go on, northward again, skirting the coast of Asia Minor, until we come to the Dardanelles, the most celebrated strait in the world, perhaps, and one that is thronged with marvellous legends and memories.

Gallipoli, Cape Helles, Tenedos, Suvla Bay, and Anzac, we are within a few miles now of all those places, with their wonderful associations of heroism and

sacrifice, but we are, as well, near the scene of ancient battles, and it is towards the ruins of Troy that we must, to-day, turn our steps.

Troy and the Trojan Wars, there is a strange glamour of unreality and romance about the words, and we seem to be carried back into the days of mythology, when gods and goddesses came down from Mount Olympus to take part in human affairs, when Paris awarded the golden apple to Aphrodite, and when Helen's fair face set nations at loggerheads. Surely all those things are only fairy-tales, we say, and, indeed, not many years ago, some of the wisest of antiquarians thought the same, and declared that there never had been a city named Troy and there never had been a Trojan War.

All that is changed now, however, and although we still have to sift out the truth from a mass of legend and fable, it is certain that, in the main, the great story is true. Troy has been rediscovered, and with its discovery many of the old myths have become facts, although we may search in vain for Paris's apple of discord or for the fragments of the famous wooden horse, that with its load of armed men was once wheeled through the city gates.

It is only a little while ago—less than fifty years—that the site of ancient Troy was ascertained and its ruins laid bare, and the story of how the work was done is, in itself, almost as wonderful as any fairy-tale. It is a story of industry and perseverance and enthusiasm that is well worth telling, so we will pause for a little while before going on to explore our buried city.

Once upon a time, then—the tale shall be told in true fairy-book fashion—there was a little boy named Hermann Schliemann. He was a clever, thoughtful child, and he loved better than anything the stories that his father related to him of the old gods and of the exploits of the Greek heroes and warriors.

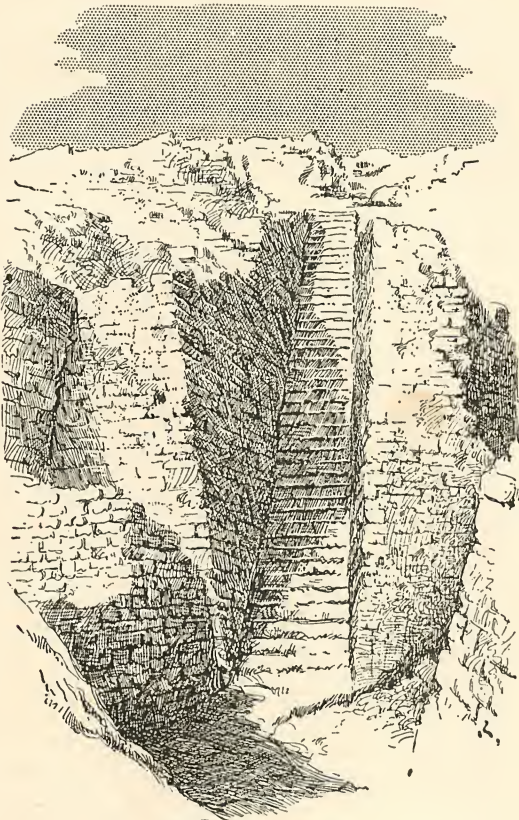
His favourite story of all was that of Troy, and when



he was ten years old and could read and write, he wrote an essay on the Trojan Wars, and gave it to his father for a Christmas present. He longed to be able to study Greek, so that he might read the great poems of Homer for himself, but there were many difficulties in the way. His parents were very poor, and when he was still only a boy, Hermann had to be taken away from school in order that he should work and make his own living.

Young Schliemann's first situation was in a small grocer's shop, but he did not despair, and worked hard at his lessons in his spare time. As the years went by he managed to learn many modern languages, and he succeeded so well in business that before he reached middle age he was a rich man.

But all this time Schliemann did not forget his dreams of ancient Troy, and he longed to go out to Asia Minor and to search for the buried city. At last the dream



Troy.  
NE Tower & Staircase

came true, and after travelling far and wide and visiting the ruins of Egypt, Assyria, Rome and Greece, he went to Turkey, obtained permission to excavate, and began to search among the *débris* of three thousand years.

The place that Schliemann had fixed upon was a hill rising out of a flat plain not far from the Dardanelles. Hissarlik it was called in the Turkish language, and here he began his work. Before long he came upon the walls of a great building, and realised that this was the

Greek temple of Minerva, where, in 480 B.C., Xerxes offered sacrifices to the goddess, and where Alexander the Great hung up his armour, taking instead the ancient weapons that had been preserved in the sanctuary for many centuries.

This was one Troy that Schliemann had found, the Ilium of the Greeks, but the excavator was not satisfied.



Mycenae  
The Lion Gate.

He wanted to discover the Troy of which Homer sang, the Troy of He'en and Priam, of Hector and Æneas. So he went on digging again, below the ruins, through many buried cities until, at last, he came to the massive walls and paved streets of a pre-historic stronghold.

Dr. Schliemann had with him his wife, a Greek lady, who shared in his love of the old stories, and was as eager and as enthusiastic as he was himself. The two went on with the work for years in spite of many difficulties, for the climate was unhealthy, the labourers whom he engaged were idle and untrustworthy, and it was impossible to obtain proper implements and appliances.

There were dangers, too, for one time six men were nearly killed by the fall of some ancient masonry, and there were numbers of poisonous snakes among the ruins.

Toads were also found, and Dr. Schliemann tells us that these were often discovered buried many feet below the surface of the earth—three-thousand-year-old toads, that, maybe, had seen Andromache feeding the horses of Hector with her own hand, or had looked upon the beautiful face of peerless Helen herself.

There are nine buried cities on the Hill of Hissarlik that is known now, for other excavators have carried



on Schliemann's work, and, year by year, new discoveries have been made and old secrets revealed. The first Troy of all was a walled camp of the Stone Age; then came a pre-historic fortress, with brick houses and ramparts. The ruins of this place, the second Troy, showed that it had been destroyed and rebuilt three times, and on the *débris* three villages had been erected one after another. The sixth city was a stronghold dating from about 2500 B.C., and this it is that has now been proved to be the Troy of which Homer writes, for its solid walls and buildings of hewn stone belong to the same period as the ruins of Mycenæ and Tiryns, in Greece. The famous Lion Gate of Mycenæ is illustrated here, for comparison with the Trojan remains.

Dr. Schliemann, however, believed that the second Troy was the city of his dreams, and when he found there a wonderful horde of gold and silver ornaments, he declared that the treasure of Priam had been discovered. Bracelets, necklets, rings, ear-rings, hair-pins, brooches, diadems! It was, indeed, a marvellous 'find,' and one to awaken the envy of any excavator. Schliemann describes how, when he first saw the gleam of gold among the ruins, he dismissed the diggers to their breakfast, and then unearthed the treasure himself, cutting it out from the wall in which it had been buried with a large knife, while his wife stood at his side and hid the more valuable articles in her shawl.

Although this marvellous treasure-trove is no longer believed to have belonged to King Priam, it is certain that it must have some strange and romantic history, for, as Schliemann tells us, it was originally contained in a large wooden chest, the key of which has been found, and it had evidently been hidden away at the time of some great disaster, for everything was covered thickly with ashes and the *débris* of fire. We can look back into the dim past and see, lit up by a lurid gleam of red flame, a barbaric picture of a burning palace, of an enemy thundering at the gates, and of the owners of the treasure hiding it away so that it might escape the pillagers when they forced their way into the city.

Above Homer's Troy there were still three others, two of them mere villages, and the ninth, and last, the Greek Ilium, which was in existence until 500 A.D., and was a magnificent town with temples and palaces of marble. We are told that Augustus, mindful of its ancient fame and power, wished to make it the capital of the Roman Empire.

Even now we have not seen all the hidden treasures of Asia Minor, for, scattered over the country, are relics of the Hittites, the sons of Heth, who we find mentioned again and again in Old Testament history, and who, at one time, dominated Syria and challenged the power of Egypt. They seem to have been a strange race, and little is known of their lives and customs, although we can see their portraits in many Egyptian reliefs and pictures.

'The prisoners of the North'—there are long lines of them on the walls of the Theban temples—uncouth, hook-nosed figures, linked together by garlands of papyrus buds; or we are shown them with their spears and peaked caps being mown down by the chariot-wheels of a victorious Pharaoh. There are pictures of them, too, on their own buildings, which have lately been excavated at Boghaz and other places in Asia Minor.

### THE FELLOW-PRISONERS.

ONCE upon a time, owing to an accident, a French labourer named Dufavel was imprisoned in a well (on the sinking of which he was employed) for fourteen days. During this weary and painful time, the companionship of a large fly—a fellow-prisoner—was a great comfort to the poor captive. When the fly buzzed, Dufavel knew that it was day; when it was silent he knew that it was night.

The fly boarded as well as lodged with the man, for, happily, food could be lowered through a small hole or passage in the mass of sand which had fallen in. Dufavel was very careful not to disturb the insect during its meals, for he found that, if touched, it would fly away from him for a time, and in the circumstances even a fly's company was precious. The fly seems not to have detected the small aperture in the sand; otherwise it surely would have crawled up to freedom.

The brave and skilful men who were working for Dufavel's rescue were able to send him not only food, but also a supply of fresh air. He could speak with them, too, by means of a tube, and receive tidings of his wife and child. But how thankful he must have felt when at length he was above-ground again, and free! And we may be sure that he never forgot his good comrade, the fly.

E. D.

### A MORNING ADVENTURE.

'BATHE your eyes in the morning dew,  
And elves and pixies will come into view.'

Valerie opened her fairy book,  
And those were the words she read;  
'If *that's* the only thing to be done,  
It's simple enough,' she said.

'To-morrow—long before Nurse or Cook  
Or the tiresome boys are about—  
I'll steal downstairs, unfasten the door,  
And quietly I'll creep out.

As far, perhaps, as the field I'll go,  
There's bound to be dew on the grass.'  
And she went—to search for the elves you know,  
But, there—in the field alas!—

She saw no elves, or pixies, or dew;  
Nothing indeed, of the sort;  
But just a furious, ramping bull  
Who butted the gate with a snort.

Said she, 'When the fairies made those rules  
They forgot to allow for such things as bulls.'

LILIAN HOLMES.

### THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 195.)

WHEN Phil entered the room at the Kunsthaven, Vic had finished the serious part of dinner and was enjoying something in the way of dessert. 'Late again,' was his polite greeting; 'you look like a drowned kitten. Don't let that thing drip about all over the place; take it outside. I've nearly finished all the



currants—they're prime; it's the early bird that catches the worm.'

'Don't you be too sure, Master Vic; it's the late bird that's caught the worm this time. What do you make of that?' and he laid on the table the scrap taken from the pocket of the waterproof.

'What's that?' said Vic, looking at it. 'A ticket—single—from Chichester to London Bridge—not been given up. What about that?'

'Oh, nothing, Vic Lestrangle—nothing at all; only it didn't come out of my pocket. I found it in the pocket of the waterproof that Betje lent me. What do you make of that?'

'Let's have another look,' said Vic, and he took the ticket to the window and examined it minutely. 'By Jove,' he exclaimed, 'it's dated August 24th. That's the day of the robbery!'

'Yes,' said Phil.

'And you found it in the pocket of Betje's waterproof?' Phil nodded his head.

'That's queer,' said Vic.

'Very queer,' said Phil. 'Made me feel quite bad. I say, Vic, you don't think it was Betje who was with the Filbert, and that it was she who walked off with the "Reynolds"?''

'No,' said Vic with a laugh. 'She was a head taller than Betje, and she spoke English—Betje can't speak English.'

'Ah, that's all right,' said Phil with a great sigh of relief. 'I never saw her, you know. It made me feel quite ill.'

At this moment Betje entered with Phil's dinner, which Moe had kept warm in the oven between two plates. 'Well, Mynheer Waterspout,' she said. 'I wouldn't keep your dinner warm for you if you didn't come home in proper time. Moe's much too kind—and then to come trapesing in like a Newfoundland puppy, shaking the water over everything. Why don't you stop at home like a good little boy, as Vic does? He! he! he!'

'That's one for each of us,' said Vic.

'Look here, Betje,' said Phil, 'I'm afraid I've made an awful mess of your waterproof; I got a smudge of tar on it. I'm awfully sorry—I'll try to get it out with some turps. You won't be able to wear it on Sunday.'

'Wear it on Sunday!' repeated Betje, loftily. 'It's not my waterproof; you don't think I'd lend you my waterproof to go dragging about in! It belongs to an English lady. She left it behind, and has never sent for it, and here it's been lying about for over a week.'

'An English lady?' said Vic. 'What was she like?'

'Oh, tall and slank, and walked down the middle of the street as if it all belonged to her, as all the English do!' and Betje laughed mischievously, adding, 'Good effning, Sah! Vil u direk me de Hotel? Ver nice—all right. Ha, ha, ha!'

'I reckon I did that rather neatly,' said Phil, when Betje had gone.

'That settles it beyond all doubt that the lady brought the "Reynolds" here,' said Vic. 'The date on the ticket, the ticket in the pocket, and it's just the sort of thing she was wearing—there's no doubt about it; and the "Reynolds" is in the house at this moment, if we only knew where to lay our hands on it. I've looked in every hole and corner excepting the bedrooms and that Bluebeard's Chamber at the top of the house—all over the shop, and in every drawer and cup-

board. I believe Moe thinks I want to steal her pickles. I feel like a beastly area sneak. I did a sketch in the shop just on purpose to thoroughly overhaul it, and, what made it worse, the Kunst-kooper was so obliging he'd have turned out the whole stock to suit me, so that I should have room to paint and nothing to interfere with the view. By-the-by, he's got a lovely cabinet that would make a London dealer's mouth water. Such carving—not smothered all over with ginger-bread work like some of the more modern ones, as if the maker had lost his head and wanted to chuck all his stock-in-trade into one thing, but all in good taste—rather severe, you know—just the sort of thing you'd like to have in a fine room with everything else in keeping, and no fear of its giving you the nightmare. It has a long drawer at the bottom that works rather stiffly. I got him to open it for me, but there was nothing in it. I've looked everywhere. There's only the Bluebeard's Chamber left and he keeps that locked: he's ready enough to show one anything else, but he's precious sly about that. It was so wet this morning that he didn't go out; he's been putting up some shelves in the bakery for Moe. Yes, he's precious sly about that Bluebeard Chamber. I saw him creeping upstairs—I could see the foot of the stairs by looking round the corner where I was sitting—and he slipped off his shoes and went up in his stockinged feet as softly as a cat, and then I heard that door unlocked—there's no other door kept locked, you know—and he locked it after him when he was inside. He was in there an hour by the clock. He came down as softly as he went up, slipped his shoes on, and came into the shop humming and half-whistling as if he hadn't been anywhere particular: he'd got that foxy look on his face, and was smiling to himself. Yes, I'll get that key somehow.'

'Vic, old chap, you're growing as suspicious as a miser—it's getting on your nerves. I don't like it.'

'Who was it that was suspecting Betje just now?' said Vic.

'Well, I don't like it any the more for that,' replied Phil. 'And as to his slipping off his shoes to go upstairs, I don't see there's anything in that: I believe the men here generally do it. I've seen the Kunst-kooper do it and I've seen Herman. In Volendam they take off their wooden shoes and leave them outside the front door.'

'I expect I got worked up a bit,' said Vic. 'You see, the Filbert might come any day, or any hour for the matter of that, and take the "Reynolds" away. I've got all the times of arrival of the steam-trams from Amsterdam written down, and I never leave the house when one's due.'

'Can't you ask him straight out to let you look at the Bluebeard room? You're so interested in the old house, you know—sixteen hundred, and all that—and he seems to show you everything.'

'No,' said Vic.

'Well, shall I?'

'No; you'd make a mess of it.'

'You don't seem to think much of my head-piece. See how I managed that just now with Betje and the waterproof—pretty neat, I think; and I've got quite a big affair over at Volendam, as you know, and it's working A 1. It wants some handling, I can tell you, but when Piet comes back we'll pull it off.'

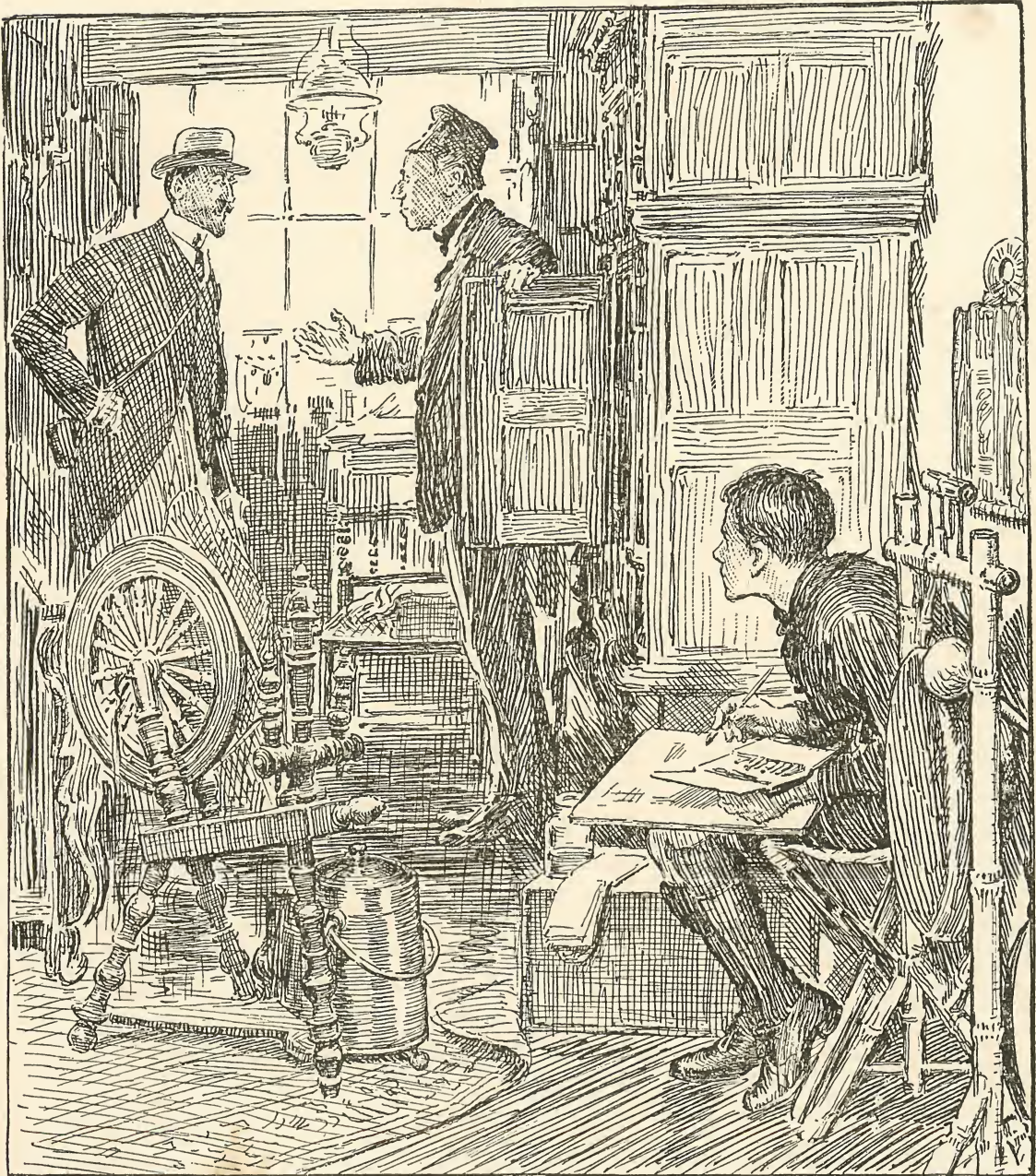
(Continued on page 210.)





“‘It’s dated August 24th. That’s the day of the robbery!’”





"The American was very much taken with the big chest."



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 113.)

'I'M glad it's working all right, old chap,' said Vic. 'I wish I could go with you. I do indeed, but I don't see how I can leave this house till I get my hands on the "Reynolds."'

'That's all right, old man. I wish you could come, but it would never do for you to leave the "Reynolds"; as you say, the Filbert might turn up at any moment. And there's another thing. I don't forget what Uncle William said in his letter—I wasn't to lead you into any mischief on my account, and I don't mean to.'

'Pooh! I don't mind the risk—if there is any. I should like to go better than anything, but I must stick to this like a watch-dog.'

'It will cost me something considerable,' said Phil. 'Shan't be able to do it under three pounds, as far as I can see; I shall just be able to manage that all right. I'm not going to take anything out of the "Reynolds" Fund, you know.'

'Oh, yes, you are,' said Vic. 'We share and share alike; so don't try that on, Phil.'

'No, this is my affair,' said Phil.

'Look here, Phil Kinchin. Do you want to quarrel? I say we share and share alike. If you want to break up the partnership and throw me over because you've got Piet, just say so, and let's have it out.'

'Shut up, Vic, and don't talk like an ass. All right, have it your own way.'

'Phil, I've made a discovery.'

'What, got it?' cried Phil in excitement.

'No,' said Vic. 'All the same I've made a discovery—the Kunst-kooper's an honest man, and it makes one feel ten years younger.'

'That brings you down to six—a fine kid for your age. How did you manage it?'

'I was sitting in the shop this morning, going on with that sketch, when the front door clicked and a gentleman entered. My heart gave a jump—I thought it was the Filbert. He was an American by his speech. He bought one or two little things out of the window, and then looked over the contents of the shop, especially at the furniture. He wasn't a gasser, in fact had very little to say, but seemed to look about him as if he meant business. He came and spoke to me in a friendly way, and asked if he might look at my sketch. He could scarcely speak any Dutch beyond "Wat kost?" and the Kunst-kooper can speak no English, but he knows very well how to show his things off to the best advantage, and the American seemed to know what points to look at, and what things were worth. There's a nice little chest in the corner that took his fancy, belonging to Sixteen Hundred, the Kunst-kooper says, but really everything seems to be Sixteen Hundred with him, if it isn't Nineteen Hundred. Well, the American was very much taken with that little chest and the big cabinet I told you about. He went from one to the other, tried the doors, looked inside, and at the backs of them. Altogether he was there about half an hour. He got me to ask a few questions of the Kunst-kooper, as I understood sufficient Dutch. The Kunst-kooper asked 36 gulden for the little chest. The long and the short of it is the American offered 250 gulden for the great cabinet. I fancied the Kunst-

kooper appeared to keep him off that cabinet; but it only seemed to make him more sweet on it. At last he said, "Mynheer, I know what I like. I'll give you 250 gulden for that cabinet, and here's the money on the spot, and you can have a packing-case made for it, and I'll ship it away the day after to-morrow. Here's the money, but not a cent more than the 250 gulden." There was a queer look on the Kunst-kooper's face—his is not what you call a fresh-coloured complexion; rather sallow and not too well acquainted with soap—he looked quite bad for a minute; he beckoned me and said, "Tell Mynheer that I am willing to accept 250 gulden for it, but it is not a genuine Sixteen Hundred cabinet. It is a very fine copy, and the workmanship is perfect; it is well worth the 250 gulden, but it is not a genuine Sixteen Hundred cabinet."

'The American was huffed, apparently more at his own want of penetration than anything else. He turned on his heel abruptly, and walked across to the little chest. "Is this genuine, or are they all fakes?" he said. Said the Kunst-kooper, "Mynheer, that is genuine Sixteen Hundred. I told you the truth about the cabinet, I tell you the truth about this." The American bought the little chest for 35 gulden; the Kunst-kooper was 215 out of pocket.'

'I call that jolly honourable,' said Phil; 'I feel like shaking hands with a man of that sort. And I tell you what, Vic, if he's a man like that he can't be in "co." with the Filbert. If I were you I should tell him all about the "Reynolds."'

'I've thought of that, but I'm not going to be in too great a hurry. I shall find it first, and then wire to Uncle William.'

(Continued on page 222.)

## THE PINE-TREE LOVERS.

From the Japanese.

IN the olden days there lived at a place called Takasago a fisherman and his wife and their little daughter Matsue. The girl spent much of her time sitting beneath the large pine-tree which grew near the sea-shore. Here the pine-needles were continually falling to the ground, and Matsue made of them for herself a very beautiful dress and sash.

'I will keep these pretty things for my wedding-day,' she thought. 'I will not wear them until then.'

One day, while Matsue was sitting under her beloved pine-tree, singing a little song, a youth named Teoyo was standing on the shore of Sumiyoshi, watching a heron in its flight. The bird flew over the village in which Matsue and her parents lived.

Now Teoyo, like many other youths, dearly loved an adventure, and he thought to himself that he would like to swim across the sea and explore the spot whither the heron had flown. So he plunged into the water, and struck out bravely. But the distance was greater than he had thought it to be, and the waves were so rough and strong that just as he came within sight of Matsue he lost consciousness.

After all, the waves were kind to Teoyo, for they washed him up at the very spot where the girl was sitting and singing. She dragged him from the shore, and laid him on a couch of pine-needles. He soon revived, and then, of course, he thanked his rescuer very warmly.

Teoyo never returned to his own country, but married



Matsue, who duly wore on her wedding-day her uncommon, beautiful dress and sash of pine-needles.

The pair were very, very happy. By-and-by, when Matsue's parents died, the girl valued her good husband even more, if possible, than before. The longer they lived the more they loved one another. On moonlight nights, they would go hand in hand to the dear old pine-tree, and make ready with their little rakes a couch for the morrow.

At last, one night, the shining face of the moon looked in vain for the pair of old lovers sitting under the pine-tree. The tiny rakes lay side by side, but their owners did not come to use them. For Matsue and Teoyo had gone home to the country of perfect Love.

### CAWS.

'CAW-CAW,' said the rook, and 'caw-caw,' said his mate—

'Caw-caw, I am hungry; caw-caw, you are late; Caw-caw, it is cold, there'll be snow, it will freeze—The North wind is rocking the tops of the trees.'

'Caw-caw, you sound knowing and weatherly wise—Quite early to-day I examined the skies; I remarked at the time, and I say it again, Long before morning there'll be some more rain.'

Then both went to bed, and I wandered away;  
A violent caw-ing awoke me next day,  
And I found the tall elm-trees were sprinkled with snow—  
I'm afraid she was caw-ing, 'I told you so!'

### ABD AND ABU.

**A**BD signifies in Arabic 'slave' or 'servant.' In combination with the name of God, this word forms part of many names.

*Abd-Allah* means 'servant of God.' *Abd-el-Kader* is 'servant of the mighty God,' and *Abd-ul-lati* 'servant of the gracious God.' In Hebrew and Syriac the word is *Ebed*.

*Abu*, or *Bu*, is the Arabic word for 'father.' This also, like *Abd*, is found in many proper names. Thus, *Abu-bekr* means 'father of the maiden.' (This was the name given to the father of Ayesha, the wife of Mohammed.) In Hebrew, the prefix is *Ab*. There are ever so many names in the Old Testament beginning with *Ab*. But *Abu* and *Ab* often mean merely 'possessor,' as: *Abulfeda*, 'possessor of fidelity,' and *Abner*, 'father,' or 'possessor, of light.'

### THE 'HOPE.'

(Concluded from page 203.)

'WHAT a jolly old fellow!' said Bob; 'and doesn't he know a lot about ships! Perhaps he's been a sea-captain.'

'I think,' said Harry, 'that he owns a real yacht himself. He looked very rich.'

Now that the *Hope* sailed so finely, the boys had a splendid time. They removed the string and let her sail across the pond. When they were running round to meet her at the other side, they heard a boy say to another, 'Look, Arthur! Look at the rate that little yacht out there is going!' and Bob and Harry were as pleased as could be.

They sailed her several times across the pond, and then Harry said, 'Shall we offer to have a race with Cecil's ship?'

Bob thought it would be a good idea, and so, when they had found Cecil, he agreed, and the race began.

Compared with the *Duchess* the *Hope* was heavy-looking. Her sails were thicker and her spars stouter, and it was not surprising that the lighter-built craft won easily. Cecil crowed over his victory. 'I told you home-made boats were no good,' he said as he walked away.

Not liking his slighting remarks, the boys let him alone and sailed their ship by themselves. Some time later, however, they came upon him, sitting on a seat, looking the picture of misery.

'What's the matter?' asked Harry. 'Where's the *Duchess*?'

Cecil, for answer, pointed to the middle of the pond.

'Do you mean she's sunk?' asked Harry. 'I can't see her anywhere.'

'No,' said Cecil, 'not sunk, but her mast is snapped. A gust of wind caught her, and overboard went mast, sails and all. There she is—just in line with that tall tree.'

'I see her,' said Bob, 'she's a good way out.'

'Nearer the other side, I think,' said Harry. 'Come along, let's go round. We will pick up our boat on the way. She's nearly across now—look.'

They walked round to the other side, waiting a few minutes on the way for the *Hope* to come to land.

'She's certainly a little nearer this side,' said Cecil.

'Do you think we could get her?'

'If this wind keeps up she might drift ashore slowly,' said Harry; 'but the park might be closed for the night before she comes within reach.'

'Is there no way of getting her?' asked Cecil. 'I don't want to lose her.'

'If she were only nearer we could tie a stone on to our ball of string and try and throw it across her,' said Bob.

'I have it!' exclaimed Harry, suddenly. 'Give me the string, Bob. We'll try and get her with the *Hope*.'

Soon the vessel was sailing straight for the wreck, dragging the string behind her. Nearer and nearer she came, and Harry guided her with the string. Now she was level with the *Duchess*.

'She has missed!' said Cecil, as the *Hope* went by.

'No,' said Harry. 'That's all right. I want to get the string round the wreck.' So saying, he walked along the bank of the pond, taking the string with him. By carefully pulling he managed to get the two boats together and the string entangled in the rigging of the wreck. Very carefully then he began to pull, and both vessels moved. Cecil danced for joy as his ship came nearer and nearer, and he seized it eagerly as soon as it came within reach.

'I knew Harry would manage it,' said Bob.

'Do you think the mast can be mended?' asked Cecil, turning to the two brothers.

'Yes,' said Harry, 'it can be spliced.'

'I wonder,' said Cecil, 'I wonder if you would come round to our house and do it for me. I'm a duffer with tools.'

'I should like to,' said Harry.

'And you'll come, too, won't you, Bob?' said Cecil.

'Yes, if Harry does,' was the reply.

That evening the *Duchess* was docked for repairs, and





"The vessel was sailing straight for the wreck."

the three boys soon made her look as smart as ever. Bob and Harry were quite as pleased as Cecil when the *Duchess* was again ready for sea; while Cecil was very grateful for the help the two brothers had given.

'I'm a beast,' he said, 'and I wonder you even speak to me.'

'Oh, that's all right!' said Harry. 'Let us be friends now, and forget the past.'

A. K. LOCKINGTON.



## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

## V.—THE BLACK WATCH.

THE 'Royal Scots' is the first regiment of infantry in the British Army, though this claim to antiquity is disputed by the 'Buffs,' while the Tangier Regiment is a good second. No one, however, denies the fact that the 'Black Watch' is the oldest of all the Highland regiments, and it is also, perhaps, the most famous. During the last two centuries it has fought in every great campaign in which British troops have been engaged and in almost every part of the world.

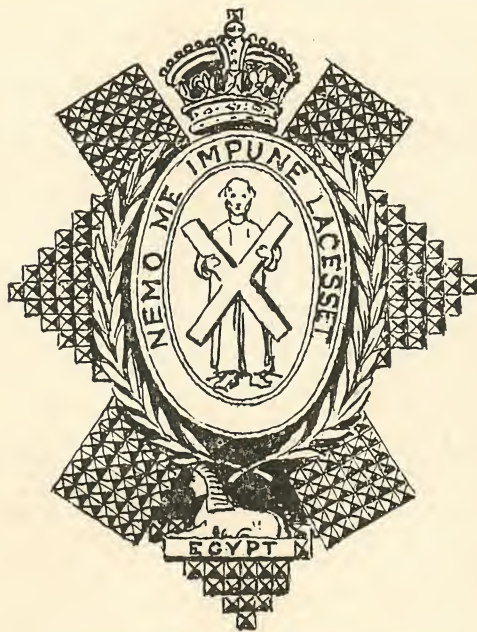
Egypt, North America, the West Indies, Spain, France, Russia, and then Egypt again—the list of battle honours is a long and splendid one, while the names of its Victoria Cross heroes testify to the individual bravery of officers and men alike.

'Nemo me impune lacessit' (No one provokes me with impunity). The Black Watch shares this proud motto with the Royal Scots themselves, and it would indeed be a bold enemy who would seek to rouse the anger of these fierce Highlanders. It may be that their friends fear them too, and that ridicule is considered an offensive weapon in Scottish eyes, for it will be noticed that this regiment, together with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Gordons, the Camerons, and the Seaforths, does not possess what may be called an official nickname.

It was in 1739, nearly two hundred years ago, that the Black Watch had its beginning, during the stormy period between the two rebellions of the 'Fifteen' and the 'Forty-five'; when Scotland was only awaiting an opportunity to take up arms again in the Jacobite cause.

In order, if possible, to keep the peace, six independent

companies of infantry were formed, whose duty it was to protect the city of Edinburgh and to patrol the Highlands. The bands were called the 'Black Watch' because of the dark colour of their tartan, and picturesque



Regimental Badge of the Black Watch.



"They landed at Aboukir."



warriors they must have been in those early days, for, in addition to the basket-hilted claymore with which they were armed, each man carried a musket and bayonet, while, if he chose, pistols, dagger, and nail-studded shield might be added to his equipment.

In 1840 the six companies were formed into a single regiment which was first known as the 43rd and later as the 42nd Highlanders.

From the first the young men of Scotland were eager to join the new regiment and hastened to enlist, even those of good birth and position being enrolled as privates. Irishmen, too, who were not eligible changed their names in order to be admitted into the ranks.

In 1743, when the trouble and disaffection in Scotland was fast coming to a head, it was decided to send the Black Watch to Flanders rather than employ them against their own rebellious countrymen. They were therefore marched southward through England, their appearance attracting much notice and admiration in the country villages, where 'soldiers in petticoats' had never before been seen or heard of. Soon after its arrival the regiment was reviewed by the King on Finchley Common, and preparations for departure were put on foot.

And then a strange incident, and one which might easily have ended in disaster, occurred. The Highlanders, ignorant and almost uncivilised as many of them were in those days, were troubled at the thought of crossing the sea, and a rumour spread among them that not Flanders, but the far-away West Indies, was to be their destination.

There were whispers and grumbles and quickly-formed plans, and the result of it all was that, on the very eve of embarkation, a hundred of the men mutinied and set out on their way back to Scotland. They were quickly pursued, however, overtaken, and forced to surrender, three of the ringleaders being shot as punishment for their insubordination.

The remainder of the regiment then sailed for the Continent, where they joined the army fighting against the French. They arrived too late to take part in the battle of Dettingen, but distinguished themselves greatly at Fontenoy, a French writer describing them as 'the Highland furies, who rushed upon us with more violence than the sea driven by a tempest.'

Ten years later the Black Watch once more met the French in battle, this time in America, where they fought desperately in the attack on the fort of Ticonderoga, which was situated on the swamps between Lake Champlain and Lake George. The place was strongly held, but Abercromby, the British commander, hearing that a large relieving force was on its way, ordered an assault. The attempt to storm the fort was made, but it was doomed to failure from the first, and, after hours of desperate fighting, had to be abandoned. 'The Forty-second fought like lions breaking from their chains,' an eye-witness said, and, for their gallantry, they were given the title of a Royal regiment.

In 1777 the Black Watch was in America once more, taking part in the War of Independence, and winning fresh laurels. There is a good story told of a Highlander named MacGregor, who in one of the skirmishes of this campaign was severely wounded and left behind on the battlefield by his comrades, who believed him to be dead.

One of the enemy, who was prowling about, caught sight of the Scot's silver-laced coat and bright shoe-

buckles, and anxious to possess himself of these treasures, but being pressed for time, he picked up the unconscious man and proceeded to carry him away on his shoulder. They had not gone very far, however, before MacGregor revived and realised what had happened. He quickly turned the tables on his captor, and, drawing his dagger, threatened that he would stab the American to the heart if he did not at once carry him into the British camp. The order was obeyed, although the Highlander had lost consciousness again before the destination was reached.

In 1800 the 42nd were sent to Egypt, to take part in the campaign against Napoleon. They landed at Aboukir and distinguished themselves in the fierce battle that followed.

'My brave Highlanders, remember your country, remember your forefathers,' their leader cried, as they advanced to the attack, and, thus encouraged, the men did not flinch even when they were opposed unexpectedly by four squadrons of French cavalry. For their share in this victory the regiment was rewarded with the badge of the Sphinx, which they still wear in their bonnets, while the word 'Egypt' figures among their battle honours.

After Egypt came the Peninsula, and the Black Watch shared in both the hardships and the triumphs of that long and difficult war. The Highlanders were among the troops who retreated with Sir John Moore to Corunna, and they fought bravely at Busaco, Fuentes D'Onor, Nivelle, and Orthes. In 1814 they were at Toulouse, where their commander, General Packe, gained for them the honour of leading the attack against the strongly held fortifications. The 42nd, together with the other Scottish regiments, charged so fiercely on this occasion, that the French fled even before the trenches were reached by the kilted warriors. They rallied, however, and retook the redoubt, when a terrible battle followed, in which the losses on both sides were so heavy that it is difficult to say whether the result was a victory for the Duke of Wellington or for the French leader, the Duke of Dalmatia. Out of five hundred Highlanders, less than a hundred were left to enter the city, when at last the fighting came to an end.

Soon after this Napoleon abdicated, but the peace only lasted for a hundred days, and then, in June, 1815, we find the Black Watch in the forefront of battle at Waterloo and Quatre Bras.

The regiment was stationed in Brussels for some little time before the famous victory, and the men became very popular with the people on whom they were billeted. The same thing has happened over and over again during the last four years of warfare, and the old accounts of how the stalwart Scots played with the little Belgian children and helped their mothers to cut wood or draw water, are strangely like the stories told by our modern newspaper correspondants. 'Our own Scotch,' the people of Brussels said, 'they are lions in battle, but lambs in the house.' Before long the men of the Black Watch were to have fresh opportunities of proving their lion-like qualities of courage and hardihood in the face of danger.

It was on the night of June 15th that at last the alarm was given, and then, to the wild stirring music of their pipers, the Highlanders made ready and marched out of the town. Before dawn they had reached the forest of Soignies, on their way to Quatre Bras which was threatened by the forces of the French leader, Marshal Ney.



At this place a terrible ordeal was in store for the gallant Scots. They were stationed on the slope of a hill, and saw cavalry approaching which they took to be their Prussian or Belgian allies.

Too late they discovered their mistake, the newcomers were French lancers, and, taken completely by surprise, it seemed at first as if the position of the Black Watch was hopeless. Their colonel, Sir Robert Macrae, was killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Dick took his place; he too fell, and was succeeded by Major Davidson and Major Campbell. 'Why don't you surrender?' Down with your arms,' the French officers cried; but the Scots, like British soldiers all the world over, did not know when they were beaten. Again and again they broke the ranks of the attacking forces, again and again the French advanced, again and again desperate hand-to-hand combats took place, but through it all the Scots stood firm, and, it is said that, even in the thick of the fight, they were careful not to tread on the enemy wounded who lay in their midst.

'The Forty-second have all the luck,' grumbled the officers of another Scotch regiment which was not engaged. 'It will be the same now as it has always been.'

In one of the attacks at Quatre Bras, six privates of the Black Watch were taken prisoner, and among them was a lad some five feet in height. The French general lifted him up and showed him to his own men, saying, 'Look, this is one of the men of whom you seem to be afraid.' This little captive returned to his regiment a few days later, in the uniform of a French grenadier, and after that day he was given the name of Napoleon by his comrades.

After Waterloo, for the Black Watch fought there as well as at Quatre Bras, there was a peace for a time; but in 1846 the regiment was dispatched to South Africa, when the war broke out. Then there came the Crimea, when the names of Alma and Inkermann were added to their battle honours, and the Indian Mutiny, during which no less than eight Victoria Crosses were won.

One of these coveted decorations was gained at Lucknow by Lieutenant Farquarson, and another at the capture of Bareilly, when Sergeant Gardiner, with great bravery, saved the life of Colonel Cameron, who was being fiercely attacked by a number of mutineers, one of whom had succeeded in dragging him from his horse.

Simpson, Thompson, Davis and Spence all won their V.C.s at Fort Ruhya, while saving the wounded who were lying under the parapet of the fort, which was strongly held by the natives. Spence died from wounds received in this action.

Many years later another Victoria Cross was awarded to Private Edwards at the battle of Tamai, in the Soudan. Edwards on this occasion was in charge of two mules loaded with ammunition, when he, together with a Naval officer and a sailor, was attacked by the Dervishes and surrounded. The position was a terrible one, for the sailor was killed immediately, and the other two were obliged to fight for their lives against almost overwhelming odds. Edwards struggled bravely in his efforts to save his companion's life, but it was all in vain, and the young officer was speared by the savage fanatic, who had rushed between him and the Highlander.

Edwards was now obliged to retreat, fighting his way back step by step, and he managed to prevent his precious ammunition being captured.

And now we come to more recent warfare, and find the Black Watch in Africa once more, fighting with the rest of the Highland Brigade in the terrible battle of Magersfontein in the early days of the campaign—those dark days, when England had not realised the strength and resource of her antagonists. It is strange to think of all that has happened since then, and of how the Boers, once our foes, have lately fought bravely side by side with Scots and English on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

## THE MISER.

A Legend.

A POOR man was lying on the bare boards of a miserable hovel. 'What is the use of a person being rich,' he said to himself, 'if he does nothing with the money? He dies and leaves all, without having got any pleasure out of his wealth. Now, if I had been rich I would have enjoyed my money. My banquets should have been talked of far and wide, and I would also have done good to others. What is the use of being a miser?'

Suddenly, through a chink in the wall, a wizard glided to the man's side. 'So you would like to be rich!' said this person. 'I heard you say so. Well, I am always pleased to help a friend, so here is a purse, for you. In it is a golden ducat—no more. But as soon as you have taken one coin out of the purse another will be there, all ready for you. So now, my friend, you can become as rich as you please. Only remember this: *Until you have flung the purse into the river, you are forbidden to spend a single ducat.*'

The speaker vanished, leaving the purse with the poor man, who was almost beside himself with joy.

Presently he began to handle his prize, and found the wizard's words to be true. Scarcely had he taken one coin out when another was already shining in the purse.

'I will shake out a lot,' thought the delighted man; 'then I shall be rich enough, and to-morrow I will begin to spend the money.'

But the next day he had changed his mind. 'Certainly I am rich now,' he said, 'but why should I not become richer? It would be a pity not to use this wonderful purse one more day. Yes, I will go hungry for one day more.'

A week went by—a month, a year. The man soon lost all count of the ducats. He ate scarcely anything. At daybreak he began to extract coins from the purse, and all day long he did nothing else. Sometimes he actually reached the bank of the river, with the intention of throwing away the purse. But no, he could not bring himself to part with it; always he turned back with his purpose unfulfilled.

Thus the poor man (for 'poor' he was still, with all his unused gold) grew feeble, grey-haired, thin, and yellow as one of his own ducats. Yet, with trembling hand, he went on gathering up his never-failing coins.

And what was the end of it all? He died, of course, without ever enjoying ease and comfort, or the greater blessing of doing good. On his bench he died, in the act of counting the last gold pieces of his ninth million.

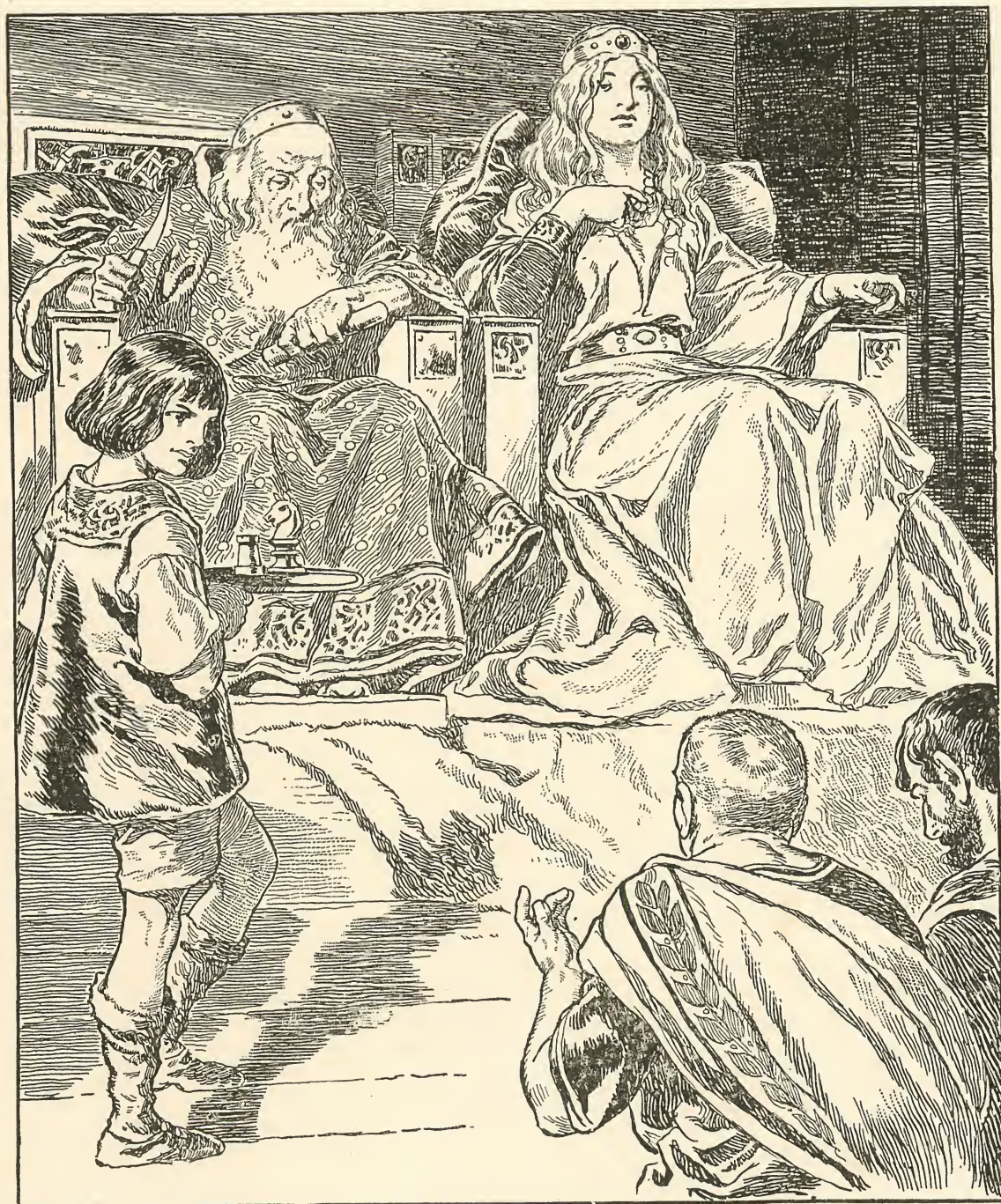
From 'Kriloff's Fables.'





“Now, my friend, you can become as rich as you please.”





“Hail, Empress of Rome!”



## THE EMPEROR'S DREAM.

A Legend of Wales

**M**AXEN WLEDIG, Emperor of Rome, was the most powerful man in the world. He was also one of the handsomest. Better still, he was, as a rule, gracious and kindly to his subjects, who in return loved and honoured him.

One day the Emperor, with his courtiers and a number of soldiers, went hunting adown the 'Iber Valley. At noon, when the heat was great, he felt very tired and ordered a halt. All dismounted. The Emperor lay down on the ground. As there was no tent for him, his soldiers stood around him, screening him from the hot sunshine by a roof of shields hung on their spears. These men must have had a very trying time, for the Emperor slumbered soundly for hours. None dared arouse him, though the hounds and horses fidgedit, and now and then an exhausted soldier would loose his hold on his shield.

At length, towards evening, the Emperor awoke. He seemed in a strange mood. Refusing to take any food, he mounted his horse and rode with his retinue back to Rome, speaking not a single word on the way.

From that day Maxen Wledig was a different man. He cared for nothing but sleep; in his sleep he smiled as if he had happy dreams, but always, when awake, he was sad and gloomy, as if longing for something which he could not have. At last one of the Emperor's courtiers ventured to speak to him about his strange behaviour, telling him that his subjects were beginning to be discontented and to murmur against him.

When the Emperor heard this he roused himself, and ordered the courtier to call the Senators together. 'To them,' he said, 'I will tell the cause of my sadness; possibly they will be able to help me.'

When the Senators came together, the Emperor, who looked very ill, seated himself on his throne and told his story.

'Senators of Rome!' he said, 'I owe you an explanation. I will tell you my trouble, and perhaps you can think of some way to aid me.'

'Some time ago, when I was out hunting, I, being wearied, fell asleep. In my sleep I dreamed a remarkable dream, and since that day I have had no comfort or pleasure in anything except in sleep, when she whom I saw in my dream again appears to me.'

'In my dream I saw a river flowing out of a mountain which, it seemed to me, must be the highest mountain in the world. Steep though it was I climbed it, and saw beyond it wide and fertile plains, watered by broad streams. I followed the course of the largest river to the sea. In a harbour lay a ship with silken sails and a deck covered with gold and silver. Crossing the gangway, I went aboard this ship, which at once put out to sea. I had a short voyage, for the ship soon reached a fair island, on which I landed. I walked across the island and came by-and-by to a castle, which stood at the mouth of a river. I entered by the open gate. Within was a splendid hall. Two youths, richly attired, were there, playing chess with pieces of gold on a silver board. Near them an old man, also in costly attire, sat on an ivory chair, making fresh chessmen from a bar of gold. Beside him, on a golden chair, sat the loveliest maiden in the world. She was dressed all in white and gold, and wore a golden girdle. On her head sparkled a crown of gold, inset with precious stones.

'I loved this maiden at first sight. "Hail, Empress of Rome!" I said, as I knelt before her. But as she bent towards me I awoke.

'Again and again in my dreams have I beheld this beauteous lady, and I shall never rest until I can have her with me in my waking hours. Perhaps, my friends, you can find her for me?'

'We will try to do so,' said the obliging Senators. 'Why not send out searchers?'

(Concluded on page 231.)

## THE DUTCHMAN.

**I**'VE a little Dutch dolly, who's called Vanlinshoo—I think that's so nice and Dutch-sounding, don't you?

He wears wooden shoes that turn up at the toes—  
He's Dutch in his manners and Dutch in his clothes.

For his trousers are baggy and loose at the knees.  
And what he likes best for his supper's Dutch cheese!

I love him the best of my dollies—he's such  
A dear little dolly, so sweet and so Dutch.

L. HOLMES.

## AN AIR-BATTLE OF LONG AGO.

**W**E all know how large a share the airship or flying machine has taken in the Great War. The aeroplane has come to stay, though henceforth, we hope, it will be put to better uses.

But if actual air-fights are a horrible novelty of the twentieth century, the *idea*, at any rate, is not a new one. In the early part of the second century there was born in Syria a man with a very fertile brain. Lucian—for such was his name—wrote a number of books, and and amongst one with the title, *A True Story*.

This 'true' story is really fiction—very much so. Lucian tells how, being curious to learn whether there was any shore opposite to the ocean beside which he dwelt, he procured a ship, and, with a first-rate captain and fifty young men as keen for adventure as himself, sailed away on a voyage of discovery.

After passing through some interesting experiences the voyagers were caught by a terrific whirlwind, which blew their ship more than four hundred miles up into the air. The ship did not fall back into the sea, for a wind from below filled out her sails and converted her for a time into an airship.

The astonished men were carried up and up for seven days and nights. On the eighth day they came to a globe-shaped island, all blazing with light. After quitting this place, they met some very queer-looking folk—*Vulture-Horsemen*—men riding on giant vultures. Most of the birds had three heads. Lucian says that each pinion of their wings was larger and thicker than the mast of a big ship.

These Vulture-Horsemen were an Air-Patrol. 'We have been ordered by our king,' they said, 'to fly about here, and to take to him any strangers whom we may meet. So *you* must now come with us.'

The king was quite friendly to Lucian and his companions, whom he rightly guessed to be Greeks. He asked them how they had managed to travel such a long distance—for they were now in the Moon!

The Greeks told the king their story, and he in return told them his. His name was Endymion; he was a man



who had been carried off from earth in his sleep and made king of this Moon-Country.

'Fear nothing,' he said kindly, 'I will give you everything that you need. And perhaps you will be my Allies in the war which I am waging with the Sun-People?'

This war, it seemed, had been going on for some years. Phaeton, king of the Sun, had begun it. He was jealous of Endymion because the latter was intending to send some of his poorest people to live in the Morning Star, which was uninhabited. Phaeton met the poor people on their way, and with his Ant-Horsemen turned them back. But Endymion, unwilling to be beaten, had made up his mind to 'carry on,' and still hoped to plant his colony in the Morning Star. He promised to give to each of the Greeks, should they agree to join him, a vulture from his own stable, with everything else that was necessary.

'We will do your Majesty's pleasure,' said Lucian.

Early the next morning, scouts brought news that the enemy was close at hand. King Endymion's army prepared for battle. There were eighty thousand Vulture-Horsemen and twenty thousand riders upon Cabbage-Fowl—enormous birds with cabbages growing all over them instead of feathers. There were also Allies from the Great Bear, fifty thousand Wind-Runners and thirty thousand Flea-Archers.

The Wind-Runners were really foot-soldiers, who, however, were able to fly in the air without the aid of wings, thanks to their long cloaks, which reached the ground. These garments, girded around the 'Runners,' served as sails, and carried their wearers about.

The Flea-Archers rode upon monster fleas, each one as large as twelve elephants.

The helmets of all the soldiers were formed of exceedingly big and strong beans, and their breastplates of equally big and strong husks of lupins, sewn together. Swords and shields were of the Greek pattern.

Besides all these funny folk (and others which we have not mentioned), there was with Endymion's army a great host of spiders, each of which was larger than the islands of Greece. These, by the king's command, spun a web all over the space between the Morning Star and the Moon, forming a vast plain between the two. Their captain's name was Night-Bird, and he was the son of Fine-Weather.

But if King Endymion had giant spiders to help him, King Phaeton had giant ants. These were immense winged beasts, which not only carried fighting riders, but even fought themselves, using as weapons their great horns.

In addition to the Ant-Horsemen, there were on Phaeton's side Gnat-Troopers and Crow-Troopers. These last slung from slings huge radishes which, having been dipped in poison, killed instantly every one whom they struck. (Gas-helmets, we suppose, had not yet been invented.)

Next to the Crow-Troopers were ten thousand Long-stalked Mushroomers, who were armed with mushrooms for swords and asparagus-stalks for spears.

From the Dog-Star came dog-faced men called Acorn-Dogs, because they rode upon winged acorns: King Phaeton's famous Cloud-Centaurs had not arrived when the battle began.

The standards were set up, and the Ass-Trumpeters brayed. At first things went well for the Moon-People. But later on the terrible Cloud-Centaurs came to the aid

of King Phaeton. They were like the Centaurs which we read of elsewhere, half men and half horses. *These* horses, however, had wings, and the man-half of them was as high as the Colossus at Rhodes—that mighty statue which stood astride of the harbour's mouth, so that ships might pass between its legs; the horse-half of the Cloud-Centaurs was also of a tremendous size.

The leader of these monsters was the Archer, who had left his place in the Zodiac in order to help King Phaeton. He and his Centaurs came in the nick of time. The Moon-People were all scattered about, pursuing the Sun-People, and collecting spoil, thinking that the battle was over and that they had won it. Thus they fell an easy prey to the Cloud-Centaurs, who chased Endymion right up to the walls of his city, killing, as they swept along, nearly all his airmen. They passed over the Spider-web plain, and took many prisoners, among whom was Lucian himself, with two of his companions.

The prisoners were marched off to the Sun, their hands having been tied behind their backs with cords made of spider-web.

For some reason the Sun-People did not besiege the Moon-King's city. But when they got back to their own country they built up a very high wall of clouds between themselves and the Moon, completely shutting off the Sun's rays from the poor Moon-People, who thus lived in perpetual darkness. As this state of things was intolerable, Endymion sent ambassadors to the Sun-People, entreating them to take down the wall which they had made, and let his unfortunate subjects have some light. The Moon-People promised that they would pay tribute to King Phaeton, and be his very good friends for ever after.

At first the Sun-People refused to consider these peace proposals, but by-and-by they came to a better mind, and a 'League of Two Nations' was formed.

This peace treaty was engraved on a brass column set up midway between Sun-City and Moon-City. The treaty was signed on behalf of King Phaeton by the Lords Flashington, Firebrace, and Summertown; on the part of King Endymion, by the Lords Moonson, Night-rider, and Shineall.

And so there was peace in the kingdoms of the Air.

E. D.

### BLOWING BUBBLES.

WHILE Betty was blowing soap bubbles one day,  
A dear little fairy came walking that way;  
So tired was she,  
And as Betty could see,  
Just as footsore and sad as a fairy could be.

'Oh, please,' said the poor little thing in dismay,  
'Have you seen a fairy coach passing this way?  
Oh, isn't it late?  
And I really can't wait,  
For I'm due at the Fairy Queen's Party at eight!'

'Don't worry, dear Fairy,' said Betty, with pride,  
'I'll blow a soap bubble. If you step inside  
It will take you straight there,  
Right away through the air,  
And you'll get to the party with time and to spare!'

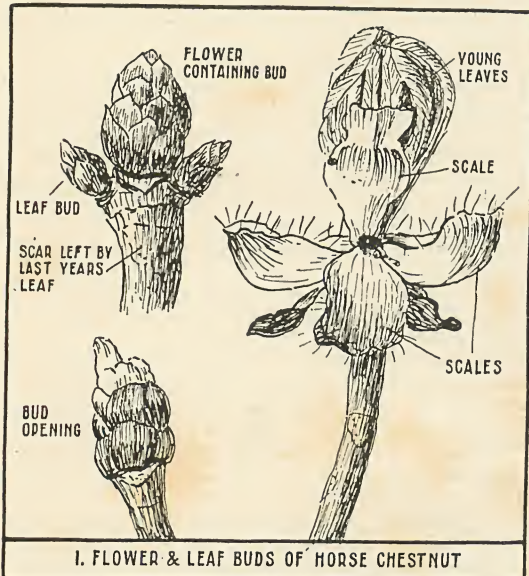
ETHEL TALBOT.



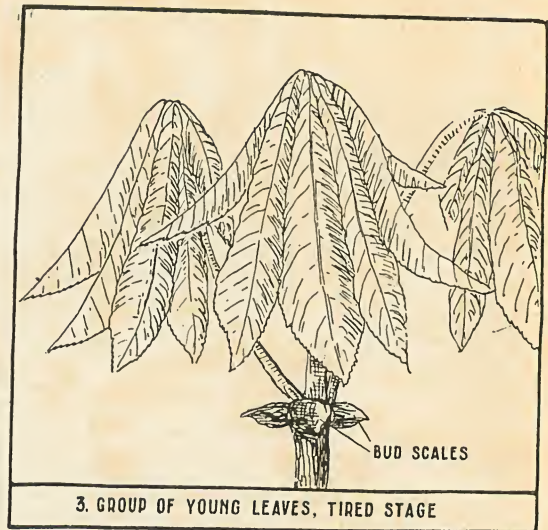
## THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

## VIII.—THE HORSE CHESTNUT.

WE come now to consider one of our most beautiful trees, the Horse Chestnut. I think, of all glorious sights in early summer, the Chestnut in full bloom is one of the most beautiful, its thousands of pyramids of



closely packed flowers dotted all over the tree have no equal for grace. These trees at this season always remind me of huge Christmas-trees with thousands of candles,



The general form is varied according to its surroundings. I know a huge one in some famous woods near here. It is growing in a clearing and its lower branches spread out widely and hang to the ground, rising again at their ends to hold up the huge rosettes of leaves in



the centre of which sit the pyramids of flowers. The general outline of this tree is semi-circular. But a tree grown in a park, say, will after appear as though the lower branches had been cut away. This is caused by the passage of cattle under it in its young days, thus preventing the drooping of the branches. The habit of



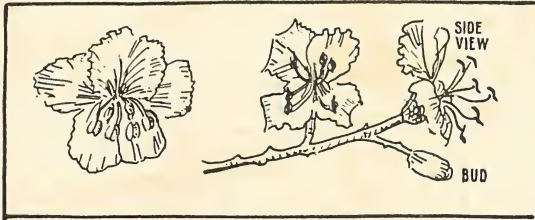


CATCH AS CATCH CAN.



most of the branches is to droop and then rise towards the ends.

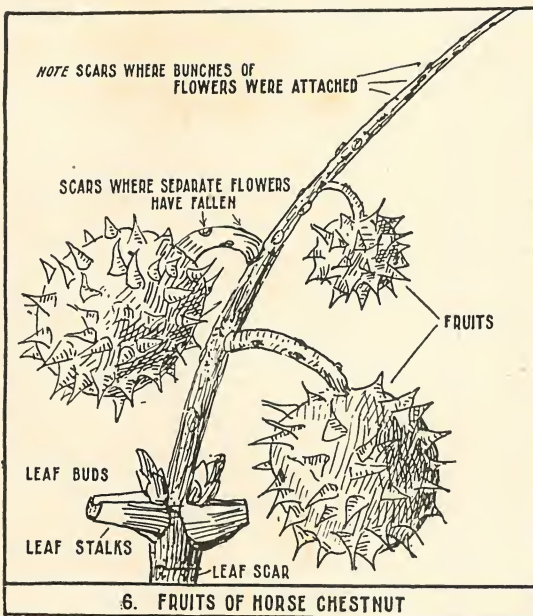
All the twigs are fat and strong, and in winter the overcoats of the buds fit tightly, protecting the contents from the cold. In early spring these buds first become sticky and shiny, and then they begin to open. In fig. 1



5. SEPARATE FLOWERS OF HORSE CHESTNUT

I give you several sketches of buds just opening. You will note how the scale-leaves open out, showing the long hairs on the edges with which they hugged the bud all the winter! The tiny leaves are all thickly covered with white felt-like hairs. All the buds are alike, but those which contain a pyramid of flowers are generally fatter.

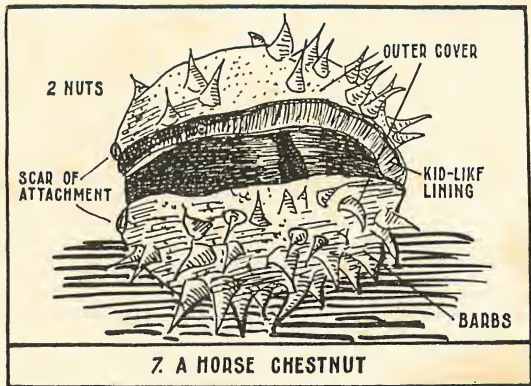
I cannot write about the chestnut without calling your attention to a little experiment which I always carry



6. FRUITS OF HORSE CHESTNUT

out every spring, and I would advise you to do the same if you are interested in Nature. Gather some twigs of chestnut soon after Christmas, as soon as they look fat and begin to be sticky. Put them in water and watch them develop from day to day. Of course they will not 'grow up,' so to speak, but they will unfold and show you all the wonder of the folding of the young leaves, and sometimes you will even find a pyramid of flowers.

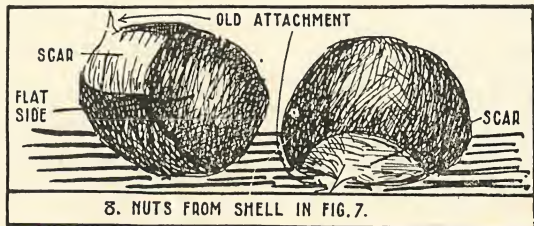
The full-grown leaf consists of six or seven leaflets all springing from the end of a long leaf-stalk. When



7. A HORSE CHESTNUT

fully grown they are sometimes as much as twelve or fifteen inches across. These beautiful leaves are generally held in a horizontal position when fully grown (fig. 2). There is one stage in their growth which always greatly interests me: I always call it the tired period—it is when the leaves are a fair size, but still young and tender, when they hang down like tiny bell-tents, the stalk acting as the centre support. Here, in fig. 3, I show you this stage.

As the leaves become fully grown, the pyramids of flowers (on close view reminding one of complicated branched candelabra) gradually expand, growing in height and producing their flowers. In fig. 4 I show you a sketch of a pyramid of flower-buds sitting in the middle of its rosette of leaves. I sketched this as I stood on the ground by the side of the branch, one of those low



8. NUTS FROM SHELL IN FIG. 7.

branches of which I told you on that great tree in the clearing in the wood.

Then at the end of May I got hold of a glorious pyramid of flowers in full bloom. It was no use for me to draw that pyramid for you; it would not convey much to you as it would have to be so reduced in size, but here are the notes which I made at the time, and in fig. 5 I show you some drawings of several flowers. 'This cone of flowers is twelve inches high and four inches wide at the widest part. The cones consist of a number of branches, each carrying shorter stalks with flowers from five to seven in number on a branchlet. (See fig. 4.) The petals vary in number from four to five; the later flowers seem to be splashed with lemon yellow and the earlier ones with rosy pink. The petals are most beautifully frilled, so much so that it is almost impossible to give an idea of them just in pen and ink. The stamens are curved gracefully and are tipped with orange-brown anthers. Not all the flowers have pistils. There are about one hundred and seventy-five flowers on this pyramid, and yet I do not suppose it would have produced more than two chestnuts if I had not gathered it!



Later I will get a spike about the same size and see how many fruits have developed.'

On August 9th, I got that spike, and here it is in fig. 6. In my note-book I wrote, 'Here is a spike of chestnut. The old main stalk of the pyramid is drying up, and very soon would have fallen off. After it has fallen there is no evidence of its ever having been there. The lower flowers are always the ones to develop into nuts.' I would like you to notice in the sketch the scars left by the branchlets when they fell, and also the scars of the flower-stalks left on the stalks of the nuts. You see there are only three nuts, and I expect there were over one hundred and fifty flowers on that pyramid! I would like, also, to draw your attention to the two buds for next year already formed.

Then in October I found a fine chestnut on the ground in a friend's garden. I show it in fig. 7 and I wrote, 'Picked up this to-day, such a beauty. It is yellow-green in colour dotted with yellow. Those spikes are awful! It is burst, showing the two beautiful chestnuts shining as though freshly polished. The outer shell is more than half an inch thick, and is pure white within, as though lined with white kid. When I removed the nuts, I found they still carried the tiny stalk by which they were attached and through which they took in their nourishment. The scar is nearly white, with a sort of mealy layer. The grain on the chestnut is very beautiful and its high state of polish is wonderful. Rupert Brooke in one of his poems speaks of 'brown horse-chestnuts, glossy new;' thus beautifully expressing their condition. Chestnuts always fascinate me, so that when they are about I generally come home with quite a number. I have no use for them, but I just bring them home in order to look at them longer and handle them lovingly.

I do not happen to have a sketch of a seedling by me, but they are quite easy to find near most chestnut-trees; look out for one for yourselves.

The chief use of the chestnut is as an ornamental tree, and if you want to see it in all its glory, you should go to Bushey Park near London, when the avenue of chestnuts is in bloom. People go for miles on 'Chestnut Sunday'—that is the Sunday when they are at their best—to see this wonderful avenue in bloom, and if ever you have the chance to go, do so by all means.

I ought to have mentioned that a chestnut in winter can always be identified by the leaf-scars which I show in fig. 1.

E. M. BARLOW.

### PRETTY BOY.

THE brown horse, 'Pretty Boy,' had gone to the war, to the great grief of Farmer Delane's children. Little Sylvia, the youngest child, cried bitterly. 'Oh, Father,' she said, 'suppose he should get killed!' And every night and morning when she said her prayers, she never forgot Pretty Boy.

The war dragged on, and for two years Pretty Boy served in France. Then one moonlight night there was a loud whinnying and neighing around the farm-buildings. The sound disturbed Mr. Delane. It went on until at last the farmer could bear it no longer. He got up, flung on a few clothes, and went out to drive away the noisy stranger.

But it was no strange figure that stood at the farm-gate. Of course you will guess who it was—no other

than Pretty Boy. He neighed with joy at sight of his old master.

In the morning, after breakfast, the farmer said to his children, 'Go into the stable, and see who is there.'

What a shout went up from the four children when they saw their dear old friend! How they clustered around him, and fed him with apples and biscuits and other dainties! How happy, too, was the horse as he gazed at the children with eyes brimful of love!

But how had this joyous reunion come about?

Pretty Boy, at the end of the war, had been sold by the Government to a man who lived in the same county as Mr. Delane—though a good many miles from the latter's farm—and the faithful creature had seized the first opportunity to trot off to his old quarters.

The children begged so hard to keep him that their father promised to see whether he could buy him back. Fortunately the matter was arranged, and Pretty Boy is now enjoying a very happy life in his beloved old home.

### THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINERY.

(Continued from page 210.)

VERY little happened during the next few days.

There was a great deal of rain, and Phil did not go far afield. He could learn very little from Betje about the lady of the waterproof, although he went about the inquiry in his best manner, beyond the facts that she had business with "Pa," that she was one of the "fly-away sort," and did not stop long; also that Betje did not consider her handsome. He received a visitor in the person of Grietje, a daughter of Jan Van Hankey, who brought a note from her father, carrying it beneath her apron as if it were a large parcel of contraband. Grietje was a massive young woman of twenty years, with a calm, smiling face and a figure that might have inspired an artist with dreams of Joan of Arc, yet she was as simple as a child. In her Volendam costume she certainly looked heroic, and Vic bribed her to pose for a sketch in the Bakery, where she stood as firm and solid as if she were encased in a suit of armour. Vic became enamoured of the idea of figure painting, and expressed a wish that he could find a large room with a top-light that he could use as a studio.

Moe affirmed that Vic spent far too much of his time indoors, and that she was concerned about his health. He was growing pale, she asserted. He ought to take exercise—to go out daily, wet or fine. It was not good for young Mynheer.

The Kunst-kooper smiled in a superior way and shook his head. 'Artists,' he declared, 'cannot be bound by rules—they must follow their bent.' He knew an artist who spent the summer in Edam, and a most glorious summer it was; but, instead of painting outdoors in the sunshine like the rest, he hired a room at the Timmerman's—an old workshop—and he pasted up all the windows with paper and every chink to keep the light out: had a lamp burning all day, and there he sat from June to September, only crawling out at night, like a bat, to paint moonlight pictures. 'You cannot make rules for an artist.'

Vic said that was the sort of room he should like to come across.



Betje declared it was all due to Edam's being so dull; 'there was nothing for a young mynheer—it was an old woman's town.'

'Nothing ever happens in Edam—absolutely nothing. All the mevrouws and mynheers grow fat with drinking coffee and waiting for something to happen: there are no balls, no concerts, not even a picture-palace—nothing but the kermis, and that's only for the children. When you're too old for roundabouts and eating olie-kooks, there's nothing at the kermis. Pa takes us all to the booth once, and we sit round as grave—like being at church—and eat waffles, and that's all. But I'm going to change all that when I'm twenty. I am going to be married when I am twenty, you know. I haven't picked out my husband yet, but his name is going to be Ferdinand. I shall call him Ferdy, wat luk! What a time I shall have. He'll be a proper little husband, just up to my elbow, and I shall be able to keep him in order; but he'll be enormously rich, and of course he'll be stupid. I shall have the latest Paris fashions: we shall live at The Hague, and spend the summer months at Scheveningen. Ferdy will buy me everything I want, and carry the parcels; if he doesn't I shall take him home, and shake him, till his teeth rattle. I shall say to him, like Mevrouw Pomper, 'Here, Ferdy, dear, fasten up my dress behind, and don't be so clumsy about it. Oh! these men. Now, tie up my shoe-laces, and tell the maid we shall be back in time for dinner, and be sure she takes an extra pint of milk. Now, give me my sunshade, and don't stand there gawking at me. And when we walk in the park I shall say, 'Ferdy, dear, walk behind; I don't want everybody to know you are my husband. Ha! ha! ha! Wat vroolijk.'

Piet came back on the Thursday evening, and said it was the wettest trip he had ever had, the schipper was in the worst of tempers, and everything had gone wrong; and straightway he began whistling at his merriest. The cargo would be cleared on Friday, and then he was 'his own man, and ready for anything from roundabouts to Zeppelins.'

A final meeting was arranged to take place at Jan Van Hankey's house in Volendam. Vic was to be there, as it was not to be held till eight o'clock in the evening: he could see the 6.30 steam-tram in at the station before starting, and it was not likely that any one would come by the last—if they did they could not return the same night.

Jan's house, which was little better than a hut, was not situated on the dyke, but on the lower ground, at its base, and was beside the canal, which turned at the Trekschuit landing-place, and then ran parallel with the dyke. It was reached by descending a flight of wooden steps nearly opposite Schildpad's Café, in the least aristocratic part of Volendam, and also the strongest in odour. The houses were small and jumbled together to fit in with the tributaries of the canal, which visitors, little acquainted with Volendam, might have termed open sewers, and it was often necessary to pass through the yard of one house to reach the door of another.

Van Hankey's house was on a little delta, the main canal on one side, and on the others two of the small tributaries before mentioned, so that to pay him a visit at night required some knowledge of geography or a great deal of care. As Phil was acquainted with the quality of Volendam water he was much more careful

than was his wont. They found Jan Van Hankey and his mate Hookey awaiting them, the lamp lit, and the blind drawn over the one small window. Hookey required to be seen to be appreciated. He was short for a Volendammer and slightly hunch-backed, and he had that peculiar form of the jaw and sharpness of face seen in hunch-backs, and such an obvious expression of keenness about his eyes and brows that one soon suspected him of priding himself on the possession of this quality in a remarkable degree, even though it might have been absent in his composition. Grietje was there too, but her father, with some whispering, stationed her in the rude porch outside the door to keep watch, remarking to the Scouts, 'You can't be too careful when there's foreigners about.'

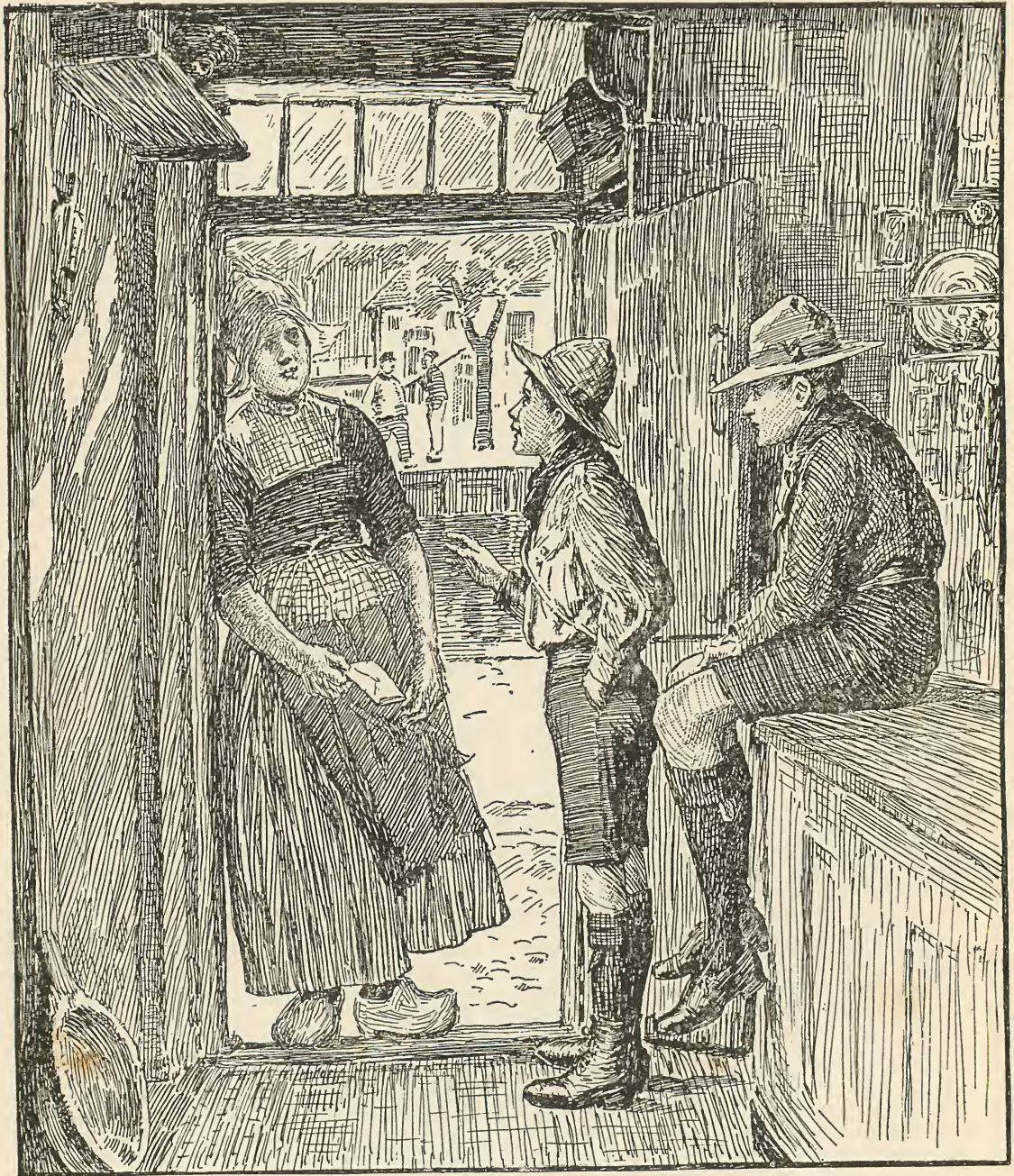
The Scouts looked at each other somewhat astonished at this want of diplomatic courtesy on the part of Van Hankey, but they found that the term foreigner was not applied to them, their generic title being Visitors. It appeared that there were two distinct parties in Volendam: the native-born Volendammers, inheriting all the traditions of the place and engaged in seafaring pursuits; and the 'foreigners'—men who had crept in from the surrounding country, and from small beginnings gradually captured the trade. Chief among them was Schildpad, the keeper of the largest café. His business had greatly increased owing to an influx of visitors, mostly artists of other nationalities, whom he accommodated *en pension*. He was a very influential member of the community, and was the owner of three or four houses beside his business premises. Around him was gathered a group, consisting of the grocer or store-keeper, the carpenter and painter, the copper-smith, and the postmaster. This latter had a bad reputation; he was the repository of the people's secrets, for beside the fact of all postcards passing through his hands, it was generally accepted that he had a process of his own invention for opening all letters, and, after mastering their contents, sealing them again without leaving any trace. The policeman, too, being a landsman and associated with civic matters, which were rapidly becoming a monopoly of the foreigners, adhered to this party. A few fetchers and carriers, listeners and general spies, and others of doubtful character, together with some miserable fishermen who had hopelessly fallen and lost caste, were the tentacles of this civic octopus.

'Yes, there's the foreigners to think of, always kikeing about,' said Jan. 'You remember, Hookey, what happened when Stoveld ran foul of the landing-stage coming in, all through Schildpad's pleasure-boat lying off the point, that oughtn't to be there; and what came out at the inquiry. And that business about his bit o' foreshore—belongs as much to me and you as it does to him, and a good deal more, seeing it's under water half the time. He'll want a strip of the sea next. They're always like that, you know,' he explained to the Scouts. 'If they've got a bit o' mud outside the back o' their house, you mustn't put your foot on it; you mustn't tie up a boat to their post or else they'll set it adrift; you mustn't sneeze without their permission.'

'And there was that about drying the nets on the dijk,' said Hookey. 'I don't forget it. Is the dijk his special property?' Did he build the dijk? That's what I want to know. And about the harbour dues, and old Piet Jung and his load of ballast. Oh, I don't forget.'

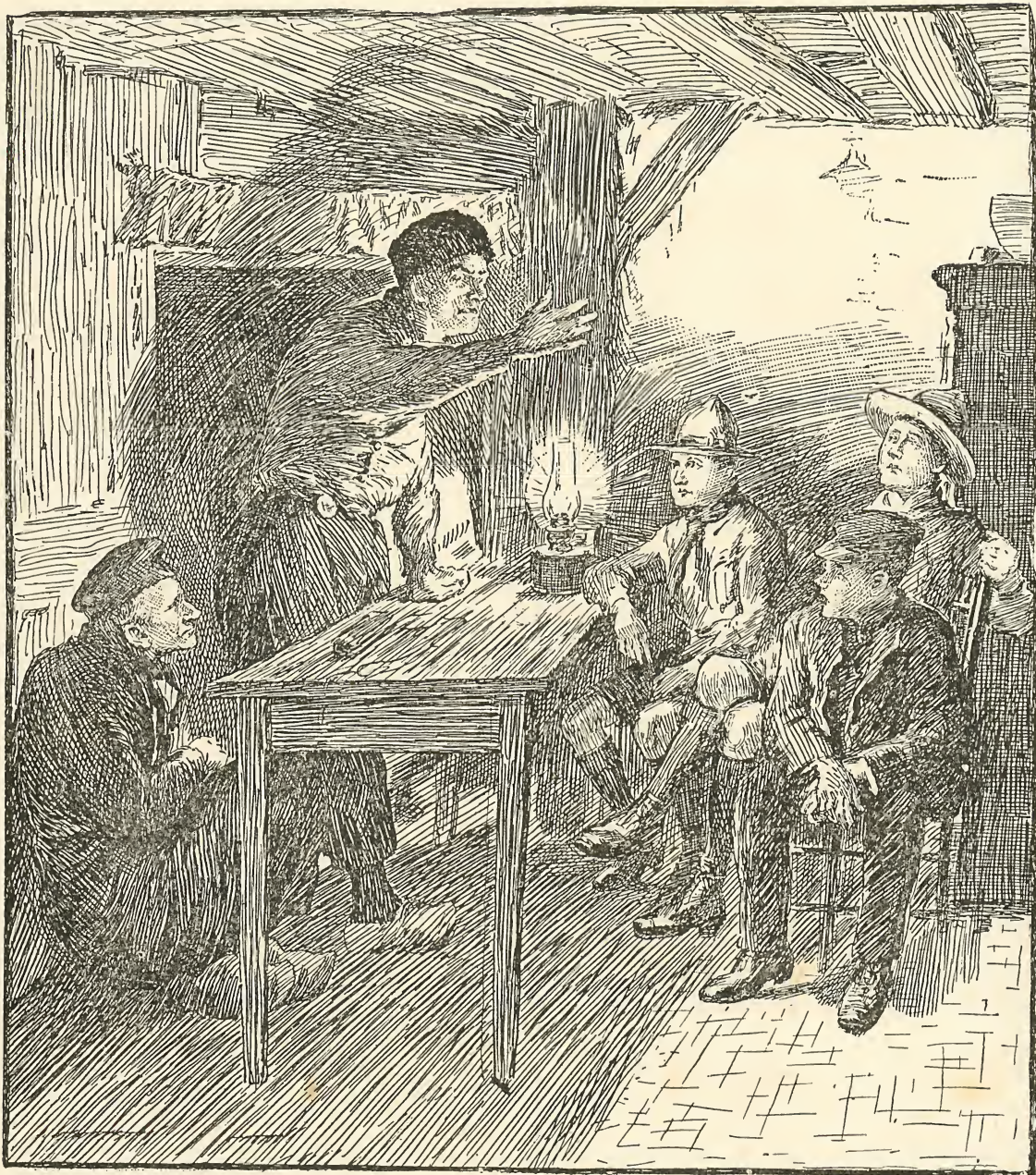
(Continued on page 226.)





"Grietje brought a note from her father."





“‘On shore you can’t be too careful.’



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINÉY.

(Continued from page 223.)

THE room was small and the party of five completely filled it. The ceiling was so low that when Van Hankey stood up his fur hat brushed the rafters. A table and two chairs were the only movable furniture. There was a bunk let into the wall for sleeping accommodation, and in the fireplace a pot of peat smouldered. The two Scouts were given the chairs, Van Hankey sat on the edge of the bunk, Hookey squatted on his heels against the wall, springing to his feet when he wished to make a telling point, and Piet got in edgewise as best he could. He sat on the edge of the table first, till it showed a marked tendency to tilt; then he perched himself on a fraction of Phil's chair and commenced whistling, until Hookey reminded him of his folly in thus attracting attention. The meeting got to business, and the queer shadows on walls and ceiling, as the Volendammers warmed to their work and expressed themselves with dramatic action, produced a startling effect.

'I and Hookey have thought it all out,' said Jan Van Hankey, folding his arms and looking at the ceiling. 'We've given it a lot of consideration, and I find just what I guessed. Hookey's dead against passengers.'

'It's against the rules,' interjected Hookey, with a shake of the head.

'Ya; passengers are clean out of it,' continued Jan, with decision. 'Of course, if the young Englander joins as a hand—you remember, I told you we were short-handed at the first—if he joins as extra hand, you might almost say, signs articles—I see no objection,' and he looked round the room, defying any lurking objectors. 'As I say, he can pull a rope if he is told, and he can bale out the boat with a sardine tin.'

'That's all right,' said Hookey; 'there can't be anything against that—that's quite straightforrard. What about his pay?'

'Twenty-five cents,' said Jan, curtly.

'That's not much,' replied Hookey; 'but he's a new hand and fresh to the job. It's not much, but it'll do for a beginning.'

'And now about this other hand we were thinking of engaging,' said Van Hankey, loftily, for he was becoming carried away by his subject. 'He can't sign on as a seaman; he's served on a canal boat, but he's no seaman.'

'Get out, Van Hankey!' Piet snorted. 'I can manage a sail as well as you can and a good bit smarter at it. You only go crawling along the coast.'

'You!' shouted Van Hankey. 'What do you know? Do you know the shoals? Do you know the lights off Oosterdijk and the Medemblik? Do you know your way through the Gat?'

'Oh, well, I won't do anything—I'll be a passenger,' said Piet.

'Passenger!' cried Van Hankey, fiercely. 'We don't allow passengers. You—'

At this moment Grietje put her head in at the door and whispered the one word, 'Policeman!'

Instantly Vic, Phil, and Piet were hustled into a back room, a box of dominoes was emptied on the table,

and the two men were solemnly playing a game, whilst Grietje was kneeling at the fireplace, stirring the smouldering peat. However, it proved a false alarm.

'Well,' said Piet, 'I thought it was nothing less than Zeppelins.'

Vic thought it was 'much ado about nothing,' and said something mildly to that effect, but he was soon set right, and told that 'he knew nothing about Volendam, and if he thought that that place could be judged by the standards of others he was very much mistaken.' There is but one Volendam, and even such passing crazes as Education and Vaccination cannot alter that fact.

'No; you can't be too careful. When you're afloat you're safe enough, but on shore you can't be too careful. It isn't that the policeman is any great shakes—I'd double him up like a clasp-knife and put him in my pocket; but he's got the Burgomeester and the States-General and all at his back, not to speak of the army and the clergy.'

'You see,' said Hookey, 'the policeman has got nothing to do but pry about. Of course, he sweeps the roads in the mornings and tidies 'em up, but when he's done that he's got nothing whatever in the world to do the rest of the day. No wonder he gets into mischief.'

'The "foreigners" are getting very serious,' said Van Hankey, dejectedly, as he took the plug of tobacco from his cheek, put it in the box, and snapped to the lid, as if with it had gone all the joys of life. 'They think that because they can read and write a good hand they've got to be always tripping us up—us, as the place belongs to. They're not Volendammers—no, not they: you can see that by the looks of them; they're another breed altogether. They've squeezed themselves in through selling us groceries and suchlike, and letting us have a few things on trust in the winter when fishing's bad. They make a few cents—out of us, you know: mind you, it comes out of our pockets—and get an Amsterdam suit of clothes, and then they're the gentlemen. Oh, yes! I say, Volendam for the Volendammers. They get hold of the policeman—a pat on the back and a glass of schnapps and they can do anything with him.'

'Now we've got to get to business again. Where were we? Oh! yes. Young Piet Slot, you sign on as cook, or you don't come at all. All our victuals are cold, certainly, but you could look after them, and you could make a cup of coffee when we want it.'

'If we take any fish, we should want some cooked,' suggested Hookey, 'and cooking puts you off your work so; not but what I'd mind lending a hand.'

'I think that's settled,' said Van Hankey; 'and we shall pay them twenty-five cents each, and all found.'

'We may want to lay off—you know where—for a day or two, or perhaps longer,' said Phil.

'Oh! that'll be all right,' replied Van Hankey. 'You're paying by the time, you see. That'll be all right. We can put out the lines, and if we have a good take of fish, that'll pay the boat's share, and if we pick up a friend of yours it won't signify—we'll find him something to do. When you're out at sea, things are so different.'

'That's all business-like and above-board,' said Hookey, nodding his head contentedly. 'If we can only keep Schildpad from interfering; he'd interfere



with anything, even if he was out o' pocket by it, just for the sake of showing what he can do.'

'Now for the next thing,' exclaimed Van Hankey; but, turning to Hookey, he remarked, 'Mind you, I don't think Schildpad's as bad as Grootkop at the Post-office—but there, what's the use of talking? What we've got to consider is—'

Hookey had leaned forward and was confiding to Vic that Schildpad could be civil enough when it suited him, but 'he was one of those men who show their teeth when they laugh. Then look out!'

'What we've got to consider is—I was going to say when Hookey interrupted—what we've got to consider is, how are they to come aboard without the "foreigners" getting wind of it? Now, just answer me that, Hookey. We've got to start in broad daylight along with the other boats just as usual,' Jan explained to the company. 'Just answer me that, Hookey.'

'Well, I've thought that out,' said Hookey, rising to his feet, leaning over the table and tapping it with his forefinger to give emphasis. 'We could put off with the other boats same as usual, and let 'em see pretty plain there wasn't anything aboard, and lay to a mile or so along the dyke tending our gear, and they could come off in a small boat.'

'We haven't got a small boat,' said Phil. 'And if we hired one, there'd be nobody to take it ashore again.'

'There's this young Englander,' said Hookey, indicating Vic. 'He's not coming. Couldn't he hire a boat, and bring you off, and take it back again?'

'It's a good idea,' said Jan. 'But I don't like that hiring of a boat. It's too suspicious. No, I don't like that. It would be sure to leak out. Try again, Hookey.'

'Well, they could walk straight on board, an hour or so before, just as if nothing was happening, and go into the cabin and keep out of sight; but I don't like that, it's a little too risky.'

'Try again, Hookey,' said Jan, shaking his head.

'Well, they could be wrapped up in the nets and taken aboard in the barrow, or put in a hogshead cask and rolled aboard. I have heard of that being done. I rather like that idea myself. What do you say, Jan?'

'It's a good idea,' replied Jan, reflecting. 'But it wants some thinking out, Hookey. We don't usually take hogshead barrels aboard. They might notice it. Might think it was contraband, you know. They're doubly suspicious nowadays. They're all good ideas, but they've all got something against 'em. We start in the afternoon with the rest of the boats, so as to shoot our nets at sundown. No, I can't fancy that hogshead on board, Hookey. It isn't seamanlike—looks like a trading-boat.'

'Look here, Jan,' said Phil. 'We start in the afternoon. Couldn't we slip on board at dinner-time, and stow ourselves away in the cabin? There's nobody on the dijk at dinner-time, and there'll be nobody in the boats; all the men will be home getting ready to start. We'd take good care nobody noticed us, and we'd stop in the cabin till you were well out at sea.'

Hookey still thought it very risky; but Jan, whilst agreeing with him, considered it on the whole the best plan; but cautioned Phil and Piet to be very careful how they slipped aboard; for, said he, some one might be looking through a spyglass. He knew Schildpad had

one, for he had seen him on the platform at the back of the café using it.

So it was settled; Van Hankey assuring them that when they were once out at sea all danger would be over.

The meeting broke up. After questioning Grietje, Hookey gave a look round to see that all was well, and the boys ascended the steps to the dijk. It was a beautiful starlit night, the Zuider Zee lay smooth as a mirror, and Volendam looked just as tranquil—the people all within doors, a few lights in the windows, and no sign of the bureaucratic tyranny that dominated it.

(Continued on page 239.)

## SKY-SCRAPERS.

WHEN Messrs. Selfridge get their projected clock-tower, which is to be four hundred and fifty feet above the pavement, Oxford Street will possess the tallest building in London.

'But,' says a writer in the *Daily Chronicle*, 'we have a long way to go upwards before we can seriously rival the sky-scrappers of New York.'

In that city, the structure of the Metropolitan Life Society has forty-six storeys. Its tower, which stands six hundred and sixty feet above the ground level, contains a gigantic clock, nearly twice as high as our Big Ben.

But New York has a still more lofty building than this, for the Woolworth Building soars one hundred and thirty feet higher than the Life Society structure, the entire height from the ground floor to the observation platform being seven hundred and ninety feet.

Yet the elevator (which we call the 'lift') carries the visitor up fifty-one business storeys in two minutes. Then he has to step into a smaller elevator, in order to reach the observation platform.

Perhaps we should feel rather nervous up there, for it is said that the whole of the big pile sways several inches in the wind.

## A WET DAY.

'PING-PING, ping-pong,'  
Sings the Rain; and his song,  
'Ping-ping, ping-pong,'  
Is a dreary old song.

'Plimp-plimp, plimp-plop;  
Drip-drip, drop-drop'—  
Will the tune never stop?

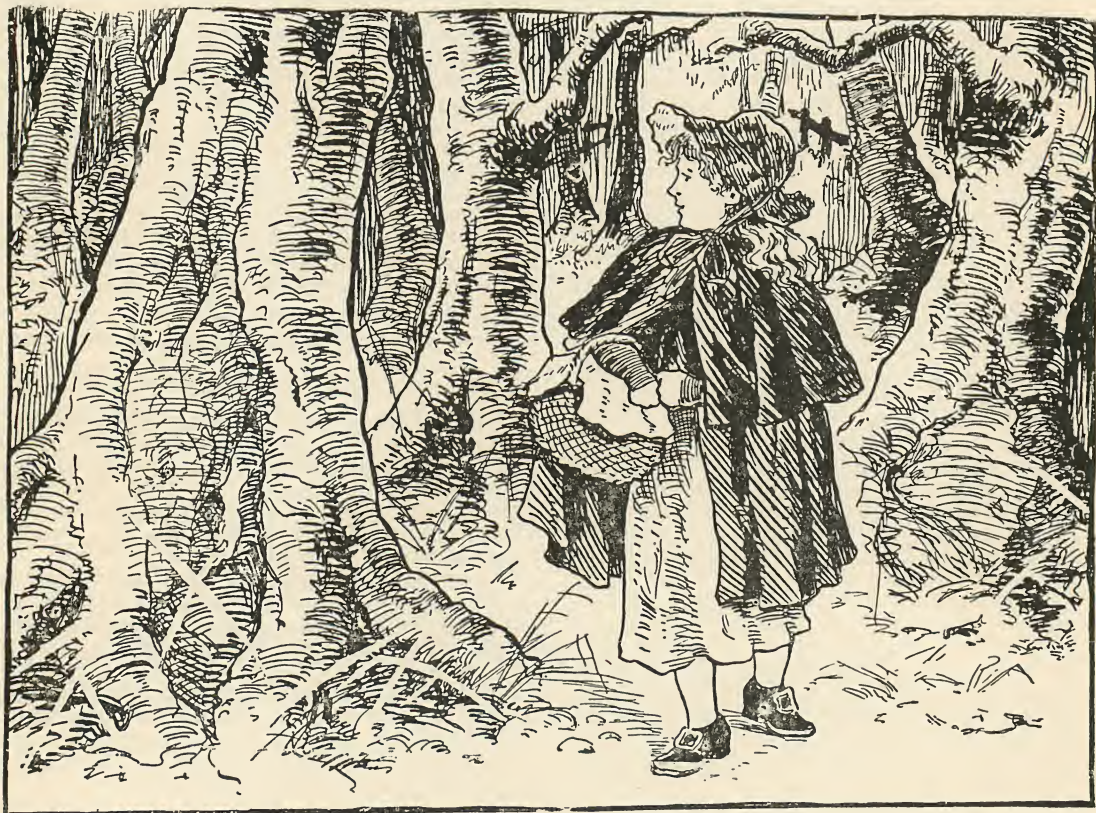
'Ping-ping, ping-pong'—  
No! the dismal refrain  
Of the song of the Rain  
Is beginning again!

'Plimp-plimp, plimp-plop,  
Drip-drip, drop-drop'—  
Oh! it never will end; oh,  
It's growing crescendo!

'Ping-ping, ping-pong'—  
Hip-hurrah! there's the gong—  
Come along! Come along!

L. H.





A PICTURE PUZZLE.

Little Red Riding Hood: Find her grandmother and the wolf.

## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

### VI.—THE ROYAL WEST SURREY REGIMENT.

IN 1662, when Charles II. married the dark-eyed little Portuguese Princess, Catherine of Braganza, she brought with her, as dowry, five thousand pounds, Bombay, in the East Indies, and the town of Tangier.

Bombay, with all its possibilities of power and commerce, was, of course, a desirable acquisition, but Tangier, a dilapidated fortress on the pirate-infested Barbary Coast, did not seem likely to prove very valuable. However, once in the hands of England, it must needs be defended, and for this purpose a new regiment of infantry was raised by the Earl of Peterborough and dispatched to Morocco.

Once arrived at their destination, the British soldiers set about the necessary work of repairing the stronghold, and this was no easy task, for the Moors, enraged at the change in ownership, determined to expel the newcomers at all costs, and lost no time in putting their plans into execution.

Again and again they attacked the fortress, and again and again they were repulsed, for the Englishmen, new recruits as they were, showed themselves to be made of the same stuff as the gallant Cavaliers and stubborn Ironsides, who, only a few years previously, had fought

so bravely and sold their lives so dearly on the battle-fields of Edgehill and Worcester.

It soon became a question of life-and-death combats again, and we have a stirring story of how, on one occasion, some of the men of the 'Tangier Regiment' defended themselves against the Arab hordes.

The defences of Tangier at that time consisted of a central stronghold and a line of outer forts, which were connected by ditches and palisades. In one of these forts twenty-nine men were stationed, while twelve more were in a small redoubt near at hand. The Moors attacked in great force, and the two little garrisons were cut off by their fire from the main fortress.

It was a desperate position, but the Englishmen fought bravely, until the fort had been knocked to pieces and only seven of their number were left alive. Then, rather than surrender, they determined to make a dash across the open space that divided them from the citadel. They sallied out and only one or two escaped, but no prisoner were left in the hands of the ruthless Moors.

Meanwhile, in the redoubt, events had followed much the same course, but, when the last desperate bid for life had to be made, the sergeant, who had been in command of the handful of men, remained behind, fired a mine and killed forty of the enemy.

These are only two out of many heroic deeds and



hairbreadth escapes, and it is not surprising to find that, during the twenty-two years of siege warfare in which Tangier was an English possession, many young soldiers joined the regiment, eager for experience and adventure. Among them was John Churchill, afterwards so famous as the first Duke of Marlborough and the victor of Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet and Blenheim.

At last, in 1684 it was decided that Tangier was not worth the cost of holding, so the garrison was recalled to England. It consisted now of two regiments, for a second had been sent out in 1680. These took their places in the Army as the Second and Fourth Foot. The former, receiving the name of 'The Queen's' because of its connection with Catherine of Braganza, was allowed to wear as its badge the Paschal Lamb, an emblem which figures in the royal arms of Portugal.

Very soon after their return to England, the 'Queen's' was fighting again, this time against their own countrymen, for a rebellion broke out in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, and when he landed at Lyme Regis, the men of Devon and Somerset, fired with enthusiasm for the romantic young Prince and the Protestant cause, flocked to his standard.

At first it seemed as if the revolt might meet with success, and Monmouth proclaimed his rights at the head of fifteen thousand men; but the king's troops soon marched westward, and then it quickly became evident that the untrained and ill-equipped rebels were no match against disciplined soldiers, especially against such veterans as the men of the Tangier regiment. In the battle of Sedgemoor Monmouth was totally defeated and the unfortunate West of England was punished severely for its share in the rebellion. 'Kirke's Lambs,' as the Fifth were called, gained an evil reputation in those days under the command of their cruel leader, Colonel Kirke;



Badge of the Royal West Surrey Regiment.

but those were ruthless times, the men had been trained in a hard school of warfare, and King James, feeling that his position on the throne was in danger, was resolved



The West Surreys with the Tirah Expedition.



to put down conspiracy and treason with a heavy hand. In three years, however, James himself was a fugitive, and then the 'Queen's' was dispatched to Ireland to oppose his forces and those of his French allies. Still under Colonel Kirke, the regiment relieved Londonderry, which had been besieged for four months.

Later, in Flanders, the men fought at the battle of Landen, and at Namur, which, being held by the French, was attacked by an allied force of English, Germans, and Austrians.

The 'Queen's' won great distinction at the battle of Tongres and also fought at Almanza, when for the first time the Union Jack on which the two crosses of St. Andrew and St. George were displayed, was carried into battle.

In 1794 England was again at war with France, and now we see the 'Queen's' regiment changing its character for a time and the men going to sea as marines on board the ships of the Channel Fleet. They took part in the great victory of the '1st of June,' and won the distinction of a new badge, consisting of a crown with the words beneath, '1 June, 1794.'

It was off Brest, on the coast of France, that the battle was fought, the English ships, commanded by Lord Howe, being confronted by a greatly superior French fleet, which was being sent out to convoy a number of merchantmen to the West Indies. Lord Howe had been on the look-out for the warships some time, and on May 28th he first sighted them. Four days later, the engagement, one of the most glorious and decisive in English history, took place.

A naval fight in those days, before steamships had been built or electricity discovered, was very unlike the sea warfare of to-day. Everything depended upon the weather and the direction of the wind, and the vessels fought at close quarters, instead of being, as now, often out of sight of each other.

There were no submarines or aeroplanes then, no torpedoes, and no huge guns to hurl their shells across miles of blue water; but, in spite of all these differences, the men faced dangers as deadly, and faced them in the same spirit as do our men of to-day. In that battle of the 1st of June, for instance, the ships were so closely engaged that the tricolour of the French Flagship brushed against the shrouds of the *Queen Charlotte*, and in a single broadside no less than three hundred men were killed.

From nine o'clock on that misty summer morning until three in the afternoon the battle raged, and then the French admiral ordered his fleet to retire, seven of his finest ships having been captured. One of these, the *Vengeur*, went down soon after the British flag had been hoisted on board, all the crew being lost.

More than a hundred years later, on June 1st, 1916, another great naval action was fought by British ships, and we all remember how the Germans fled back to their harbours, and then claimed our victory as their own and told wild stories of English vessels that they had destroyed, vessels which, by that time, were safely home again in English ports. It is strange, with these memories still fresh in our minds, to turn back the pages of history and find that, after the other '1st of June,' one of the Republican leaders announced in the French Convention that a most splendid victory had been gained by France, and it was declared that the *Vengeur*, instead of surrendering, had gone down with the crew shouting 'Vive la France! Vive la République!' and

that these cries had continued even from the bottom of the ocean.

It is a brave story, although it is one of peril and heroism in peace-time and not in war, and as survivors have written their experience, we can picture what happened on that calm, star-lit night in February, 1852, when the troopship *Birkenhead* met her fate. There were drafts from many regiments on board the vessel, and there were, besides, the officers and crew, the Marines, and about twenty women and children.

The ship had already called at Simon's Town and was bound for Algoa Bay, when, at two o'clock in the morning she struck a reef off the coast and began to go to pieces almost immediately.

It was evident that nothing could be done and that the position of the greater number of the troops on board was hopeless, for only three of the boats could be lowered and in these there was room for seventy-eight people. The land was not far away, it is true, but between it and the sinking ship was a line of dangerous breakers, and the sea itself was, moreover, covered with tangles of weed and swarming with sharks.

And then it was that the British soldiers and sailors showed their mettle, for there was no confusion or panic on board, and the men stood quietly in their ranks as if on parade, while the boats were manned and the women and children carried down to them in safety.

'It far exceeded anything that I thought could be effected by the best discipline,' an eye-witness writes. 'Every one did as he was directed and there was not a cry nor a murmur among them until the vessel made her final plunge.'

Even in the last terrible moment, the men, many of whom were mere boys, did not flinch, and, when the captain ordered those who could swim to jump into the sea and make for the boats, only three obeyed.

They remembered that, if more were taken in, the already overloaded boats would be swamped and their passengers drowned, and, rather than this should happen they stayed at their posts and went down with the ship.

We realise the greatness of the tragedy and the wonderful courage displayed, when we learn that of four hundred and eighty-eight soldiers on board the *Birkenhead* only seventeen escaped.

In 1897 the 'Queen's' was sent eastward again, and took part in the Malakand and Tirah expeditions. The regiment had already had experience of Frontier fighting, and now, when trouble broke out, it formed part of a force larger than any that had been employed in India since the Mutiny.

For some time before hostilities began, on this occasion, a Mohammedan fanatic, known as 'the Mad Mullah,' had been inciting the wild Afridi chiefs to rebellion against British authority, and the trouble spread quickly from one district to another. The punitive force dispatched to put down the disturbance was under Sir William Lockhardt, 'the Queen's' being in the second brigade, which was commanded by General Gaselee.

Both in the Malakand fighting, where they were especially mentioned for their bravery when the camp at Nawagi was attacked, and in the more important Tirah Expedition, the regiment acquitted itself well, and there was some hard and difficult fighting for the men to face when the passes which lead up to the Tirah plateau were taken by storm.

These two campaigns lasted through 1897 and 1898, and peace had hardly been restored when the horizons clouded



again and there were signs of a far greater storm that was approaching. This was the Boer War, which broke out at the end of 1899 and lasted for more than three years.

The West Surrey Regiment was 'ordered South' quite at the beginning of the conflict, and remained in Africa during the whole period of the war. We find the 'Relief of Ladysmith' added to the list of honours, for the 'Queen's' was with General Sir Redvers Buller's force which entered the starving city in February, 1900, when Ladysmith had endured a siege of no less than four months.

After South Africa, and before the outbreak of the Great War of 1914, there was a time of comparative peace, but, even during that interval, the West Surrey Regiment had its share of fighting, for it took part in the Kana-Sokoto Expedition of 1903, when one of the officers, Lieutenant Wright, won the Victoria Cross.

We must not forget to say that in 1881 the Second Foot received its Territorial name of the Royal West Surrey Regiment, but the old title has not been forgotten, and it is as the 'Queen's' that we have heard it mentioned again and again during the four long years of the Great War, when it has fought with all its old bravery and has won new fame and new honours.

A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

### WISHES.

I'D like to go to Africa  
And see the Blackamoors;  
I'd like to sail off in a ship  
And visit foreign shores;  
I'd like to be grown-up and old,  
And never eat my fat;  
I'd like to be a Queen, of course,  
And lots of things like that,—  
But oh, the very loveliest thing  
Of all, I think, would be  
For the dollies to invite me  
To the dolls'-house to have tea!

### A CHAT ABOUT CAKES.

THE wedding or 'bride' cake is probably a survival of an old Roman custom in the days when the breaking of bread was considered to be a ratifying of the union. A cake specially prepared (called 'panis ferrens') was eaten during the marriage ceremony.

Simmel cake is an old English cake—still sometimes procurable—formerly made by girls in service and taken to their mothers on 'Mothering Sunday' (the fourth Sunday in Lent), which was always a 'Sunday out.'

There is a tradition that Henry VIII. named Richmond's famous 'Maid of Honour' cake when one was brought to him for the first time by a lady of his court.

George the Third was a great lover of the 'Maid'—and no wonder, for it—or should we say *she*?—is delicious.

The Chelsea bun was another favourite of royalty. The original Bun House at Chelsea (long since vanished) was a very fashionable resort; it is said that on a certain day no less than fifty thousand customers visited the place.

The Bath Oliver, which is more biscuit than cake,

owes its origin and name to a Doctor Oliver, of Bath, who invented the biscuit for the benefit of his patients. When he was dying he gave the recipe to a colleague, to whom it brought wealth.

The Pomfret cake contains liquorice extract. It was born, so to speak, at Pontefract in Yorkshire, but is now made in many other places, and has even been heard of at Khartoum.

Other more or less notable cakes are the Banbury cake, the Eccles cake, the Shrewsbury cake, and the Coventry cake.

### THE EMPEROR'S DREAM.

A Legend of Wales.

(Concluded from page 218.)

AT first men were sent forth to search for the maiden, but for some time they had no success. Then somebody suggested that thirteen explorers should start from the spot where the Emperor had slept beneath the shields and endeavour to follow the track of his dream. This plan was adopted. The men followed the river until they came to a very high mountain. Then they knew that they were on the right track. They went down on the other side into the plain, then followed the largest river, and so reached the North Sea, whence they were conveyed by the gorgeous ship to Britain. Here, travelling westward, they came to Wales, and when they saw the castle of Caernarvon they said, 'We shall now soon find the Emperor's lovely lady.'

The gate was still open, and when the messengers entered the great hall they found the two young princes still playing chess, their father still carving golden chessmen, and Princess Helen still sitting on her golden chair.

'Hail, Empress of Rome!' cried the thirteen men, as they fell on their knees before her.

But at this the British Princess was offended and very angry, because she thought that these strangers were making fun of her. Then they explained. They said that their master, the Emperor of Rome, had seen her in a dream, and had sent them to ask her to be his bride. Would she, they asked, go with them to him, or should he come to her?

'Let him come to me,' said Princess Helen. 'Any man who would wed me—be he an Emperor or another—must woo me here in my father's house.'

So the ambassadors returned to Rome with this message. As soon as he had received it, the Emperor marched his army across Europe. He crossed the North Sea (there was a whole fleet of ships awaiting him in the harbour), conquered Britain in no time, and soon made his appearance at Arvon. He entered the castle, and bowed low before his beloved lady.

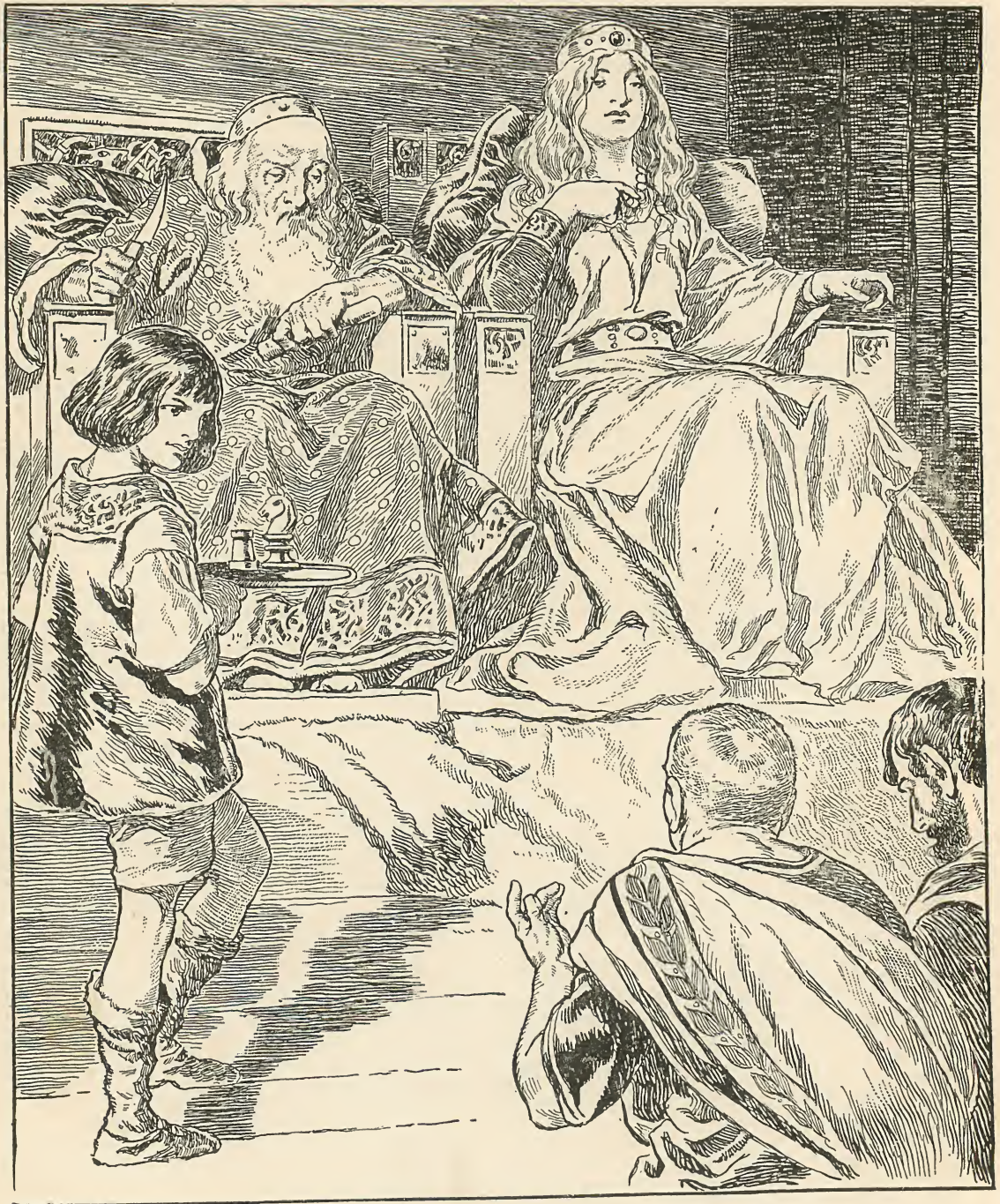
'Hail, Empress of Rome!' he said.

Helen bent forward and kissed his cheek.

They were wedded the very next day, and for a dowry the Emperor gave the whole of Britain to Eudar, Helen's father. To herself he gave the three castles of Caernarvon, Caermarthen, and Caerlleon, and it is said that in one of them was born her famous son, the Emperor Constantine.

This is the legendary *Welsh* version of Helen's story. In reality, it was not Maxen Wledig—Maxentius—but Constantius, who wedded a Welsh princess.





“ ‘Hail, Empress of Rome!’ ”





“Come away, quick! Those men will be back soon.”



## AT THE TIME OF THE FULL MOON.

'I DON'T believe it,' said Janie. 'Old women's stories never come true.'

'How many have you heard?' inquired Bella, a trifle sarcastically.

At that moment Harold came sauntering up to the pair under the oak-tree. 'I've been looking for you everywhere,' he said, flinging himself down on the grass. 'What are you chattering about so vigorously?'

'A silly story Bella's heard,' replied Janie.

'It isn't silly!' protested Bella, indignantly.

'What is it?' asked Harold, languidly.

'Old Mrs. Billings told me this morning,' said Bella. 'She said every time the moon's full a ghost appears in Elmsley Wood. It comes out of that green pond in the middle. 'It's the ghost of a man who got drowned there once when there was a full moon.'

'That pond isn't deep enough to drown a man unless he lay down in the middle,' said Harold.

'Well, perhaps he fell down and sank in the mud at the bottom,' said Bella. 'And when I came in I looked at the calendar, and there's a full moon to-night. I should love to go.'

'You're not allowed in at night,' objected Janie. 'The gates are shut. And you can't go off the paths at any time.'

'Well, can't anybody get over the fence, silly? And there's nobody about to see where you go.'

'Is it a wet ghost?' asked Harold, suddenly, in an interested tone.

'I don't know. I wish you'd come.'

'Afraid to go alone?' asked Harold, jeeringly.

'Well, I don't think even you'd care to go by yourself,' retorted Bella.

'Too much fag,' drawled Harold, stretching himself. 'Shall you go, Janie?'

'I don't believe it'll come true,' replied Janie, 'but I'll go if Bella does.'

'All right,' said Bella. 'Keep a lot of your clothes on when you get into bed, and we'll go after Mother's been to tuck us up. We can get out by the back door, because it isn't locked till ever so late.'

The moon was shining brightly when the two small figures crept stealthily out through the back door and along the drive. They felt safer as soon as they were out of sight of the house, and before long were at the edge of the wood.

'Oh, it is dark,' said Janie. 'Don't the trees look creepy?'

'Of course,' replied Bella. 'It's just the time to see ghosts. Why, you aren't afraid, are you?'

'N-no,' answered Janie, 'because—well, I don't think there is a ghost.' All the same, she did not seem so sure as she had been in broad daylight.

The two climbed the fence and made their way towards the middle of the wood. The moon cast strange shadows, and even Bella quailed a little. 'Woods are funny at night,' she said. 'But I'm glad there is a full moon. Just think what it would be like quite, quite dark!'

Janie only answered by a shiver.

They reached the pond, and stood watching on its brink. The silence was uncanny, and Janie was glad to break it by whispering, 'I told you there wouldn't be anything!'

The words were hardly out of her mouth when there was a loud rustling close by, and two men emerged from amongst the trees. Before the children had time to collect their scattered wits, the foremost had grasped Janie's arm.

The other remonstrated. 'They're only gals,' he said.

'Course they are,' replied the first man, roughly. 'It's often the gals as comes a-poachin', their fathers thinkin' they'll not be seen.'

'We're not poachers,' said Bella, indignantly. 'We're Bella and Janie Russell, from Ivy House. So would you mind letting go of my sister's arm?' she added with dignity.

'And what are you a-doin' 'ere,' asked the man; 'time when decent children's abed?'

'We came to look for the ghost,' replied Bella, rather unwillingly. 'It's the full moon to-night, and the ghost comes out of this pond.'

The men belonged to the village, and knew the story well. They glanced round before replying, and Janie felt the hand on her arm give a sudden twitch. She looked up. There on the opposite side of the pond, standing out sharply against the dark trees, was a white figure.

The two men were not lacking in the superstitious beliefs of the country folk, and they started back, giving the girls a chance to escape. But they too were petrified. Then the ghost began to move slowly along the bank, and as it drew nearer the man by the pond took an involuntary step backwards. He slipped and fell in the soft mud, and his companion, believing the fall to be due to supernatural influence, turned and fled panic-stricken. The man struggled to his feet, startled and shaken, gave one glance at the approaching figure, and hurried away likewise, leaving the supposed poachers to do what they would.

As soon as the men were out of sight, the ghost underwent a strange transformation. Its whiteness disappeared, and a being of flesh and blood ran forward rolling up a sheet.

'Harold!' gasped Bella and Janie together.

'Come away, quick!' he said. 'Oh, do come along! Those men will be back soon.'

'How did you do it?' cried Bella, as they hurried away through the wood.

'This is the sheet off my bed,' answered Harold. 'Of course I meant it all for a joke, but I never thought I should really frighten these men away. Did they take you for poachers?'

'Yes,' replied Janie, 'and they held my arm so tight! It was splendid of you, Harold.'

It did not take the children long to reach home, and they were relieved to find that nobody had discovered their absence.

'Well, I'm very glad there was a ghost after all,' remarked Bella, as they got into bed. 'I wonder where we should be now if there hadn't been!'

'Yes; but I told you there wouldn't be a real one,' replied Janie, triumphantly.

HILDA CAMERON.

## GETTING UP.

HARK! Spring has rung the garden bell,  
And, underneath the ground,  
The little leaves, tucked up so well,  
Awaken at the sound.



Dear Mother Earth calls to them all  
To 'Rouse their sleepy heads ;'  
And slowly, one by one, they crawl  
Out of their cosy beds.

They kneel to say their morning prayers,  
Then little stems and leaves  
Creep softly up the dark brown stairs,  
And stand in crumpled sheaves.

Then some a shower-bath will take  
Of dewdrops, clear and cool,  
While others longer strides will make  
To float upon a pool.

Look and you'll find, without a doubt,  
Ere dressing-times begin,  
The primrose leaves rolled *inside* out ;  
Violets, *outside* in.

Some hold a tiny parcel up,  
And when it is undone,  
A daisy or a buttercup  
Peeps out to see the sun.

And from some tissue paper brown,  
All crinkled up and torn,  
A yellow daffodil hangs down  
His splendid golden horn.

LILIAN HOLMES.

### BURIED CITIES.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

#### VIII.—THE CITIES OF NORTH AFRICA.

ONCE upon a time there lived a King of Tyre who died leaving two children, a son and a daughter. Pygmalion, the son, reigned in his father's stead, and the daughter, Dido, who was the most beautiful princess in the whole world, married a man named Acerbas, whom she loved very dearly. They might all have lived happily for ever after, as the fairy stories say ; but Pygmalion, who was a wicked man, hated Acerbas and murdered him, and then Dido left Tyre and sailed away southward until she came to Africa, and landed at a beautiful place where the water was blue and the hills green, and there were meadows full of wild flowers, crimson and purple and gold.

The people who lived in that country were kind to the stranger, and when she begged them to sell her a piece of land where she might rest after her journey, they agreed, and said that she might have as much ground as could be covered by the hide of an ox.

Now Dido was clever and cunning as well as beautiful. So she took the ox-hide and cut it into very narrow strips. These she sewed together, and within the circle thus formed a large tract of land was enclosed, on which a city called Carthage was built.

Dido reigned as queen in her new home, and after a time a king of a neighbouring country, who saw that she was fair, came and demanded her hand in marriage, saying that if she refused, he would destroy the city and all its inhabitants.

The queen was sorrowful when she heard this cruel threat, for she still cherished the memory of her dead husband, Acerbas, and yet she would not let her people

suffer for her sake. So she begged to be allowed three months in which to consider her answer, and during that time she raised a great altar within the city, piled high with wood on which many sheep and oxen might be sacrificed, and when the day came on which her decision was to be made known, Dido ascended this funeral pyre and died in the flames, saying, 'You bid me go to my husband. See, I go.'

That is the tale of how Carthage was founded, and we can believe as much or as little of it as we like ; but, although there may never have been a Queen Dido at all, it seems certain that the city was founded by colonists from the Phœnician coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and it is quite certain that the new town, for that was what its name, Kirjath-Hadeschath, meant, became wealthy and powerful, the mistress of the Mediterranean and the rival and enemy of Rome.

It was on the Bay of Tunis that Carthage, or Kirjath-Hadeschath, was situated, and it must have been a marvellous place indeed, with its palaces and temples, and the harbours where ships of war and merchants' vessels were built, and from whence they sailed out to do battle on the high seas, or to carry the merchandise of Carthage to Spain, Italy and Syria, and even, so tradition says, to far-away Britain. The Phœnicians were always a nation of traders, with all the cunning and greed for money of their Jewish kinsmen, and, although their city was wealthy and luxurious, they had no art or literature of their own, and borrowed their ideas of architecture and decoration from Greece, Egypt, and Rome. They do not seem originally to have been a warlike people, but they would brook no interference with their treasures or commerce, and when the Romans challenged their dominion in the Mediterranean, there began the period of conflicts between the two nations which are known in history as the Punic Wars.

There is no need now to trace the course of that long enmity ; but at last the end came, and Carthage was utterly defeated and destroyed.

Old writers have told the story of the great siege, which lasted for many months, and during which victories were gained now by the Romans and now by the Phœnicians, and we can read about the marvellous triple wall which defended the city, of the elephants and the horses which were stabled within it, of how huge battering-rams manned by six thousand soldiers were used by the Romans, and of how the Carthaginian ladies cut off their hair and made it into catapults.

Night and day watch was kept on the city walls during the long siege ; night and day the munition workers of those far-off days toiled at their tasks of fashioning swords and shields and javelins ; but at last the Romans appointed a new general to take command of their army, and this man—Scipio Africanus was his name—brought new genius and new energy to the work.

One assault after another was launched against the doomed city ; then a wall was built across the harbour mouth, so that supplies should not be obtained by sea, and every day the position became more and more hopeless. Even then, however, the Carthaginians did not despair, and we hear of a new channel being dug by which the vessels might sail in and out, of a great sortie which drove the besiegers back for a time, and of fire-ships which were dispatched into the midst of the enemy fleet.

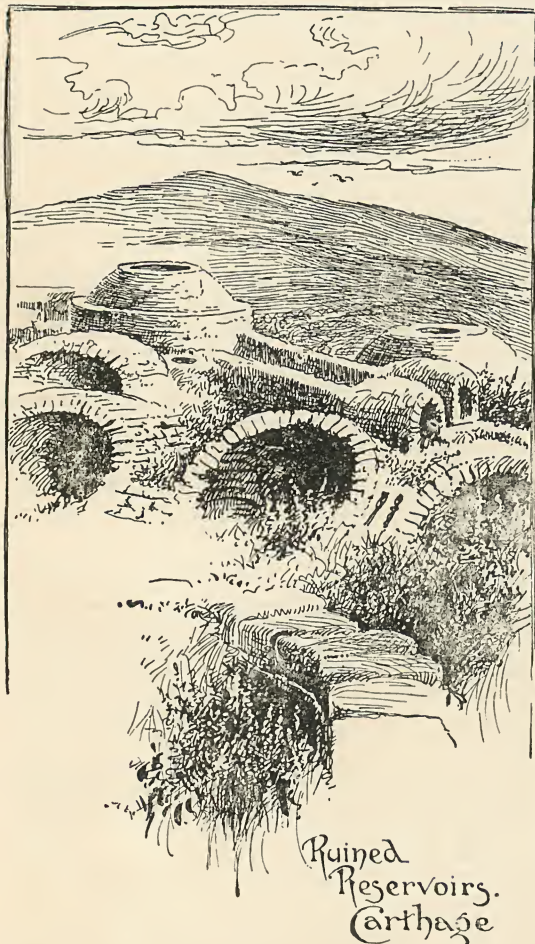
But all these efforts were in vain. The Romans captured the city at last, and then, after being plundered, it



was burnt to the ground and utterly destroyed. Even the ground on which it had stood was declared to be under a curse, and it was decreed that no new buildings should be erected on the same site.

Years passed away, and, as the memories of old Carthage faded, the curse was forgotten and disregarded. A new city rose near the ruins of the old, a city of high-storied houses, of narrow paved streets, and of gleaming white marble temples and palaces.

Once more Carthage was the greatest and most important city in Africa: but adversity came again, and the Arab invaders destroyed it as completely as the Romans had done its predecessor. And so there are two dead cities on one spot, and nowadays, when we go out



*Ruined  
Reservoirs.  
Carthage*

from Tunis to the green hill of Byrsa, through the wild flowers and brilliant sunshine of an African spring day, there is little to be seen of either Roman or Phœnician Carthage, and it is only dimly and uncertainly that we can picture the wonders and glories of the past.

Some irregular mounds and shapeless masses of cement and broken stones, the great cisterns which the Phœnicians built and the Romans repaired, tombs and votive tablets, a museum with fragments of mosaic,



*The Prætorium.  
Lambessa.*

pottery, terra-cotta masks, bones, women's ornaments, coins, and broken weapons and implements, it is relics such as this on which we must rebuild in our imagination the barbaric splendour of the Phœnicians and the grandeur of the later city; but in the mosques and palaces of Tunis there may still be seen marble columns and cornices and carved slabs of porphyry which were carried away in the times when Roman Carthage was used as a quarry by the inhabitants of the country round.

There is perhaps no ancient city in the world that is so dead as Carthage. Pompeii seems only to be sleeping under its veil of ashes, the temples of Egypt are still lovely and life-like among the golden desert sands; but Carthage was slain ruthlessly, destroyed and torn to pieces by its conquerors, and there is little beauty left beyond the hill itself where Dido stretched her ox-hide measure, and the blue lagoons which were once the famous havens of the Phœnician seamen.

Kirjath-Hadeschath, the name of the first Carthage, 'the new town,' reminds us that when the city was founded, there was an older Phœnician colony on the shores of the Bay of Tunis. This was Utica, and, if



we cross the marches of Bou Chater, there beneath our feet, far below the grass and the gay flowers, lie the streets and masonry of one of the most ancient cities of the old world. Utica survived when Carthage was destroyed, and it seems, like its younger sister, to have been strongly fortified, with a port for warships, a palace for the admiral, and great cisterns. There still can be seen fragments of Phœnician concrete, made of small stones imbedded in cement, and so strong that, as an old traveller wrote, 'The solid rock cannot be more durable.'

To the East of Tunisia lies Tripoli, and one of its provinces, Cyrenaica, was a Greek colony in very early times. Plentipolis the settlement was called, because in it were five cities of which Cyrene was one. This town was founded in 623 B.C.; but legend, going still further back, tells us that here were the Gardens of the Hesperides and the Waters of Lethe.

Later, when the Romans had extended their empire over North Africa, they made roads and aqueducts in this province, and the ruins of their work can still be seen among the palm groves and sand hills of Tripoli.

Numidia, or the country of the Nomads, is what the Romans called their great dominion, which was founded after the fall of Phœnician Carthage, and all through Tunisia and Algeria we can follow their footsteps, for they marched southward from the sea to the Sahara, quelling the barbarians, building new cities, and introducing improved methods of agriculture and warfare. There are many buried cities to be seen in these provinces, and one of them, Tingad, or, as it used to be called, Thamugas, is worthy of being compared to Pompeii itself.

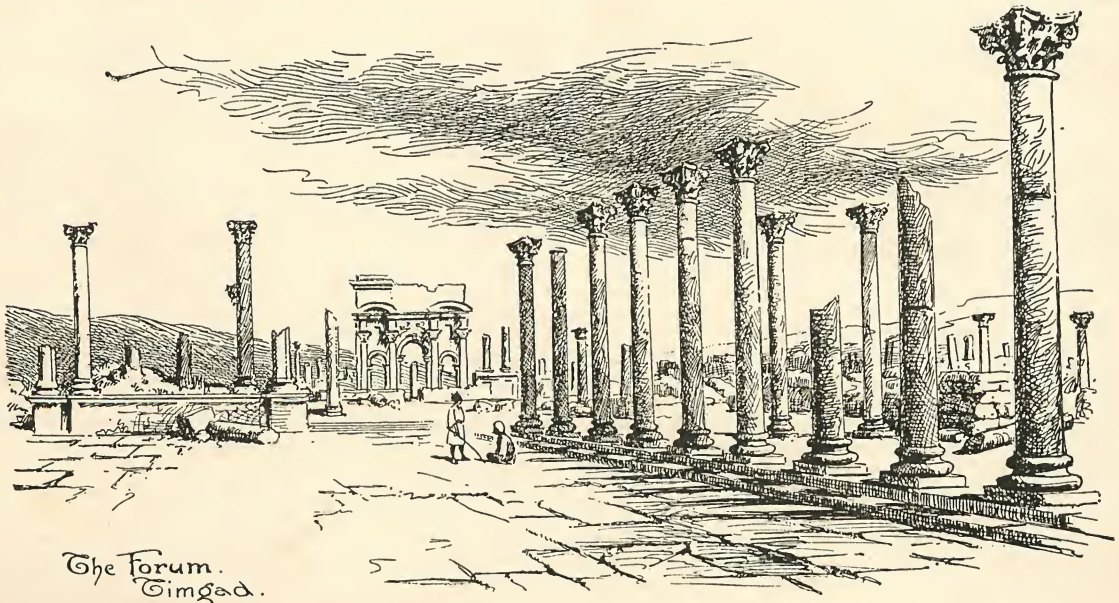
Indeed, at first sight, this place is so much like the wonderful buried city of the Bay of Naples, that, looking up, we almost expect to see in the distance the tall cone and smoke plume of Vesuvius against the blue Algerian sky.

There is a forum and an amphitheatre, there are tem-

ples and ruined dwelling-houses, and there are the chariot ruts in the paved streets that we know so well; but when we come to study Tingad more closely, we find many differences between them, for while Pompeii was a gay pleasure resort and watering-place, a town of luxurious villas where the wealthy Romans came to rest and refresh themselves after the more arduous life of the capital, Thamugas was an outpost of the great empire, and it stood built four square on the edge of the wilderness, and strongly fortified and garrisoned, so as to be able to repel the attacks of barbarians or foreign invaders.

The market-place at Tingad was founded by a Roman lady long ago in the third century, and a statue of this benefactress with an inscription has been found. When we go into this market-place, we can almost see it thronged with eager buyers and sellers, for the ground is still covered with ancient paving-stones, and the fixed counters are still standing in their places. We can picture the money-changers clinking copper coins or exchanging them for the strings of cowrie shells that are still the money of desert tribes; the sellers of fruit and vegetables, and the butchers cutting up joints on the stone tables, where the marks of their cleavers are still to be seen. Mingling, too, with the city merchants are the country people: dusky pedlars from the Sahara or the Aures mountains, bringing strange wares, such as antelope and wild sheep skins, sacks of dried locusts, strings of beads, barbaric ornaments, and great lizards with their mouths sewn up, so that they may not be able to bite their purchasers.

There was a fountain in the Tingad market-place, and beds of growing flowers which scented the air with their fragrance. A breath of the perfume of those long-faded blossoms seems still to linger on the soft breeze, and, although all is silent and deserted now, we can picture the busy, chattering crowd, the coloured awnings that sheltered the stalls, the white robes of the Romans, and the gaudy rags and tatters of the nomads.



The Forum.  
Tingad.



Timgad was founded by Trajan, and his soldiers, the sturdy veterans of the Thirtieth Legion, were allowed to settle there, and enjoy rights and privileges as a recompense for their services during the Parthian wars. The great triumphal arch built by the emperor, the Arch of the Gods, as it was called, is still standing, and there is an inscription in the forum commemorating Trajan's victories.

For many years the city flourished, guarding the frontier of the Roman Empire; but as the centuries passed away changes came: the temple of Jupiter was deserted, a Christian church was built, and Byzantium, the new empire of the East, challenged the power and authority of Rome.

With the beginning of the sixth century clouds gathered thickly on the horizon, and the people of Timgad destroyed and deserted their city rather than that it should be used as a stronghold by the Byzantine invaders. It has not been inhabited since that time, and gradually has become buried and hidden away. For nearly a thousand years it seems to have been forgotten; but in 1762, Bruce, the English explorer, visited the ruins, and a century later the work of excavation was begun. Now a great part of the old city has been uncovered, and we can see the great roads running north, south, east, and west, the statues and columns and inscriptions, and the wonderful mosaic pavements with which the buildings were decked.

There are other ancient Roman cities scattered about Algeria and Tunisia, although none of them are so large or so important as Timgad. Lambessa is one, which shows us what a Roman fortified camp was like, and then there is Tebessa with its triumphal arch, that is one of the finest in the whole world.

Another interesting place is El Djem, or Thysdrus, as it was called in the olden days, and here, although nothing but a few irregular mounds remain of the city, the great theatre is still standing, which covered four and a half acres of ground, and was designed to seat more than thirty thousand spectators.

It is believed that this huge building, which would have rivalled the famous Colosseum of Rome, was never completed; but was prepared for the festivities in honour of the tenth centenary of the Roman Empire. It was built by Gordian III. and thousands of workmen must have been employed, for all the stone was brought from the quarries of Sullectum, twenty miles away. During the long centuries that have rolled by since that time, the theatre itself has been used as a quarry by the people of the district, and slabs of the stone covered with inscriptions have been found in the walls of native huts.

### THE BOBOLINK.

**T**HE Bobolink—called also the Reed Bird and the Rice Bird—is a sprightly little American, scarcely bigger than a sparrow, though rather larger than a yellow-hammer. It is a relation of the bunting and the sparrow, but its plumage differs from theirs, and it has stiff-pointed tail-feathers. The male bird, in the summer and when he goes a-courting, is bravely attired in black, yellow, and white. The female bird's plumage is more quiet and dull of hue; Mister Bobolink's colouring, too, fades a bit towards the end of the summer.

The bobolink is a bird of passage. When wearing its travelling coat it is called the 'Reed Bird.' It travels nine thousand two hundred miles in a year! It spends the winter in the West Indies or Brazil. The birds make the journey in huge flocks. Formerly many of them were shot on the way, because they devoured so much of the wild rice, but the kind American Government has now passed a law forbidding the slaughter of these pretty birds.

In March the bobolinks return to the northern part of the eastern United States, and start building their nests and laying and hatching their eggs. The nest is a very simple affair—just a few dry leaves and stalks, with a lining of finer grass. Like other birds, the knowing little bobolink tries to divert the attention of intruders from its nest by pretending to be immensely interested in another part of the field.

These birds are exceedingly musical, and sing a very merry song. Their beauty and their music have won for them many friends.

E. D.

### HIS 'TYPE.'

**E**VERY bluejacket in the Royal Navy carries with the rest of his kit a little wooden block on which his name is carved backwards. This he calls his 'type.' With it he has to mark every article of his clothing. This wooden block, being so small a thing, is easily mislaid, and when this occurs the sailor gets into trouble.

### THE ROYAL TEA-TASTER.

**T**HE Chinese claim to be the first users of tea as a beverage. How they came so to use it is told in a pretty little legend many centuries old.

A young nobleman loved the daughter of a reigning Sovereign, but, though 'noble,' he was not of sufficiently high rank to be allowed to marry her. She returned his affection, and the pair managed sometimes to exchange glances. Occasionally, too, the young man sent or brought flowers to his lady-love.

One day the two met in the palace garden. The gentleman held in his hand a bunch of most beautiful flowers, but because the keen eyes of her attendants were upon her, the lady did not take it. All that she dared do was to pick up a tiny twig with green leaves, which had fallen from his hand.

On entering her room the princess put the twig in a glass of water. During the night she felt thirsty, and either by mistake or intentionally, drank some of the water in which she had placed the twig. It had such a pleasant flavour that the girl, curious to find out whether the leaves and stalk had the same taste, nibbled at them. They were not quite so nice as the water was. That was so very good that every day thereafter the princess had twigs and leaves of the same kind brought to her, of which she made tea. For those twigs came from the tea-tree.

The princess having set the fashion of tea-drinking, her example, of course, was followed by all the Court ladies. The custom of drinking tea spread over the entire kingdom, and in course of time over many other countries as well, until the Chinese tea-trade became (as it is to-day) one of the biggest businesses in existence.



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 227.)

PHIL and Piet had gone. Vic watched from the dyke as the fishing-boats filed slowly out of the harbour, spread to get sea-room, hoisted their sails, and finally disappeared in the direction of Hoorn. He felt a trifle lonesome, and had his doubts about Phil, for he knew his headlong manner of going at things; but he hoped for the best.

Moe had not at all approved of Phil's going a cruise with the fishing fleet: she seemed to think that a special storm would be brewed on his account—some women are like that.

When he returned to the Kunst-haven a surprise awaited him. Quite a stir was going on. A small trolley stood at the open door, Moe and Betje were in the passage, the Kunst-kooper had his coat off, and he and Herman were wrestling with something on the stairs. There was a good deal of bumping and grunting, and exclamations of warning and direction. The solution lay in the fact that there had been a sale in a small house off the Kerk-sstraat, and Herman had secured one or two lots, including a bureau of undoubted antiquity, judging by the way it had suffered from the buffetings of time; and this bulky and decrepit relic was being carried up the staircase. But, wonder of wonders, when Vic came to the rescue at a particularly obstinate corner, he saw that the door of the 'Bluebeard's Chamber' was set wide open. He could scarcely conceal his amazement and eagerness. He joined in the work with ardour, and the antediluvian was got up to the landing without further injury, and carried into the Bluebeard's Chamber.

Vic straightened his back and gave a look round the long room. It had evidently been used as a workshop, for the first thing that caught his eye was a carpenter's bench and vice, with planes and other tools on it, and a litter of shavings on the floor beneath; above was a rack with squares and sundry tools, and in one corner of the room stood a lathe. There were cupboards in the room, and against the wall fragments of furniture too far gone for repair, some canvas-stretchers, and a hundred odds and ends scattered about. The room was spacious, and lit from above by a skylight. The mystery of 'Bluebeard's Chamber' was so far revealed, but there was no sign of the missing Reynolds.

'There,' grunted the Kunst-kooper, bumping down his end of the bureau, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief apparently of the same period as the bureau. 'There,' he took a deep breath and smiled benignantly, 'genuine Sixteen Hundred, mynheer.'

'There,' gasped Herman, as he bumped his end down. 'Goede koop—cheap,' and he held up the five fingers of his right hand and one of the left. 'Six guelden—goede koop.'

'The legs are a bit worm-eaten, and the back's gone.' The Kunst-kooper surveyed the piece of furniture as affectionately as if it had been a child. 'But the front, mynheer, and the carving—see, perfect. Genuine Sixteen Hundred. Look at the panels, as good as anything I've seen. Locks gone, but drawers work well.'

Vic had his eyes on the cupboards of the room. They were closed; he would have given something for a peep inside.

'Ja, the legs are perished: they're always the first to

go, not that they matter much—they're nothing more than round knobs, you see. If it were not for the sides and the back it would be an ornament to any museum—everything that's of any importance is perfect. We can get this black paint off, it's lovely oak beneath. Good boy, Herman,' and he patted that wide-awake gentleman on the back.

Herman was in ecstasies; he explained that 'Josef bid up to five and a quarter. I said I could go to five and a half: don't you go against me, and you can have the copper urn; but he bid five and three-quarters—the rascal. So I said I'm not going to be beaten, and I bid six, and got it. He offered me seven outside. Ha! ha! ha! Not me.'

Vic thought it was now his turn to do a deal, so looking round the apartment in a casual way he remarked, 'What a fine big room you've got here, Kunst-kooper!'

'Yes,' was the reply. 'It's my workshop; a bit untidy, but I've got everything handy, excepting that I want a little stove for hot water and the glue-pot—I have to go down into the bakery for that. It's a bit untidy, but I expect I'm rather an untidy man, and as I say to Moe, a workshop is a workshop, and you can't make it a parlour. If I didn't keep the door locked she'd clean it all out, and you know what that means. Herman and I do a lot of work up here in the winter-time: the winter before last we made that cabinet you were looking at in the shop—every bit of it, Herman and I. We were a little slack then—we often are in the winter months. We made up our minds that we'd make a copy of a lovely thing I've since sold to the Museum. You can see it—the real original—if you go over. There are several of my things in the Museum. Yes, we made up our minds to make a copy—such a one as never the likes of it had been made—and we did it, every mark and scratch and every stain: it was made of old oak turned out of the Dam Hotel when they were making improvements—every scratch and stain down to the worm-marks in the feet. We kept it a secret—even Moe didn't know anything about it, and many's the chuckle Herman and I had over it; and when we showed it to the Museum Keeper and Mynheer Houthuis, they didn't know which was which. Ha! ha! ha! We had some fun over that. I reckon it well worth the two hundred and fifty gulden the American mynheer offered, considering the time and labour we spent on it; but I wasn't going to sell it him as a genuine Sixteen Hundred. I would sell it for that, or even two hundred, to any one who really understands, and wants a thing simply for its beauty.'

'So that's the history of the cabinet,' said Vic. 'I should like my uncle to see it; he talks of running over to Edam one of these days. What a fine studio this would make—a top light and all and plenty of length, so that one doesn't get too close to the model. In the regular interiors you're huddled up together and don't get a proper view of anything, and the light is generally bad, too. What do you say to letting me have it for a week or two? I could paint a large picture of Grietje Van Hankey here.'

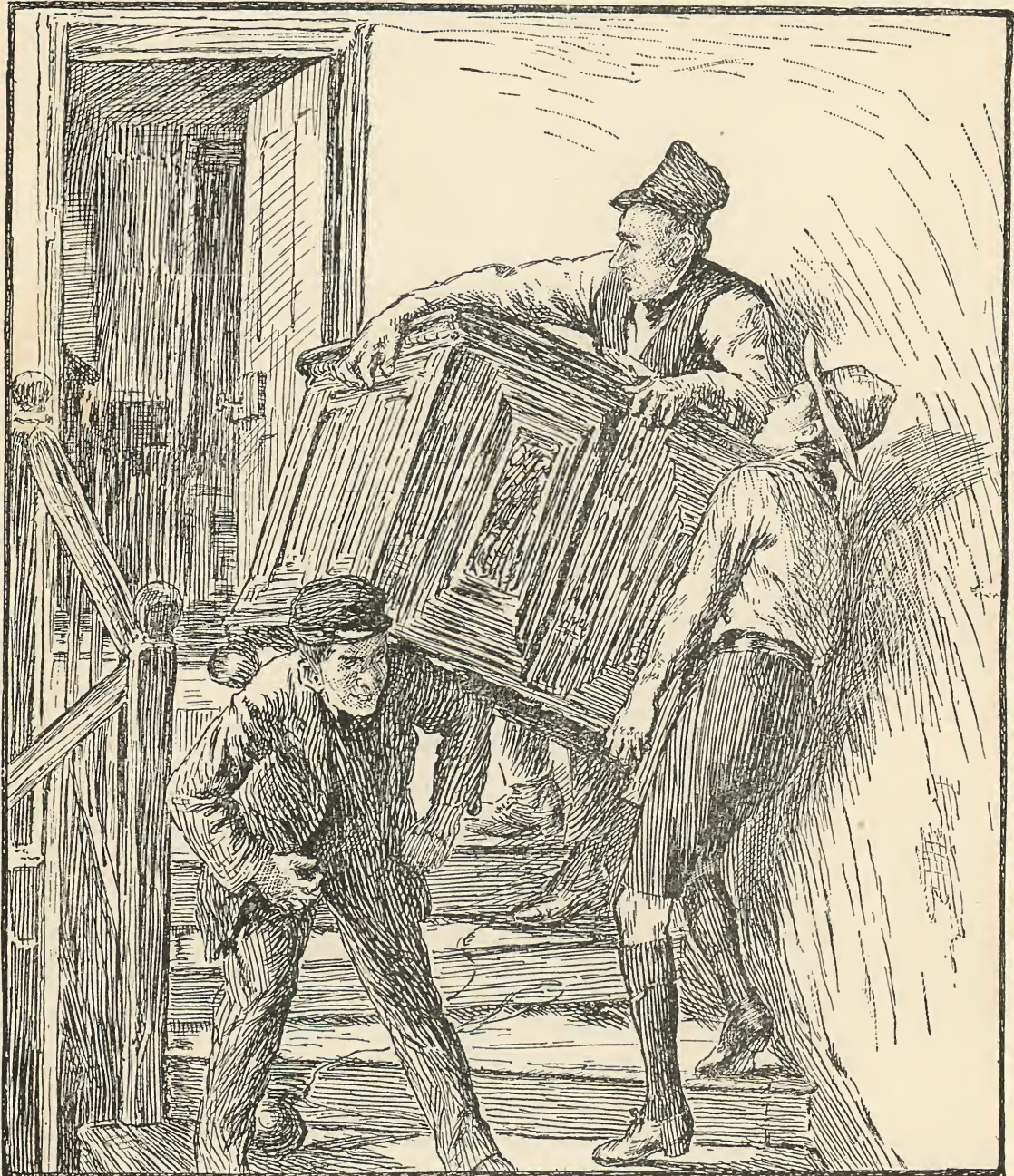
'Would you like it?' asked the Kunst-kooper.

'Yes, I should,' said Vic. 'I'd pay rent for it, you know.'

'Well, I will think about it. I come up here sometimes to do a bit of work; but I don't do much in the summer months. I will think about it.'

(Continued on page 242.)





"Vic joined in the work with ardour."





"He raised his cap politely and smiled his best"



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 239.)

THE Kunst-kooper's business did not seem to weigh very heavily on his mind or make great inroads upon his time; he was seldom in his shop, and once only had Vic seen him engaged in the mystic process of remedying little defects in old Delft. A bottle of seccotine, some pasty preparation, a camel's-hair brush, and a daub of indigo paint on a piece of glass in lieu of a palette, were the requisites in this operation. The American's purchase and Herman's trophy were the only signs of business he had seen.

For the most part Mynheer Klomp seemed to be quite at leisure either to discuss art or spend the day angling in the Haven. He took great interest in the progress of Vic's Interiors, and was ever ready to make rearrangements of furniture to suit the composition of his pictures, continually hunting out from his store, pots and pans that would look well in the foregrounds, and he put himself to a deal of trouble in so doing; in fact, he seemed quite prepared to make structural alterations in his house to the extent of unhinging a door or sawing away a projecting support that interfered with the view. Vic was sometimes quite staggered at his daring suggestions: he would have thought no more of removing a doorpost, or piercing the wall of the bakery to let in a window, than he would of putting a fresh joint to his fishing-rod, or a new glass in his watch. So accustomed was he to patching and restoring his antiques that he regarded nothing on the premises as a fixture — everything was plastic, and it would not have added much to Vic's surprise if he had contemplated removing the house bodily to the other side of the Gracht, although it dated from the venerated Sixteen Hundred. The Kunst-kooper went the length of boldly asserting that alteration was the Art of Arts. This dogma, as such, did not in the least disturb his better half, but when the fit was on him to put it in practice she resisted — it was the only occasion of collision between them, and fortunately for the roof above and the floor beneath, he had to succumb to Moe's lack of imagination.

Of steady application to business Vic saw nothing, excepting that Herman went bustling out most mornings with his cloth-covered basket, and returned at dusk, brisk and business-like; what the mysterious basket contained never transpired. Moe always looked contented and smiled serenely. Betje's gaiety never flagged — she entered a room with a skip and a ta-ral-lal-lal-lal-la, and left it with a laugh and a wave of the hand. The Kunst-kooper stood at his front door, looked up and down the street, saluted a passing acquaintance, laughed, declaimed, or spent the long hours of the day with his fishing-rod — the embodiment of unruffled good-humour and boundless leisure. How they really made a living Vic could not imagine.

But appearances are deceptive: the Kunst-kooper's business was of a peculiar nature, and his clients were not of the usual type of customer, they were almost entirely of one class — Tourists. Travellers in search of the picturesque; travellers on the look-out for curios; travellers in search of bargains in the shape of relics of antiquity, as mementoes and certificates of travel to be displayed to the untraveller — relics to

be bought cheap, hugged in their arms, carried across the seas and exhibited to friends as beyond price.

Such were the customers that entered Mynheer Klomp's shop, which, let it not be forgotten, was situated at the corner of the Willemgracht, leading up to the Stad-huis and the Museum, places to which they all gravitated — pilgrims from England, from Germany, and from across the Atlantic, all fancy free, on pleasure bent, and with money in their pockets. These desirables all came by the steam-tram from Amsterdam. Was it not to be expected that Mynheer Klomp, who was a native of Edam, should know the time of arrival of all the trams, and was it remarkable that, fishing or no fishing, he should stroll toward the station about that time? If he was affable to strangers, it was his nature; if they inquired the way, he was quite competent to direct them. If their way lay in the direction of the Willemgracht and past the corner shop, was there anything more designing in that than if he had put up an advertisement at the station with a hand pointing and the legend: 'To Klomp's Emporium of Antiques.' Was there anything inconsistent with the character of an honest tradesman?

But times had been bad of late, very bad. Englishmen and Germans were gripping at each other's throats, and not one of either nationality had been seen, or at any rate had stayed, in Edam till the two Scouts appeared, and very few cared to cross the Atlantic. The American who bought the small chest was the only representative of his nation who had entered the Kunst-haven since the previous summer. What if the Kunst-kooper's optimism were severely tried at times? What if he dared lay out little, as his stock remained on hand, and money did not come in? The times were prosperous for Schipper Slot and others like him, they were laying up money fast, but they were not the class to purchase antiques. It was true there were others in the same case as himself, but there was little comfort in that, and his was the business that had been hit hardest of all. What if the small savings in the bank got less and less? What if Herman's basket was alike empty at starting and returning for want of a golden or two to lay out? What if the advent of the two Scouts as paying guests was considered providential? What if, when Moe repeated each morning 'Give us each day our daily bread,' the words had a very real meaning? Possibly even Betje was not always gay.

The Kunst-kooper was passing the station when the three o'clock tram came in: he stood looking at the passengers with the usual smile on his face. The Burgomeester, always rapid and businesslike in his movements, was the first to bustle out. 'Afternoon, Klomp,' and he passed on. A group or two, mostly of familiar figures, came leisurely behind, and two or three stragglers. The Kunst-kooper saluted a crony or two with a joke and a wave of the hand, and was turning on his heel toward Brug-sstraat on his way home, when a tall, stout lady of commanding aspect came out of the station. She wore a tweed coat, and a skirt of the same material, sufficiently short to show well-made boots of a sensible size and thickness, and carried in her hand a substantial walking-stick; she was followed by two young ladies also dressed with a view to comfort on the road, one carrying a small satchel and the other field-glasses slung at her side. The last of the party to emerge was a small middle-aged gentleman in grey who seemed to have had some



difficulty with the tickets. The lady was speaking in English and in a loud ringing voice.

'Never mind the luggage: let them send it along — it will be all right — the luggage is more bother than it's worth. Come on, girls, I can remember the way well enough. There's the bell tower yonder — the church lies off to the left — we turn down here.'

Said one of the young ladies, 'No, Momma, I'm quite positive this is the street. Don't you remember the café at the corner with the little trees in tubs in front? Don't you remember, Julia — and the tobacco-nists' over there? I'm sure you remember, Poppa, where you got change for a two and a half gulden piece and dropped the change, and couldn't find one of the doubletjes.'

'Have it your own way,' cried the lady. 'Here, let's ask this native.'

It must not be supposed that the 'native' was a man of colour; he was none other than Mynheer Klomp, who was standing at the corner, gazing up with a pleasant smile at the gables of the opposite houses. He had cause to smile, for were not these unmistakably the 'visitors' of his dreams. It was as though a stream of sunlight had fallen on his path, visions of renewed prosperity flitted before him — artists returning from the wars and Atlantic liners swarming with Americans instead of being packed with munitions of war. It was a beautiful dream, but he had to return to earth. Still, there before him was the vanguard inquiring the way. He raised his cap politely, and smiled his best, but his stock of English was small. 'Yes, yes, Dam Hotel, I will you show mit plaisir'; and to make up for conversation he hummed gently to himself as he led the way.

'Didn't I say this was the way?' demanded Mrs. Nathaniel Bonsor.

'It's all the same,' explained Selina; 'they both turn into the same street at the end. How splendid the bell tower looks in this light, Julia.'

'Your Poppa's carrying that big bag. I told him not to trouble about the luggage,' continued Mrs. Bonsor. 'They'll charge just as much for bringing the half of it as the whole. I consider Edam smells a great deal fresher than Amsterdam — quite delightful. I wonder we stayed so long there; that restaurant was dreadfully stuffy. I don't think they ever swept out the dining-room; they deluged the front of the house with water, but I don't think they ever use brush or broom inside.'

Julia was murmuring, 'Yes, I remember, we turn round here, and cross that little bridge yonder, and go down the street with the trees, and the canal in the middle. Oh, what must Venice be like, Selina, and the gondolas.'

'I've been talking to our guide,' said Selina. 'He can't speak English, but he's quite superior. I don't remember that curiosity shop at the corner. We must have gone this side of the canal; he's taking us the other. I suppose it's all the same.'

'I do like these curiosity shops, they're quite a feature of Holland,' said Julia.

The young ladies had come to a halt in front of the Kunst-haven. Mrs. Bonsor made two or three strides onward, but turned back, for Selina and Julia were fixed at the window.

'Quite a feature,' assented Selina. 'They are positively fascinating.'

The guide seemed in no hurry.

'Look at that little duck of a silver windmill —

it's sweet — just the sort of thing for Arabella's wedding present.'

'Come on, girls,' said Mrs. Bonsor, 'I'm dying for a cup of tea.'

'Dis is myn house,' said the guide naïvely, and smiled at the little surprise he was giving them. 'Het is the Kunst-haven. Ha! ha! ha! The Kunst-haven. Het is for the artists — wilt u inkommen?' He half opened the door, bowed, and smiled invitingly.

'Come, Momma, it is for the artists, he says — isn't he quaint? Let us come inside and see.'

Never before had Vic heard such a bustle in the shop as he sat in his room touching up a sketch. The young ladies were into the window among the little silver objects and souvenirs like canaries picking up bird-seed.

Mrs. Bonsor stamped about the floor, and looked at the paintings on the walls with a puzzled expression on her face, as if she had suddenly found herself in the Zoölogical Gardens, poked a Chinese gong with her stick, as if to make sure that it was real and that she was not dreaming, and finally sat down on a 'Sixteen Hundred' stool — a severe test of Flemish workmanship, by the way. Poppa remained in the corner near the door, still clutching the big bag as though prepared for flight. It was not until Selina and Julia had finished with the things in the window that they discovered the paintings on the walls, and then there arose a succession of little shrieks.

Vic had recognised the voices, and in a moment of weakness thought to lie low till the invaders had retired; but second thoughts were sterner and better; he resolved to do his duty and he opened the door. When the party in the shop turned at the sound, and looking up saw Vic standing at the top of the little ladder framed in the doorway, they regarded him for a moment as another surprise forming part of the exhibition; but Momma's exclamation, 'Well, I never!' was almost immediately followed by, 'It's the young English gentleman we met at the restaurant.' And Selina and Julia chimed in, 'How very odd!'

(Continued on page 255.)

## RIVALS.

A DAISY and a buttercup  
Were rivals for a bee.  
The daisy opened her lashes wide —  
The buttercup polished his golden side —  
To look as fair as they could, they tried —  
To tempt the bee to be drawn inside,  
But never a look gave he!

A daisy and a buttercup  
Stood smirking in the grass.  
'I wouldn't be you,' the buttercup cried —  
'Washed-out — colourless — pale — one-eyed.'  
'You're only jealous,' the daisy replied,  
'I'm a natural flower, and I'm sure you're dyed.'  
And while they quarrelled, alas!

The coveted bee had passed them over,  
To light on a patch of modest clover!

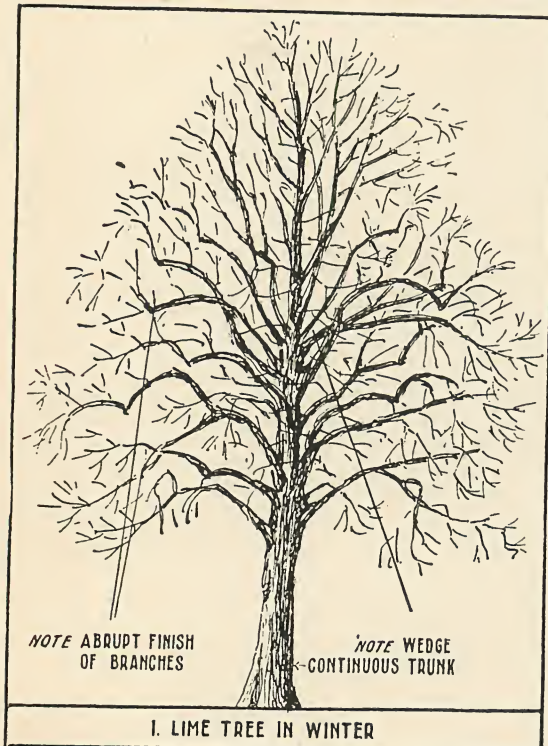
LILIAN HOLMES.



## THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

## IX. — THE LIME.

I SUPPOSE of all trees the Lime is one of the best known, because of its pretty flowers, which have such a sweet scent that almost every passer-by must notice it. It is a curious fact that there is no tree of all our common ones which gets so cut about, for it is one which is often grown in small gardens where a hedge should be, and then when the poor thing begins to attain some size, promptly all its small branches



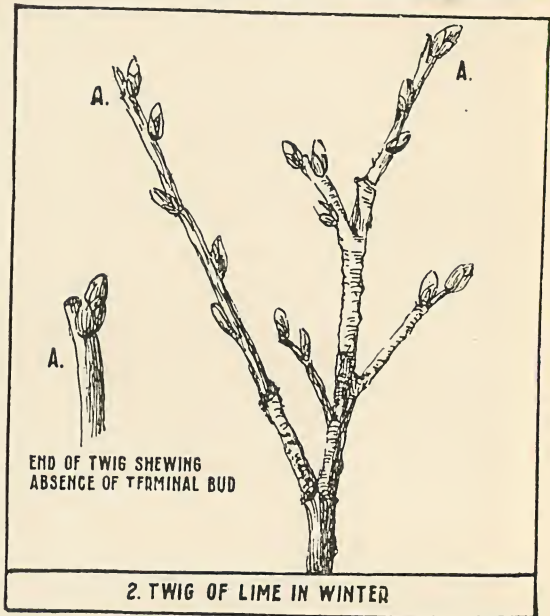
are cut back, and it has to start all over again! I always feel very sorry for Lime-trees which are grown in these circumstances.

But if you want to see Limes at their best, you must find a fine avenue of them. This is just glorious! They are well suited for this purpose too, for a whole row all planted at the same time will grow up to be 'as like as peas in a pod,' as the saying has it! The general shape of a Lime grown in an open position is very graceful. There is a fine straight trunk, the line of which can be traced to the very top of the tree (fig. 1). The upper branches reach up, but the lower and medium ones all droop. The branches have a curious abrupt finish to them, too (this I show in the sketch); they have the appearance of the main branch having been cut and the next bud on the upper side having been developed instead. This is an interesting peculiarity and one worthy of note, and also useful for identifying the tree in winter.

In fig. 2 I show you a twig in winter. These twigs are rather flat and the buds are covered with red-brown scales. Here, too, is the feature that the end

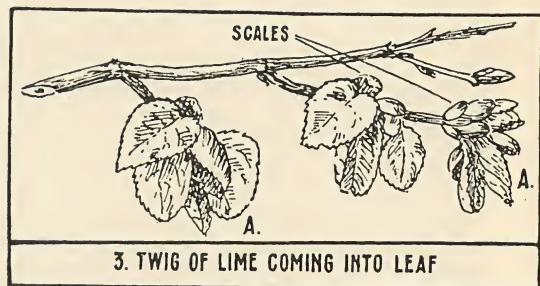
bud does not seem to have developed; you will note that at A the bud there shown is not the terminal one, but a side one just below the end.

When the buds begin to grow, the expanding leaves



always hang down, giving the twigs a tired look. Fig. 3 will show you what I mean. The leaves are folded in half when in the bud; at A you can see a couple which have not yet opened. Each leaf is protected in its youth by two scale-like arrangements; these are generally tinted pink, and they hang on till the leaves are quite a size, and then fall, very much as do those of the Beech. Gradually the leaves increase in size till by May the trees are fully clothed with closely arranged foliage.

There are three varieties of Lime, but their differences are so slight I shall not bother you with them;

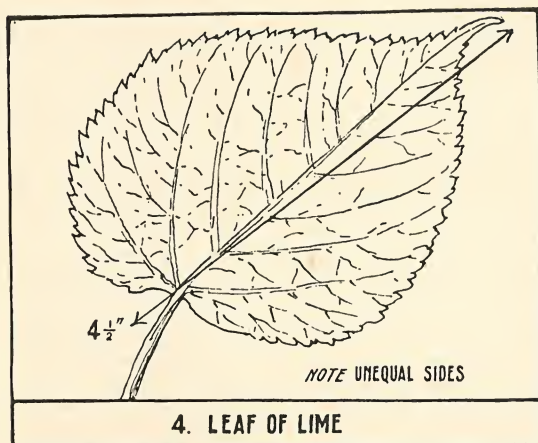


they are mainly a question of the size of leaves. The leaves are more or less heart-shaped, but the two halves of the leaves are not alike. In fig. 4 I show you one which is fairly typical. The edges are cut, with saw-like teeth. The top of the leaf is darker in colour than the back, and the veins show up almost yellow on the backs. A curious feature about these leaves is the little tufts of yellowy hairs on the angles of the veins.

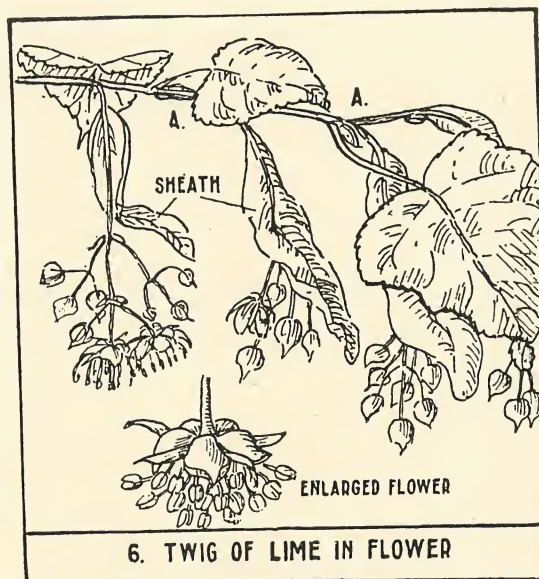
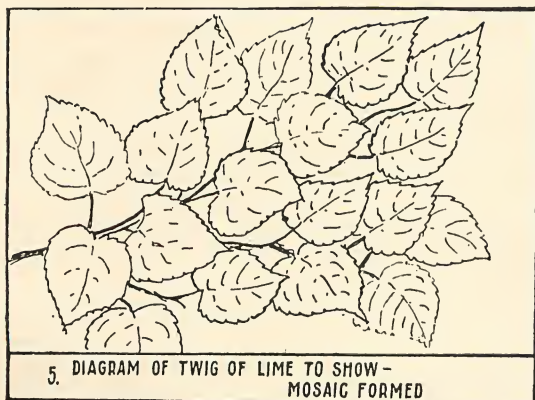


The Lime gives a fine example of what is called leaf mosaic — that is, the leaves so arrange themselves on the twigs as to obtain as much light as possible; they do not overlap. In fig. 5 I show you a diagrammatic sketch of a twig on a small scale. This shows the flat arrangement of the leaves, rather like the twigs of Hornbeam; you will note there is very little overlapping.

About the end of May or the beginning of June the flower-stalks begin to appear. They develop in the axils of the leaves, together with the buds for the next season. This is well shown in fig. 6 at A. Attached to the flower-stalk is a scale-leaf of a yellowish colour and rather thin and papery. This scale is supposed to assist the fruits to get away from home and start 'on their own,' so to speak. I see I gathered this twig in July, and I wrote in my note-book:

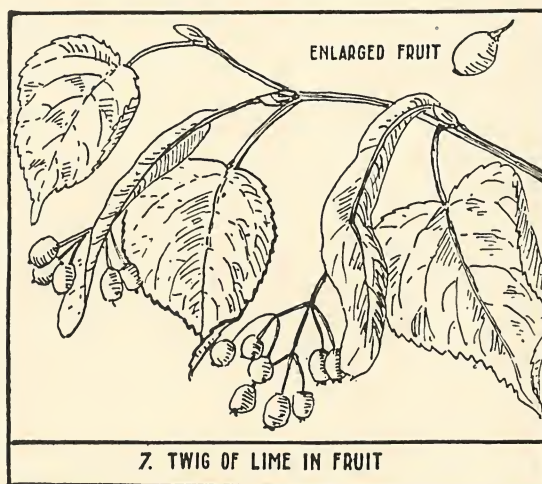


'The Limes are in full bloom and their scent is glorious. The trees which carry flowers are quite yellow-looking, and the twigs are bent down with their load of flowers. See what a number of flowers there are on just this small twig! They are cream in colour, and each flower has five much curved, almost white sepals; five much narrower cream petals, which protrude between the sepals; many stamens growing round a fat, hairy, pea-like pistil on which is a stigma with five points. (A) The anthers are of a



soft yellow colour and the pollen is cream. The leaves are now very sticky with a gummy substance which reflects the light. The flower-bracts have entire edges, and they are now getting very papery. There is a distinct little kink in the back of the scale where the stalk leaves it. These scales always seem to me to act as a sort of umbrella for the flowers!

The flowers quickly fall, and there are left only the



little silky green balls, which are the fruits of the future. These are fully grown by about the middle of August. In fig. 7 I show you a twig in fruit. These fruits carry several seeds, but they do not germinate very easily, and not at all in my neighbourhood, so I am unable to show you a seedling. About September the trees release their load of fruits, and the scale which remains attached may carry them quite a distance, if they are favoured with a good wind when they leave home for good!

This tree is one of the few forest trees which have



true flowers — I mean flowers which you and I can at once recognise as flowers, and which are pretty to look at and have that delightful scent which I am sure you must know. But now I come to think of it, I have often been out with people, and they have remarked on the delightful scent in the air, but have never thought to look up in the trees to find the origin of it, so it is likely you might do the same thing! But if you meet a sweet scent about June which you cannot quite understand, you look about for Limes.

The wood is not very useful except in the making of musical instruments. That very useful stuff which we want in our gardening — viz., 'bass,' or 'bast' as it should be called — is produced from the inner bark of Lime-trees.

If you see a Lime-tree in bloom you may be sure that that tree is at least thirty years of age, because they never bloom till they are that age. However, having once started, they go on every year, as a rule; and a Lime is very long-lived, its full life being perhaps from four to five hundred years.

E. M. BARLOW.

### THE DATES OF SOME LONDON BRIDGES.

LONG after London had become a busy and populous city, with houses stretching for miles along either bank of the Thames, its citizens seem to have been quite content with their one 'London Bridge.' (The first London Bridge, by-the-by, was built of wood — by the Romans, close beside the port of Billingsgate.)

It was not until 1734 that Westminster expressed a desire for a bridge of its own. This was not an easy thing to get — so great was the outcry of the forty thousand watermen, and others, who feared that the erection of a new bridge would injure their trade. So Westminster Bridge did not get built until 1750. In 1769 Blackfriars Bridge was completed at a cost of two hundred and sixty thousand pounds, defrayed by a toll. (For people used to have to *pay* to cross bridges.) At first, Blackfriars Bridge was called 'Pitt's Bridge.' Waterloo Bridge, built by Rennie, was opened by the Prince Regent (afterwards King George IV) in 1817, on the second anniversary of the notable Waterloo battle. The Duke of Wellington and many other great people were present at the ceremony. The Tower Bridge was begun in 1884 and finished in 1894. Of this bridge Sir Walter Besant says: 'You must own that there is no more splendid gate to a port and a city to which thousands of ships resort than this noble structure.'

### THE GARDENING CRAB.

THERE is a crab of the 'spider' variety which turns the top of its shell into a sort of garden. It takes cuttings of marine vegetation, and carefully plants them on its back, where they take root amongst the hairs, which meanwhile hold them in position.

### DON'T LET IT GO.

SOMETIMES — not every day — a person has an idea. Too often he pays no attention to it. It flits across his mind for a moment, then he allows his thoughts to go wandering on to something else. The idea dies.

'And so it turns from us and goes  
Away in sad disdain;  
Though we would give our lives for it,  
It never comes again.'

But there are a few wise people who do not let their ideas escape them in this profitless way. It is by following up their bright ideas that men have become inventors.

It was a simple idea which brought about the discovery of galvanic electricity, so useful in the transmission of spoken and written language. Madame Galvani chanced to notice the contraction of the muscles of a skinned frog, accidentally touched at the moment when her husband took a spark from an electrical machine.

The great inventor, Thomas Edison, has told us how he came to produce that mechanical 'Chatterbox,' the phonograph.

'I was singing,' he says, 'to the mouthpiece of a telephone when the vibrations of my voice caused a fine steel point to pierce one of my fingers. This set me thinking. If I could record the motions of the point and send it over the same surface afterwards, I saw no reason why the thing should not talk. That's the whole story.'

So the next time an idea comes to you, do not let it go. Grasp it, think about it, and maybe it will bring you fame and fortune.

### HOW HARRY SAVED THE CASKET.

HAVE you finished, John? Won't you have some more ham, or an egg? No? Then it's quite time you started, if you mean to be home by daylight; and I'm sure I hope you will; I shall feel awfully fidgety until you return.'

'Why, my dear, whatever has come over you? I declare you look quite white. I have never known you like this before. What do you think is going to happen to me? I have made the journey scores of times. Are you afraid I shall ride into the Blue Pond, like that poor fellow we heard of the other week? But then, he was a stranger, and didn't know his bearings. Why, Mary, I know every step of the road, and could find my way blindfold.'

'No, no, it's not that, John.'

'Then what is it, my dear? Do you think I shall be waylaid by a modern Dick Turpin? Well, and if I am, I fancy I can tackle him,' and the farmer thrust out his arm, and bent it to and fro to show the strength of his muscles, as he rose from the breakfast-table with a laugh.

He was a man of splendid physique, tall and muscular, and as he stood there in all the strength of his hardy manhood, he looked fit to cope with the famous Dick Turpin himself.

'Forgive me, John, but I was not thinking only of your safety just then,' said Mrs. Farrant.

'Well, Mary, I think you had better explain the riddle; I give it up,' replied her husband as he shook himself into his great-coat and picked up his riding-whip.

'It's the casket!'

'Elsie's casket? Why, that's all safe, Mary. I locked it up in my bureau, and have the key in my pocket.'

'Yes, John, I know; but then, you do hear of such dreadful things nowadays, and I have felt so nervous since that robbery at Fenton.'



'Nonsense! Who's to know the thing's here? I've not mentioned it to a soul, and I don't suppose you or Harry has either.'

'No indeed, Father; I've never given it a thought since Aunt Elsie gave it to Mother.'

Harry was an only child, a graceful, manly, bright-eyed boy. He was tall for his age, and might have been taken for sixteen, but he was in reality a year and a half younger.

'Don't be silly, Mother dear; there is nothing to be afraid of. If the burglars come, just leave them to me. I'll tackle them for you. I'll try to get home early this afternoon, so that I may be here to welcome them,' said the boy, with a twinkle of merriment in his eye as he clenched his fist and drew himself up to his full height.

His father laughed. 'Yes, do, Harry,' said he; 'you will be company for your mother, at any rate; but I don't think there will be any occasion for you to use your fists, you young pugilist! And, Mother, don't worry if I'm a bit late, as I may be if Mr. Price misses the connection at Burwell Junction, which he sometimes does. We have a lot of business to get through to-day.'

'Oh! do try to be home before dark, John.'

'Yes, I'll do my best; but if you feel nervous, ask Smith to stay, when he brings in the milk; he won't mind being late just for once in a way. Now good-bye, my dear; try and get some colour in those cheeks before I come home. Good-bye, Harry, my boy.'

Clover Farm, the home of the Farrants, was situated on the top of a hill, a mile and a half from the village. It stood considerably back from the high road, quite away from any other dwelling. The shepherd and horse-keeper, who rented two of Mr. Farrant's cottages, half a mile distant, were their nearest neighbours; so it will be seen that the position was a lonely one, and there was perhaps some excuse for Mrs. Farrant's nervousness at the prospect of being left in the house for any length of time, on a winter's evening, with only Harry and one maid-servant for company.

The casket alluded to was the jewel-case of Mrs. Farrant's sister, whose husband had made a fortune in the goldfields of Klondyke. A fortnight prior to the commencement of this story, Elsie had spent a night at the farm, and as she had been paying a round of visits to some of her wealthy friends, she happened to have her jewel-case with her. It was then she had shown the contents to her sister. Among the jewels were pearl and ruby necklaces, and a magnificent diamond brooch, for which she said her husband had paid an enormous price. It was her intention, on leaving Clover Farm, to visit some cousins who were in humble circumstances, and, as she said, these ornaments would be quite out of place where she was going, she had begged Mrs. Farrant to take charge of them until her return journey. Mrs. Farrant had consented with some reluctance, for she did not care to be responsible for the safety of such valuable property.

She was, as a rule, a brave little woman; but she had on this particular morning been seized with an unaccountable feeling of nervousness. She had passed a restless night: her dreams had been haunted by visions of robbers and rubies, murderers and diamonds, all intermingled, and she had risen unrefreshed and anxious. She was, however, not one to give way to cloudy feelings, and having started Harry

off to school, with his dinner carefully packed in his little basket, she soon succeeded in shaking off the depression that had assailed her, for, in a rambling old farmhouse, with only one maid to assist her, there was but little opportunity for harbouring groundless fears. There was bread to be baked, rooms to dust, and a hundred and one other duties to perform which fall to the lot of every good housewife. This, too, happened to be churning day. Mrs. Farrant loved her dairy, and in the interest of patting and weighing, and modelling the butter into delicious golden rolls, she forgot all about the casket, and when Mollie asked leave to go and see her brother, who had had a serious illness, she readily consented. 'And if you find you are needed at home, you can stay all night, Mollie,' said she; 'and take half a pound of that butter home to your mother—I know she likes my make.'

'Yes'm, that she does. She *will* be pleased; she always says as there ain't another dairy to touch yours for miles round; and I know she'll be glad of my help if you can spare me for the night. Poor Jim needs such a lot of waiting on. I'll be sure and be back in time to light the fires in the morning.'

When Harry came in at half-past four he found his mother busy preparing tea. 'Well, Mother dear,' said he, 'how have you been getting on? Have the burglars arrived yet?'

'Now, Harry, don't be foolish,' replied his mother. 'I declare I had forgotten all about burglars, or anything of the sort. I'm sure I don't know what made me so silly this morning, unless it was because I'd had such horrid dreams. But there, I know it'll just please you to have something to tease me about.'

'Well really, Mother, I am disappointed. I did hope I should have the pleasure of being introduced to some of those illustrious gentlemen; but blessed is he that expects nothing.'

'Silly boy, leave off that chatter, and just turn round the easy chair to the fire, and put these slippers on the fender to warm. I expect your father in every minute, and he's sure to be cold after his ride. Did you find it very cold out?'

'Yes, Mother, the wind is bitter. I met old John Dixon, and he said it had got into his marrow.'

'Poor old chap! I expect he'll get another attack of rheumatism. I'm glad I made your father begin his winter vests this morning. How dark it is! I hope we aren't going to have a storm; it looks very black over there.'

'Yes, doesn't it! but can't we have tea, Mother? I'm as hungry as a hunter. I gave half my dinner to little Ned Cooper; he'd forgotten to bring his.'

'Yes, dear, if you like. Why didn't you say before you'd only had half a dinner? I'll make the tea at once. Have a slice of that ham which I brought in for your father; and I'll make you a nice slice of toast.'

'Thanks, Mother. You're the right sort to make a chap cosy,' and Harry drew his chair to the table, with a sigh of satisfaction.

'I wish your father would come,' said Mrs. Farrant, as she placed the well-buttered toast in front of Harry. 'I can't think what has become of him.'

'Oh, I expect Mr. Price has kept him; you know he said he would very likely be late. Don't worry, Mother; he's all right.'

(Continued on page 250.)





“‘If the burglars come, just leave them to me.’”





"A snow-clad figure stepped in."



## HOW HARRY SAVED THE CASKET.

*(Continued from page 247.)*

BY this time it was quite dark outside; but the spacious low-ceiled dining-room, lit up by the rosy glow of a wood fire, was a picture of cosy warmth. Tea was over, and the lamp lighted. The clock ticked steadily on for another hour, but Mr. Farrant had not returned. At half-past six the rattle of milk-pails was heard in the dairy, and a minute later Smith knocked at the door.

'I'm sorry, ma'am,' said he, 'as I can't keep my promise, and stay till the master comes home; but my boy Bob has just bin up to say as how the baby's bin took ill, and they've had to send for the doctor, and the wife says I must go at once.'

'Oh, dear, I am sorry,' said Mrs. Farrant. 'I hope the little thing isn't dangerously ill. Yes, of course you must go, Smith. Has Wing gone? If not, just tell him I want to speak to him.'

'Yes'm, they've all bin gone this half-hour, 'cept me. Everything's locked up safe, and I've brought the horses up out of fudder fild, 'cause its snowin' fast. I guess we're goin' to have a heavy fall. I can call at Wing's if you like, 'm, and ask him to come back and stay a bit.'

'Oh, Mother,' said Harry, 'I don't think there's any need to bring Wing back again. Father's sure to be back to supper. I expect he waited to see Mr. Price off by his train; and there's nothing to be afraid of.'

'Well, ma'am, shall I send him or not?' said Smith, who was in a hurry to get home to his sick child.

'No, never mind, Smith,' replied Mrs. Farrant. 'It would be a pity to bring him out again in this storm.' She returned to the dining-room and took up some sewing; but she was too anxious to do much work.

Harry, who had been upstairs to fetch a book, came in holding up a bunch of keys. 'Father didn't take his keys after all, Mother,' said he. 'I found them under the front landing window.'

'He must have dropped them, then, when he was speaking to Smith out of the window. Put them on that side-table, dear, then I shall remember to give them to him before he goes upstairs.'

Harry seated himself near the lamp, and got out his books to prepare his lessons for the following day. He was a studious lad, and soon became interested in the 'Wars of the Roses'; yet was not so deeply engrossed but that he could notice the worried look on his mother's face.

The storm increased in violence; the wind howled and shrieked, and rattled the doors and casements of the old house, hurling against them the broken twigs snapped from the old walnut-tree in the garden; and when Mrs. Farrant opened the hall door, in the vain hope that she might catch some sound of the horses' hoofs, she was met by such a whirling, eddying shower of snowflakes, and such a rush of cold north wind, that it nearly took away her breath. As the hours dragged on, and the storm continued, Harry, too, began to feel some anxiety on his father's account; he knew that, in a storm such as this, it would be impossible to see the path across the moor; yet the old mare knew the road well, and surely her instinct would lead her back to the stable. Although Harry battled with this feeling of uneasiness, the memory of the Blue Pond, and the fate

of the unhappy traveller, would flaunt themselves before his vision; but he would not give voice to his thoughts, for he did not wish to add to his mother's unhappiness. She, poor woman, wandered about the room, distraught with apprehension.

'Mother,' said Harry, at last, 'don't you remember what you used to tell me when I was a little chap—that we can ask God for anything we want, and that He will give it to us if it is good for us? Let us ask Him to bring Father home safely.'

'My boy, I have been asking Him all the time; but we will kneel down and ask Him together.' And so these troubled ones, with bowed heads, and holding each others hands, lifted up their hearts to Him who is ever ready to listen to the cry of His children; and as they prayed the burden was lifted from their hearts, and they rose from their knees, cheered in the consciousness that their dear one was in God's keeping, and that no harm could befall him without His leave.

Another half-hour passed almost in silence.

'There he is!' cried Harry, suddenly springing from his seat. 'Sit still, Mother. I will let him in.'

But Mrs. Farrant was already in the hall, and was opening the door. 'Oh, John,' cried she, 'thank God you have returned! How cold and wet you must be!'

'Yes, I am both,' said a voice which was not her husband's, and a snow-clad figure stepped in and closed the door. Mrs. Farrant was too much astonished to offer any resistance, as the big, burly figure pushed past her into the dining-room, and, shaking himself like a great wet dog, took possession of the easy chair, and placed his big feet upon the bars. 'Ah, this is better!' said he, with a grunt of satisfaction as he looked round at the supper-table. 'And now, ma'am, if you'll kindly give me a plate of that ham—for I'm nearly famished—I'll state my business.'

'Nay, sir, this is an unceremonious visit to pay at this hour; kindly state your business first,' answered Mrs. Farrant, who had by this time somewhat recovered from her surprise.

'As you like, ma'am. A lady must please herself in her own house, I suppose. Well, then, I've come from your sister. She wants to know if you'll please send her her jewel-case, as she wants it very particular. Nobody else wasn't willin' to come out in this storm, so she asked me if I'd come, and as I'm always willin' to oblige a lady, I said as I'd undertake the journey. So here I am.'

'Elsie—sent—you—for—her—jewel-case! and at this time of night! Impossible!' gasped Mrs. Farrant.

'Not impossible at all, ma'am. You see she's goin' away early in the mornin', so there won't be time to fetch it to-morrow. I will trouble you to get it at once, if you please. I want to get back home; a feller don't want to be out all night.' He spoke with his mouth full, for he had helped himself to food while he was talking, and was now standing in front of the fire, while the fast-melting snow was running off him, and forming little pools on the hearthrug.

Harry, who had been watching silently, moved to the side-table, and quietly slipped the keys into his pocket.

'I don't think my sister——,' began Mrs. Farrant.

'Now ma'am, please don't waste time in talkin',' interrupted the man; 'my time's valuable, and I can't be kept here talkin' all night.'



'Mrs. Farrant, now thoroughly frightened, and hardly knowing what she was doing, took up the candle.

'Mother,' exclaimed Harry, fearlessly, 'you are not going to give the casket to that man, are you? I'm sure there isn't a word of truth in what he says. Is it likely Aunt Elsie would send a stranger for it, and at eleven o'clock at night too? Father will be here in a minute, and then this—gentleman—can settle his business with him.'

'Yes, you had better sit down for a few minutes,' said Mrs. Farrant, taking her cue from Harry, and trying to appear calm, although her limbs were trembling so that she could hardly stand. 'My husband always likes to have a look at his horses the last thing. Just run across to the stable, Harry, and tell him he's wanted.'

'Ho, ho!' roared the man, 'that's a very nice hatched-up, little tale, missus; but it don't deceive this man, not it. He ain't no more in the stable than I am. Now, ma'am, will you be kind enough to get them jewels for me, and let me be off. No? Well, then, I must help myself. And as for you, young man,' turning to Harry, 'you'd better keep a civil tongue in your head, or you won't see such a handsome phiz the next time you look at ye'self in the glass.'

Harry's eyes blazed and the angry blood flamed in his cheeks, but he did not speak—indeed, what could he have said? He knew that he and his mother were at the mercy of a villainous wretch, who would not hesitate to commit any crime in order to gain his own ends. He trembled as he thought that even their lives might be in danger.

'Let me see,' continued the burglar, scratching his head—locked up in the bureau. 'Oh, here it is!' as he made a dash across the room, 'and the key left in! that's luck!' But the casket could not be found, although he sought, carefully at first, then hurriedly, scattering the things right and left, and, in the end, turning the contents of the bureau out upon the floor.

'It ain't here, but I mean to have it, if I turn the house inside out. Now then, old woman, get along in front with the light and show me the way, and you stay here, you young jackanapes, or you'll be gettin' up to some tricks.'

Knowing that resistance was useless, Mrs. Farrant again took up the candle and left the room, followed by the robber. It was her intention to take him into all the downstairs rooms first, hoping and praying that her husband might return before they reached the room where the jewels were kept.

(Concluded on page 263.)

## THE WIND AND THE SEED.

WITHIN a gorgeous garden  
A sunflower hung her head;  
Her leaves were brown and withered,  
And her yellow petals dead,  
And only one seed was left to grace  
The shattered dial of her drooping face.

'I'll cut that down to-morrow,'  
A passing gardener said,  
'These sunflowers spoil the borders  
When they hang so limp and dead;'  
And the proud little sunflower seed cried, 'Oh!  
On a rubbish heap I shall have to grow.'

The North Wind, passing, heard her,  
And whispered 'Never fear,  
I've come to take a comrade  
On a journey, seedling dear.'  
And the shy little sunflower seed asked 'Who?'  
And the rollicking North Wind answered 'You.'

He bore her to the city,  
But there the North Wind stopped,  
And near a dingy dustbin  
The proud little seedling dropped.  
'Ah, me!' she sighed, 'what a desolate place!  
I wish I had stayed on the sunflower's face—'

'Oh, take me back,' she pleaded,  
'Back to the rubbish-heap.'  
But no one heard or heeded,  
For the Wind had gone to sleep.  
'He's tired,' said she, 'and must rest a bit—  
I think I will just make the best of it.'

She sprouted bravely downwards,  
And bravely up—until  
She found she could peep over  
A neighbouring window-sill;  
Then, joyfully lifting her golden head,  
She smiled on a poor little child in bed.

The little crippled maiden  
Cried, 'Daddy, come and see—  
The sun's come down from heaven  
To shine upon you and me;  
No matter how gloomy or dull the sky,  
We've a sun of our own, Dad, you and I.'

The North Wind passing, lingered  
To kiss the glowing head;  
Tossing her yellow tresses  
The proud little sunflower said,  
'I'm glad you dropped me here—glad that I grew.'  
And the North Wind whispered, 'I knew, I knew.'

LILIAN HOLMES.

## NAUGHTY PETS.

WHEN boys or girls are very naughty indeed, and flatly refuse to obey their parents, they are sometimes sent to a *reformatory* to be reformed.

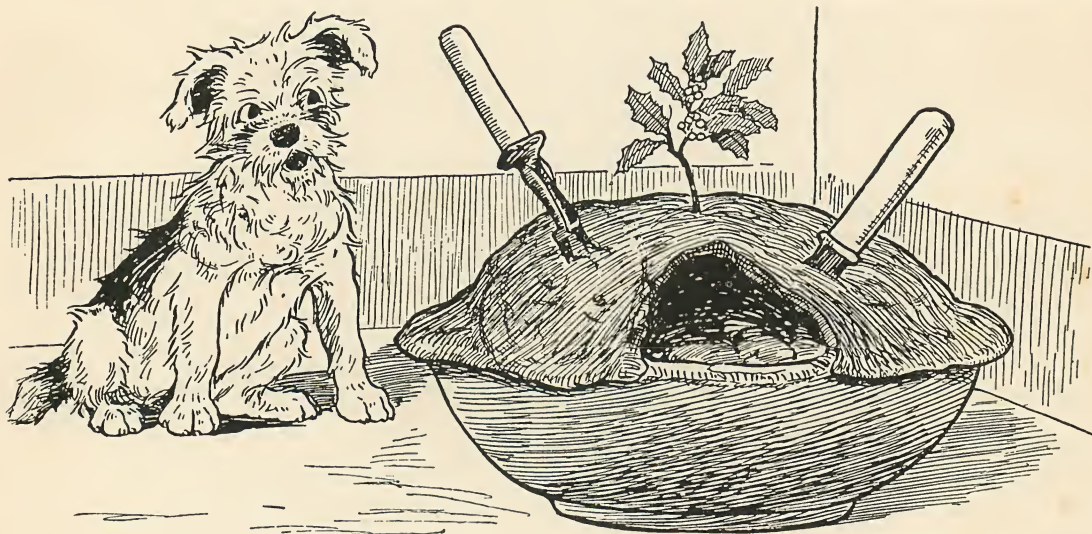
When animals grow tiresome, they are often packed off to the Zoo.

A sooty mangobey has recently found a new home in Regent's Park. His owner, a marine, left the creature with his parents, but he got them into such sad trouble with their neighbours—whose allotments he laid waste—that he had to be sent away.

Another naughty naval pet was a mongoose which had a habit of dipping its front paws into inkpots. Then he would affectionately jump up to caress the ship's officers. After many a pair of 'white ducks' had been ruined, Mr. Mongoose was eventually interned in the Zoo, where he is unlikely to come across any ink.

Parrots have sometimes to be sent away on account of their bad language. Strange to say, parrots scarcely talk at all (in human or imitation-human language) when in the company of other parrots. A keeper at the Zoological Gardens says that they are shy birds. Somehow, we should not have thought it.





A Picture Puzzle — Jack Horner's Pie: find Jack and his little brother.

## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

### VII.—THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Somerset Light Infantry, like many of our other older regiments, was raised by King James II., in 1685, at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, when it was necessary to increase the British Army in order to protect the country against insurrections at home and foreign invasion. This regiment, however, never fought for King James, but four years later, when he had been dethroned, it was dispatched to Scotland to uphold the cause of his successor, William III., against the wild Highlanders of the North.

James II., as we all know, was the last of the Stuart kings of England, and for this reason was especially dear to the Scots, who had fought for his ancestors on many a battlefield in the past.

When he was deposed, therefore, he turned naturally to his own people for assistance, and found a loyal partisan in the famous soldier, Graham of Claverhouse; 'Bonnie Dundee' as he is called in the old ballads of the time. Claverhouse gathered together a strong army among the mountains, and when King William's forces marched northward they were confronted in the Pass of Killiecrankie by the sturdy clansmen, armed with their broadswords, and ready to sell their lives dearly for the Stuart cause.

The commander of the Royal army on this occasion was General Mackay, a man who had fought in many battles on the flat plains and among the dykes of Flanders, but who had no experience of mountain warfare, and in the forces under him were young, untrained men. This was the first battle of the Thirteenth Foot, and surely a new regiment never had a more terrible 'baptism of fire.'

As was only to be expected, perhaps, the southern soldiers proved unequal to this savage and sudden onslaught; their ranks were broken, and they fled in wild confusion. Only the Thirteenth Regiment stood firm, and when at last they, too, were forced back, it was to retreat in good order and with perfect coolness.

The battle, therefore, ended in a complete triumph for the Highlanders, but it was a dearly-bought victory, for their leader, Claverhouse of Dundee, was among the slain.

Nearly fifty years later the Thirteenth Foot were once again called upon to face the dreaded Highlanders, but on that occasion the result of the encounter was very different.

It was in 1746, and the Scots were led by Prince Charles Stuart, the 'Young Pretender,' as he was called by his English foes, who had landed from France the year before, and had collected a great army to fight for the restoration of his father, James. Charles, brought to bay at Culloden by a large British force under the Duke of Cumberland, found that even his Highlanders could not save him, for there had been disputes among them, they were disheartened, and the men of the Clan McDonald grumbled sullenly because they had been given a new position in the line of battle.

As for the King's army, in which the Thirteenth Foot had a place, the men were in high spirits, ready for the fray, and not to be daunted even by the prospect of meeting the terrible savages of the North.

'I don't suppose that there are any men here who are disinclined to fight,' the Duke of Cumberland said, addressing his troops before the battle began; 'but if there be, I beg them in God's name to go. I would rather face the Highlanders with a hundred resolute men at my back than with ten thousand who are half-hearted.'



The soldiers cheered when they heard these bold words, and they withstood the furious charge of the Highlanders, who, in their rage at finding themselves powerless against the bayonets of the disciplined troops, pelted them with stones.

The battle ended in complete victory for the English. A thousand of the Scots were killed, five thousand were taken prisoners, Prince Charlie fled away into the hills as a fugitive, and the hopes of the Stuarts were shattered for ever.

The Thirteenth Regiment won great distinction in this battle, and, as a reward for their bravery, the Duke of Cumberland ordered that, in the future, the officers and sergeants alike should wear the sash tied on the right side.

Killiecrankie was fought in 1689, and Culloden in 1746, but between these two dates the Thirteenth Foot saw plenty of fighting on the Continent, for they served in Spain under the Earl of Peterborough during the War of the Spanish Succession, when Marlborough with his armies was fighting the King of France for the same cause in Flanders and Germany.

In 1743 came the battle of Dettingen when, for the last time, an English king commanded his own army on the field. George II. seems to have behaved with great bravery on this occasion, and when his horse became unmanageable, and he was dismounted, he drew his sword and cried, 'Now, boys, for the honour of England; the French will soon run!'

The battle ended in a victory for England, but this result was owing to the bravery of the men, for many



BADGE OF THE SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY.

blunders were made, and success might easily have been changed into disaster.

Later, the 'Thirteenth' fought under Lord Abercromby in Egypt against Napoleon Buonaparte, and in the West Indies.

Ava, Afghanistan, Ghuznee, Cabul, the four names which follow 'Martinique' on their colours, tell us that



"Orders were given for a general attack."



the regiment, which had now become a light infantry corps, had its share in the Indian warfare of the early part of the nineteenth century. We see the men first at Meloon, in Burmah, fighting bravely against a great native army; and then came the Afghan War of 1839, when a British force marched through the Khyber Pass, occupied Cabul, and restored the deposed prince, Sujah, to his throne.

This first campaign ended in victory for the British, but peace had not long been restored when fresh trouble arose, and the turbulent tribesmen of the Frontier rose in rebellion against Shah Sujah and his English partisans.

On October 2nd, 1841, Sir Robert Sale, with a force of fifteen hundred men, chiefly belonging to the Somerset Light Infantry, marched out of Cabul, and occupied the fortress of Jellalabad, so that the Pass from Afghanistan into India might be secure; and a few weeks later there was a terrible outbreak in Cabul, many English were murdered, and it was decided that the city must be evacuated.

And then began the terrible retreat through the Khyber Pass, a retreat which was a tragedy from beginning to end, for there were many civilians, men, women, and children, with the troops, besides numbers of native camp-followers; it was winter-time, food was scarce, and although a safe-conduct had been given, the savage tribesmen continuously swooped down from the mountains to murder and plunder the fugitives.

Seventeen thousand people set out from Cabul on that snowy January day, and one arrived at Jellalabad a week later, all the rest having been killed or taken prisoners. The soldiers had had to fight their way step by step against overwhelming odds, defending the women and children as best they could; and the situation had been hopeless from the first. There is a well-known picture which shows us the solitary survivor, the remnant of an army, riding up, wounded and exhausted, to the gates of Jellalabad, and we can imagine the dismay of the garrison when the news of the disaster was made known.

For months after that Sir Robert Sale and his gallant men held Jellalabad against a great army of Afghans, working night and day at their defences, digging trenches, building walls and earthworks, and cutting down trees and brushwood, which might have given shelter to the enemy. 'The Illustrious Garrison' is the nickname of the Somerset Light Infantry, and well was the title won deserved in those dark anxious days when the little handful of men defended the lonely fortress—and India—against the furious assaults of the savage tribesmen. To add to their difficulties and hardships, there was a great earthquake in February, which destroyed a third of the town of Jellalabad, and overthrew part of the fortifications.

But now, at last, relief was at hand, and early in April a British force, under General Pollock, marched to the relief of the beleaguered fortress, and succeeded in fighting their way through.

When, at last, they arrived, the band of the Somerset Light Infantry sallied out to meet them, and the tune that they played was, 'Oh, but you've been long a-coming.'

The reinforced garrison now decided that the time had come for a great attack to be made on the Afghan army. but before this could be done a small fort, which was held by the enemy, had to be captured. This task

was entrusted to the 'Thirteenth,' and they carried it out, although it was strongly held by the enemy, and the storming party was exposed to a deadly fire from the walls as they advanced to the attack. Colonel Dennie, who was in command, fell mortally wounded, and he died before he knew that victory had been won. When the fort was taken, orders were given for a general attack, and in a short time the Afghans were entirely defeated.

There were great rejoicing in India when the good news was received, and the Thirteenth Foot received the praise and gratitude which was its due. The Viceroy issued a proclamation in which he spoke of 'that illustrious garrison, which by its constancy in enduring privation, and by its valour in action, has obtained for itself the sympathy and respect of every true soldier.'

For its great achievement the regiment was awarded the distinction of having emblazoned on its colours the word 'Jellalabad,' surrounded by a mural crown, which is the battlemented circlet that was given by the ancient Romans to the first soldier who succeeded in scaling the walls of a beleaguered fortress.

The 'Thirteenth' was not allowed much time to rest on its hardly-earned laurels, for in 1854 we find the men fighting in the Crimea, and then there came India once again, and the battle of Azimghur, when two Victoria Crosses were gained on the same day.

In 1879 the Thirteenth Regiment had another taste of savage warfare in the fights at Inhlobane and Kambula, in Zululand, when the British troops were commanded by Sir Evelyn Wood—Colonel Wood, as he was then—and Colonel Redvers Buller.

Twenty years later the 'Thirteenth,' or Somerset Light Infantry, as it is now called, was in South Africa once more, and the regiment formed part of the force which relieved Ladysmith in 1900.

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 243.)

MRS. BONSOR rose to her feet, tapped her walking-stick on the floor, and stood looking up at Vic as though, being still in the Zoo, she had now reached the giraffe-house, and recognised the lofty inmate as an old acquaintance. 'I said we should meet again,' she said, 'but I never thought it would be in this menagerie. How do you do, and how's your friend with the fair hair? Do you live here, or what?'

Then followed handshaking and explanation; even Poppa seemed pleased and as if he had found some slight anchorage again. For the moment it appeared as if business would be lost sight of; but finally Selina purchased the silver windmill, and Julia a miniature ship fully rigged done in the same metal.

'We should have to buy something for Arabella,' said Selina, 'and these only cost two and a half guinea each, and really she'll think more of them than a tea service bought in Chicago, and you couldn't get one under fifteen dollars.'

'That's a fact,' said Mrs. Bonsor. 'Arabella is no friend of mine; but I suppose I shall have to give her something—her people have always been very decent. I



may as well get something here as anywhere else; but it's not going to be anything bulky, we have got plenty of baggage as it is. This gentleman seems to deal mostly in book-cases and brass pots.'

'They're not book-cases, Momma. They're cabinets. That one over there is a dream.'

'I don't know whether it is a dream or a nightmare; but I shall buy nothing heavy. There is nothing useful in these shops, so I shall have to get one of those in the window. What do you say, Poppa? We must give her something, or we shall never hear the last of it.'

Poppa muttered something about travelling and getting back, and Mrs. Bonsor replied, 'Yes, it's waste of money, I know, and she's an artful little minx; but we must give something.' Poppa suggested Delft ware. Momma said, 'Get broken.' He indicated a Friese clock. Momma replied, 'No good, they never go. Something large and cheap would be more in their style; but we can't have any more luggage.' Poppa thought a silver ash-tray that was in the window 'would do.' Momma shook her head. 'She won't let him smoke,' she said. Poppa gave it up. Mrs. Bonsor pointed with her walking-stick to something in the window. 'The very thing,' she said. 'Wat kost? I'll have a set of those Apostle spoons. Why Apostles I don't know; they look as much like tinkers.'

With a sigh of exhaustion after this business Mrs. Bonsor turned to Vic. 'So you are staying here,' she said. 'We're going to the Dam Hotel, if we ever get there. Those girls run me off my feet. But we couldn't stand that restaurant any longer. What with veal every day and the everlasting smell of cooking. Besides, it wasn't healthy. So the other young gentleman has gone fishing, has he? He's a merry young fellow; I quite took a fancy to him. Where is this Dam Hotel? I'm dying for a cup of tea.'

'The hotel is only a stone's throw from here,' said Vic. 'The same side of the street. You can't miss it. I'll show you. But can I offer you a cup of tea? Moe will be only too delighted. If you will come into my room Moe will give us another chair or two. Won't you, Moe? Moe doesn't mind a little trouble.'

"Moo, Moo, Moo," murmured Mrs. Bonsor softly. 'Sounds like a cow. I'm sure she looks a very kind-hearted soul. Girls, what do you say? Shall we stay and take a cup of tea with the young gentleman? If we ever do get to the Dam Hotel we may have to wait an hour for any refreshment. You know what these hotels are. It's very kind of him, I'm sure. Now, then, shall we stay and take tea in the Kunst—what you may call it?'

There was a buzz of delighted approval from the girls, and Poppa signified his assent by putting down the bag.

The party ascended to Vic's room. The ladder creaked, and the girls giggled. Moe rose to the occasion and beamed on all. She spread a stiff white cloth fresh from the wash, and very shortly produced an 'English tea.' Betje was demure, though her eyes twinkled, and she came near laughing outright when Mrs. Bonsor drew off her gloves and took the head of the table like an athlete entering the ring. She restrained herself, however, and simply murmured, 'Wat luk.'

Mrs. Bonsor was magnificent. 'Best cup of tea I've tasted in Holland,' she vowed. 'Another lump of

sugar, sweet-tooth? Poppa doesn't take sugar. Quite like home. Young gentleman—I've forgotten your name again; my memory is no better than a sieve; I always forget people's names or else call them by the wrong one, which is worse—yes, Mr. L'Estrange, to be sure, though that sounds rather formal. What was it your friend calls you—Vic? That's a little too familiar, though I'm old enough to be your mother. Vic is Victor, I suppose—Mr. Victor then. I was going to say, girls, that I consider Mr. Victor is a benefactor to his species. What do you say? Those that agree, signify it in the usual way,' and she held her hand aloft.

'Oh, Momma, Momma!' the girls exclaimed, as they raised their hands to the level of their chins; and Poppa actually said 'Hear, hear!'

'That's a vote of thanks at the beginning,' continued Mrs. Bonsor; 'a much more sensible way than the usual, I think, for you never know what's going to happen at the end. You are very snug here, Mr. Victor, you seem to know your way about. This ham is excellent—though they say you ought to be suspicious of ham in Europe—very snug, I call it; but I can't say I like that portrait of "Ajax defying the Lightning,"' and Mrs. Bonsor looked her disapproval at the 'masterpiece of Rubens' hanging on the wall.

'Mynheer Klomp tells me that it is a Rubens,' said Vic.

'A Rubens—Rubens—really,' and the girls were on their feet in an instant, looking up in an attitude of adoration rivalling the 'St. Peter' himself. 'A Rubens—how superb!'

Julia being herself a figure-painter, was competent to express an opinion: she affirmed that it was 'Most masterly, and handled with such freedom.'

Mrs. Bonsor was not convinced. 'I prefer those two little water-colours underneath,' she said, indicating with a movement of her head two of Vic's sketches.

Vic had to own up, and again there was a little rush on the part of the girls, but not the same adoration as before—chastened approval and an April-shower of technical questions. 'Charming—how well that kettle comes out! How did you get that grey?'

'Come, girls, finish your tea; we should be going—we must not take up all Mr. Victor's time. When we are settled we must look in again at the Kunst-Aviary, as they call it, if he'll allow us; then perhaps he'll show us all his sketches, and you might show him yours.'

'That will be delightful,' said the girls. 'We mean to do a lot in Edam, and we've only got a fortnight.'

'Yes, we're off in a fortnight,' said Mrs. Bonsor. 'Poppa has got berths for us at last. The girls wanted to come to Edam. I'm glad we've come; I am convinced that Amsterdam is not healthy—I was suffering from lassitude; the air here is quite different.'

As they walked the few yards to the hotel, Julia confided some of her artistic impressions to Vic. She seemed to have been very much drawn towards the Kunst-kooper, whose personality had wrought on her sensitive imagination.

At the entrance, Poppa shook hands several times, and smiled quite hopefully. 'Thank you,' he said; 'thank you. Oh, we shall get on all right; it's only for another fortnight.'

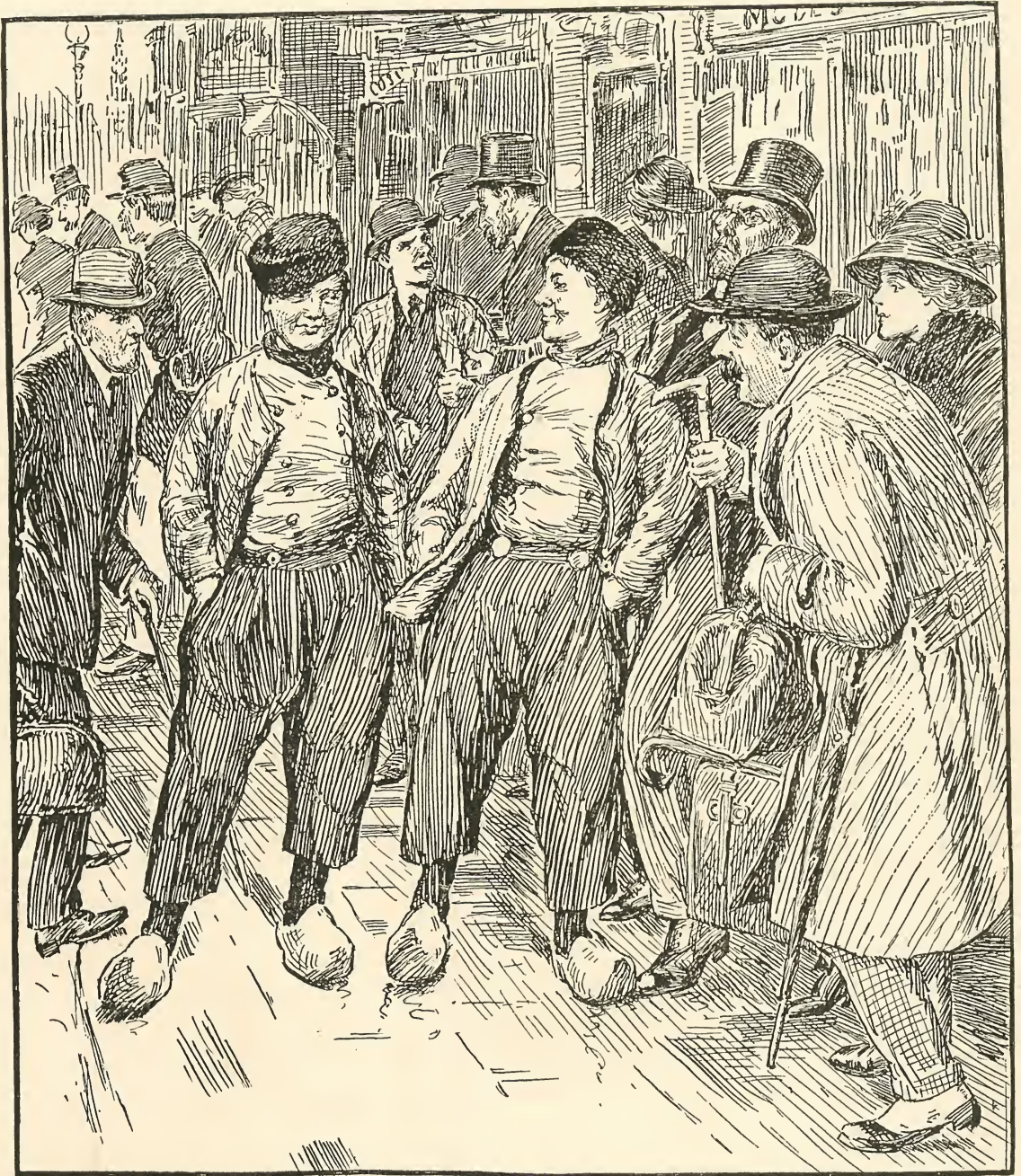
(Continued on page 258.)





"Oh, we shall get on all right; it's only for another fortnight."





“They lurched from side to side.”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 255.)

GRONINGEN is a flourishing and important town, with ancient gateways which it has outgrown, and fortifications now planted with trees and converted into pleasant walks. A lofty cathedral, an elegant stad-huis, a fine university, and the largest market-place in Holland are among its distinctions. It has a good harbour, and carries on an extensive trade. It is no Dead City, but one abreast of the times with its commerce and many industries; it has played its part in ancient times and suffered its woes, but is no worn-out veteran; it takes its full share in the commercial life of modern Holland. The streets are alive with a constant stream of people intent on their affairs. Tramcars cut the roads in two and clang their noisy bells; motors are there, hooting, charging, and wriggling backwards in the most approved fashion; bicycles dodge in and out among heavy traffic, and motor-cyclists of various shades of hideousness frighten their way through.

But in all this modern life there is still an outcrop of ancient Mother Earth: market carts piled with the most juicy vegetables, erratic cattle on their way to market, pigs that refuse to go, and country women who measure life by the price of butter. Nor is the military element wanting, for Groningen is a frontier province, and the army is mobilised and turns an uneasy eye on the frontier; a heavy transport waggon baulks the impatient motor-car; a dispatch-rider blesses his brother cyclist, and on the footway an occasional officer in blue with plumed shako goes with the stream, fully conscious of his uniform; whilst the sound of a bugle rings clearly from the distant barrack-yard, where some companies of the 'Schutterij,' who have been called to the colours from farm and office, are undergoing an elementary training.

In the throng, but not of it, are men from the ships in the harbour, men bronzed and bulky, who require room in which to move, who do not jiggle as if on wires, but sail along the street in leisurely fashion, coming to anchor on the slightest pretext; men who regard the passers-by with long-range eyes which throw things here in the street out of focus, bothered by a hundred objects aggressively near, so used are they to skies and distances. Of this latter class were two fisher youths dressed in the traditional costume of Volendam, on the other side of the Zuyder Zee, who lounged up the street from the harbour and were drawn into the current of the main thoroughfare. They were young, care-free, with time on their hands, and so well pleased with themselves that it did not concern them in the least that their breadth of beam and leisurely movements hampered the path for bustling traders and those who count the hours and even the minutes at their money value.

They lurched from side to side, occasionally coming to a standstill to watch something of interest, or else they blocked a shop-window whilst discussing its contents; again they lurched on, looked round and continued their way. As these floating obstacles could not go smoothly with the stream, the before-mentioned busy people had to dodge round them as best they could, for, as every one knows, it is no use getting angry with a sailor. At last they seemed to realise that the

path was no place for them, and they took to the roadway in the hope of more sea-room. A series of narrow escapes, however, warned them of the danger of endeavouring to obtain a good view of a city from the middle of the road, and there appeared no alternative but either to stand at a street corner or to take a tram.

It is not every one who can board a tramcar when in motion, and those who can do so readily enough might not find it easy in a pair of wooden shoes some eighteen inches long, carved out of a tree, and apparently shaped with an adze, which slip on and off at the heels with every step: still, in a seaman one does expect agility, so, when one of the young fishermen hopped lightly in and left one great shoe in the road behind, no wonder the people laughed on the roadway and the passengers within more than tittered, and when the sea youth lugged at the strap to stop the tram as if it were a life-line, and roared out something full-throated but incomprehensible—presumably sea-slang—the passengers laughed heartily, and even the conductor forgot his careworn dignity and joined in.

The tram was stopped and the shoe recovered. The conductor punched tickets merrily, advising the fisherman to 'try a hat-pin'; the Volendammer joined in the laugh, and informed him and the company generally that he was in the habit of leaving his shoes outside the door when at home, and that they seemed to know it. The incident amused the passengers for the rest of the journey.

Whether these happy-go-luckies were travelling by compass or by instinct was not evident, but they left the traffic with all its excitements behind, and made their way into the quiet outskirts of the town.

Among the pleasantest features of Groningen are its many gardens and open spaces. One of these, owing to the tide of war which beat on the frontier of Holland, was for a time a great prison camp, where unlucky soldiers and sailors who had been forced to cross the frontier and take refuge on Dutch soil, or had been driven by mischance or foe within her territorial waters, were interned. Long, low wooden buildings sprang up for sleeping-quarters, offices, and kitchens, and all the appendages of a great camp cut up the ground. Here, under Military Governor and guard, some thousands of Belgians and British and some Germans were kept till the war was over. All that could be done to render captivity tolerable was done by the Government. There were no cruelties, no such hardships as our poor fellows in German prison camps had to endure; but still the men were prisoners in the full sense of the word and must needs suffer the constraints, the emptiness of life, the hope deferred, the severance from kith and kin and Motherland, that the word implies.

The young fishermen turned their steps in the direction of the Internment Camp; the fact that they arrived at the hour when the prisoners were taking their daily exercise in the grounds, seemed to indicate that it was not chance but design that brought them thither.

There were a hundred or more English sailors taking their daily exercise in the enclosure—sturdy, seasoned men, well used to wind and weather, who stood with feet apart as if they would take some shifting. Three were two or three wrapped in long overcoats who, to all appearance, had recently been in hospital, but these apart, they were tough bits of British oak, that could



take knocks and give them. A few in the dress of warrant officers mixed with them, and one or two in nondescript uniform. Some wandered aimlessly up and down, others conversed in groups, whilst many lay idly on the grass beneath the small trees. For the most part they seemed to gravitate toward the iron railings which stood between them and freedom. Quite a crowd of townfolk of all classes, including a few soldiers, were gathered outside, and many, with their faces close to the bars, made good-humoured advances to the prisoners. Scraps of English, casually acquired, were exchanged for scraps of Dutch, and cigarettes were passed between the railings. One enterprising youngster had climbed the rails and, clutching a standard with a gilt ball on top, was greeting in a shrill voice a pet prisoner whose essays in Dutch were delighting a small audience.

The young fishermen mixed with the people, peeped through the rails, and moved from one part to another, occasionally joining in the banter, or fraternising with the interned men. One, a round-faced, good-tempered looking fellow, with a healthy patch of red on each cheek, had an aptitude for whistling, which sometimes broke out in short gusts from sheer exuberance, and at others was delivered with ornamental effect; he appeared to have recently added 'Tipperary' to his repertoire, and now produced it as being fitted to the occasion and a sign of goodwill toward the men on the other side of the railings; the melody, however, was so adorned with fluent variations as to be scarcely recognisable by the uninitiated. The other, fully a half-head taller than his companion, had no sea-faring slouch about him, but held himself upright with one leg thrown out, and his hands in the pockets of his bulky breeches, stretching them to their fullest extent; his furry cap was perched on one side and slightly over one eye, and there was a saucy look on his face and a general 'here-I-am-what-do-you-think-of-me?' expression throughout, which was quite in keeping with the remarks he addressed to the prisoners from time to time. These worthies strolled round in a leisurely manner and surveyed the scene as if it had been arranged solely for their benefit, and was as entertaining as a picture palace.

(Continued on page 270.)

### THE GOBLINS' RIDE.

WHEN the leaves come fluttering down,  
Do you know that Goblins ride them?  
Crinkled leaves of gold and brown  
All have goblin folk inside them!  
'Woo-oo-oo-oo!' goes the Wind,  
But the Goblins do not mind;  
They sing, 'What a lovely game!'  
Sighs the Wind, 'Woo-oo! for shame!'

When the leaves have fluttered down,  
Then the Goblins' ride is ended;  
Back they go to Goblin Town,  
Singing, 'That was simply splendid!'  
'Woo-oo-oo-oo!' cries the Wind;  
And the leaves they've left behind  
Call, 'Oh, take us back, Sirs! Do!'  
Moans the wind, 'They won't! Woo-oo!'

### THE SCHOOLDAYS OF A FAMOUS MAN.

ONE day, about fifty years ago, a French student in a college at Metz, ran into and banged his head so hard against the head of another youth that both boys had to go into hospital. In this queer way began a friendship between the two. The name of the boy run into was Rivet de Chaussepierre; the other boy was Ferdinand Foch, of whom we have lately heard so much.

A year after this incident, in 1870, the Franco-German War broke out, and the friends left school to enlist as volunteers. Foch saw little of the fighting, but de Chaussepierre was killed.

Marshal Foch was born at Tarbes, in 1851, in an 'apartment house' over a baker's shop. He and his brothers were sent first to the National School, where Ferdinand won no first prize, though he did fairly well in all his subjects. When he was twelve years old he read, for his own pleasure, Thiers' history of the Consulate and Empire. He thus showed a taste for history, and one of his masters said of him 'Good at geometry, he has the stuff in him for a course at the Polytechnic.'

So Foch was sent to the Metz College, where students received special training for the great military schools. Here it was that he won a friend in such an odd manner. Here, too, it was that he gained 'The prix de sagesse' (prize for common sense).

When the war was over he returned to Metz to resume his studies. With what brilliant success he has turned those studies to account we know very well.

### THE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

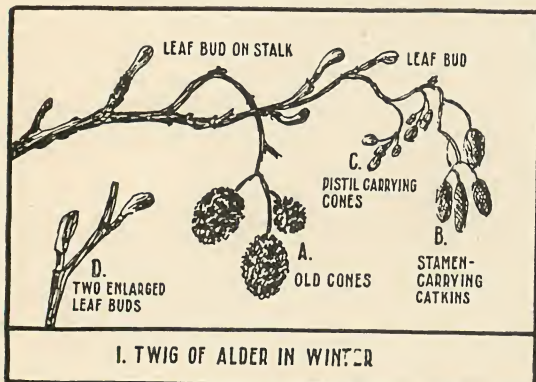
#### X.—THE ALDER AND LOMBARDY POPLAR.

THE Alder (*Alnus glutinosa*) is a fairly common tree, but never very large. More often than not it is rather low-growing, almost like a bush, but this is because it has the habit of sending out suckers. It is seen at its best on the banks of streams or on boggy ground. I do not give a picture of a tree, but I am pretty sure that you will be able to discover it quite easily if you follow what I have to say about it.

In winter it is very easy to identify the tree, because it has several very characteristic features. In fig. 1 is a sketch of a twig which I gathered in February. The black cones (A) are the old fruit-carrying cones of last year; they have not long opened out and dropped their seeds—in fact, I found a few seeds still sticking in one of them. Then at B you have the tightly packed stamen-carrying catkins, which will develop presently; those have been there ever since last summer. At C are the very tiny pistil-carrying cones, which will enlarge later and carry the seeds next year. Lower on the twig are the funny little reddish-purple buds containing the leaves. These buds in late autumn or early winter are pressed closely against the stem, as though for protection; but before the ordinary growth of spring starts, they lean away from the stem and rise on stalks (the whole bud, I mean, before it starts to open at all)—a very rare state of things. This you can see in my sketch, and (at D) I give an enlarged bud; each bud is covered by two hard scale-leaves which give the bud a certain angular appearance. The old cones at this time

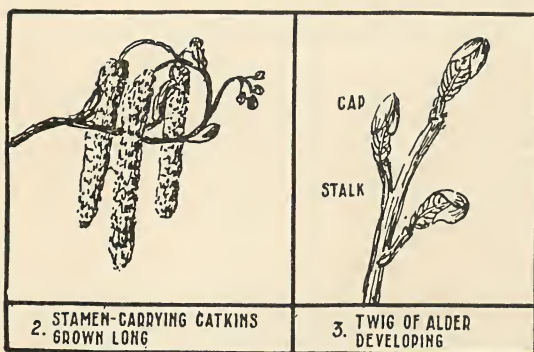


are very like tiny fir-cones, being practically black and very woody and hard. The stamen-carrying catkins in this sketch are half an inch to three-quarters of an inch in length, but next spring they will grow until they are perhaps two and a half inches to three inches long (fig. 2).



The pistil-carrying cones, so minute in my sketch, later expand and turn a bright green in colour. The stamen-carrying catkins, after discharging their cargo of pollen for the benefit of the cones, wither and disappear. The cones persist, and are a common sight all the summer; you see them among the leaves in clusters of four to six, this being a sure mark of an Alder.

The stalks of the leaf-buds grow until they are longer than the buds; they have rather an unusual appearance, for they stick out in three directions. Next the buds



begin to break open, and very often they carry up the two hard scale-leaves in the form of a cap until they are thrown off by the opening leaves (fig. 3).

The leaves are of a very pale green when young, but in later life they are dark and tough in texture. The surface is gummy and reflects the light, giving the leaf a wet look. The general shape of the leaf is well described in a book I was reading the other day as 'tennis-racquet-shaped,' for it is more or less flat where the tip should be and the blade gradually lessens in width as it reaches the stalk. In fig. 4 I give a twig of Alder in leaf (also showing the green cones), and I feel sure you will easily see the likeness which I mention. The edges of the leaves are doubly 'serrate' or cut, giving the edge a waved form.

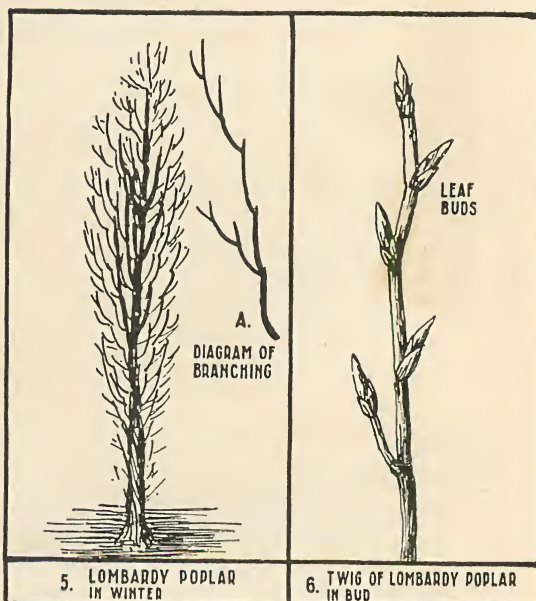
I read that the uses of the Alder are not many, but it appears to be an excellent wood for making piles. This would seem likely, for it so loves water that it would be natural that it should endure being in it after death!



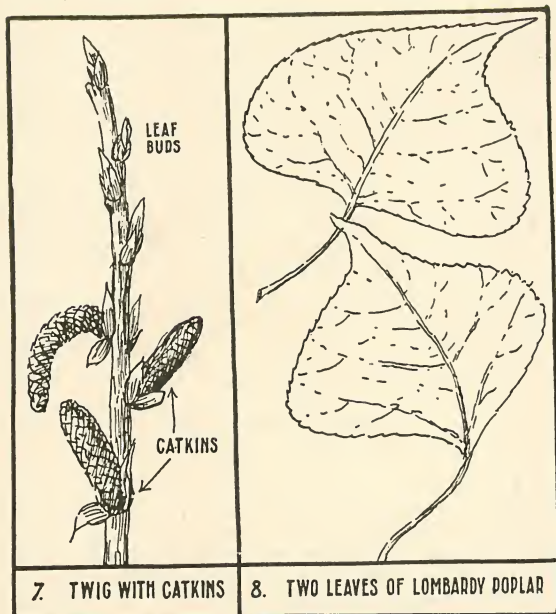
The wood-carver and the cabinet-maker rather like it too, because, when dry, the wood is of a very pleasing reddish colour. It also makes very fine charcoal.

My last article is to be devoted to the king of English trees, the Oak; but I feel I cannot finish the subject without mentioning the Poplars. There are several kinds of Poplar, but the only one I will here say anything about will be the Lombardy Poplar.

Probably you all know the Lombardy Poplar, because it is the only tree, except some of the firs, which grows straight up and up! In fig. 5 I show a tree in winter.







You will notice that all the shoots turn upward; the result is that those which try to develop on the inner side have not room, and so they die. This gives the branching rather a curious line, which I show in diagram form at 'A', and you can detect it in the tree.

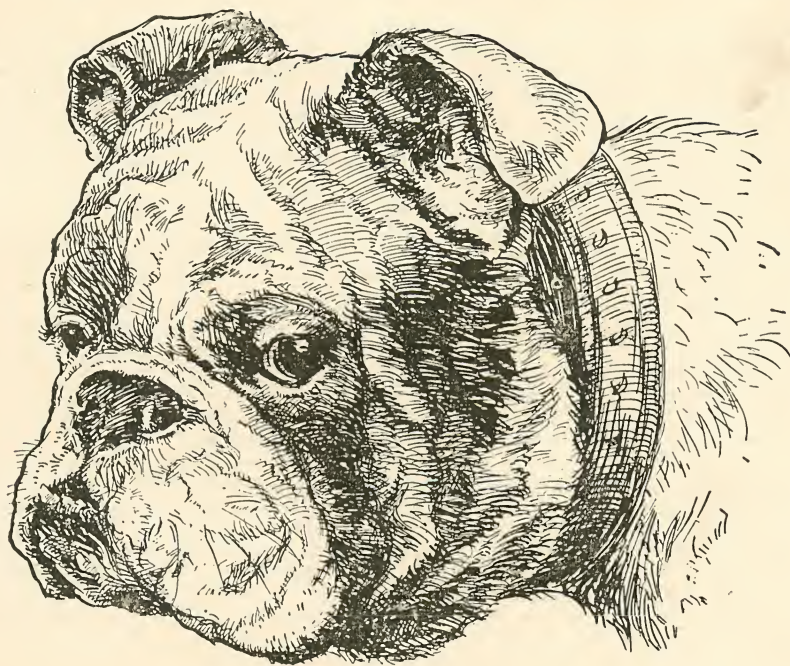
The twig in winter is as seen in fig. 6, the buds being protected by two scale-leaves. The first sign of growth in spring is that the twigs turn rather red. Next, the inner part of the branches *seem* to get thick; this is caused by the appearance of the catkins. These are fat and stiff at first, but later they lengthen, and when fully in bloom are quite red. The anthers are red, you see. Fig. 7 shows a twig carrying catkins. The catkins are stamen-carrying, and pistil-carrying ones are very rare in England, if ever found. Thus it comes to pass that the tree is cultivated by suckers, like the Elm and several other trees.

The leaves have a characteristic shape, having the appearance of a triangle, or sometimes even a square. In fig. 8 I show two leaves. They have rather long, slender stalks; these slender stalks in all varieties are inclined to be flat for part of their length, and this allows the leaves to be very easily fluttered; you will notice that the least breeze will set all the leaves of a Poplar on the twitter!

According to Mr. Step's book on trees, the Lombardy Poplar does not belong to Lombardy, but because it is so much grown there it has adopted the name. It came from the Himalayas originally and has been introduced to other places.

Its wood is not of much value, because it is such a fast-growing tree, but it is used for boxes of a rough kind. The tree is grown chiefly for ornament or as a screen, or to keep off the wind. It is an objectionable tree to have near a garden, for its roots spread very much and take the moisture, and also plants will not grow under it, as they cannot endure the drippings from the tree.

E. M. BARLOW.



Picture Puzzle.—A British Bulldog: Find his Master.



## WHITSUNTIDE IN OLDEN DAYS.

WHITSUNTIDE was a time of much merriment in England in bygone days, as it still is in some parts of the Continent. As it often fell in May, the Whitsuntide revels and the 'May-games' were often combined, and we read of 'Whitsun-morris,' when the Morris-dancers, decked with flowers, scarves, ribbons, and bells, and accompanied by the May Queen, or 'Maid Marian,' Robin Hood and his Merry Men, the Fool, the Hobby-horse, and 'Tom-the-Piper,' footed it gaily on the green or along the roads, followed by admiring crowds, who assembled later in the 'Church-house' or 'Parish-hall,' or in a great tithe-barn, to partake of a feast known as the 'Whitsun-ale,' or 'Church-ale.' It was a sort of parish gathering, and at one time persons who did not attend it were fined.

For some time previously the churchwardens were busy buying and collecting quantities of malt and provisions; the former they brewed into beer, and the latter were cooked in readiness for the feast, every one in the parish contributing something. These things were sold for a small sum to the company that assembled in the 'Church-house' or barn. It was usual for the inhabitants of various parishes to exchange visits at this season, when much merriment took place. After expenses were paid, the rest of the money was devoted to the repair of the church and the relief of the poor—there were no poor rates and workhouses in those days!

'A Lord and a Lady of the Ale' were often chosen to preside at the feast, attended by stewards, sword-bearer, pages, and other officials, including a fool in motley garb, who played absurd pranks, while a pipe and tabor provided music for the feast and the dances that followed.

Games were also provided, for which a small charge was made, which went to the parish fund. Among these were archery, stool-ball, and 'pigeon-holes,' the last being a game rather like bagatelle. 'Hocking' was another Whitsuntide amusement. The road was stopped with ropes, and passers-by had to pay.

'Pigeon-holes' may have been thought a suitable pastime for this season, because a dove or pigeon is the type of the Holy Spirit. Some say 'Whit-Sunday' means 'Wit,' or 'Wisdom-Sunday,' because on it the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles; others say it is 'White-Sunday,' because in the Early Church converts were usually baptized between Easter and Whitsuntide, and appeared robed in white. Till quite recent times in some places babies were not christened till Easter or Whit-Sunday, unless they were so delicate that they might die in the meantime. A ceremony called 'Font-hallowing' took place on the eves of these festivals, in preparation for the baptisms on the following Sundays.

A curious Whitsuntide church custom, still kept up in some parts of the Continent, was to let down a silver dove from the ceiling of the church during service on that day, or to let a white pigeon fly about the sacred building. This used to be done in Old St. Paul's.

Churches were decked with fresh birch-boughs and white flowers at this season, and also with columbines, whose blossoms are supposed to resemble a cluster of doves on a nest. Guelder-roses were often used; in Whitsuntide the big snowy balls of bloom are still called 'Whitsuntide bosses.'

It was customary to strew churches with fresh green rushes on Whit-Sunday, and the custom lingers in a few places. At Bristol the Mayor formerly went to service at St. Mary Redcliffe on Whit-Sunday, when the church was strewn with rushes. Requests were often left of pieces of ground to supply rushes or fresh grass for this purpose.

Whitsuntide was a great season for out-of-door plays and pageants. Chester was famous for its 'Whitsun Mysteries,' or 'Miracle Plays.' The performers went from one part of the town to another on a great scaffold, mounted on wheels and decked with flags. It had two compartments, the upper forming the stage, the lower the 'green-room,' or dressing-room, for the performers.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

## ALF'S VISION.

A True Story.

WHEN Alf (whose surname I do not know) was wounded in the Great War, he had been at the front for eighteen months. It was almost time for his 'first leave,' and of course he had been saving up his money for it. He had about four hundred francs and an English one-pound note.

Then he was wounded, put on board a hospital ship at Rouen, where he lost his trench-boots and 'British warm,' and brought along the Seine and across the Channel without a break in the journey, arriving eventually at a great London hospital. His money had gone, and he supposed that it was lost in company with his coat and boots.

But one afternoon, as Alf lay half-asleep, he saw his C.O. in a dug-out, and heard him say, 'You had better give me your money: I will take care of it till you are in hospital, then you can write for it.'

Now Alf, in his waking hours, had no recollection whatever of such an incident, but he got his next bed neighbour to write for him (he himself being not yet allowed to sit up), and, sure enough, the Major had the money and forwarded it at once.

E. D.

## HOW HARRY SAVED THE CASKET.

(Concluded from page 251.)

NOW Harry, though only a boy, was not one to lose his head in an emergency. He had been thinking rapidly, and had already made up his mind what he would do. As soon as he was alone, he kicked off his shoes, and going to a door on the opposite side of the room to that by which the others had made their exit, he opened it, and passed through into the kitchen; here another door opened on to a back staircase. Creeping noiselessly up the carpetless steps, in his stocking feet, he hurried to his father's room; softly closing the door he lighted a candle, and with trembling fingers took the keys from his pocket and unlocked the drawer. There was the casket, just as his father had left it. He snatched it up and closed the bureau, but did not lock it, for he knew the scoundrel would not hesitate to smash up the beautiful old piece of furniture if there were no other way of opening it. He reached the landing just as a glimmer of light was appearing up



the front staircase. There was not a moment to lose; with noiseless, flying feet he sped across the landing and down the kitchen stairs to the dining-room. Then he went to the bureau, which had been left open, and pushed the casket right back into one of the recesses, where it was quite in shadow. 'There,' said he, 'I don't believe he'll meddle with that drawer again, after turning everything out as he did. I will leave it open; it might arouse his suspicion if he found it shut. Oh, dear, what a mess there is,' and he ruefully surveyed the broken ink bottle, and the ink running amongst the papers and over the carpet.

There was the sound of voices on the stairs; the man's loud and angry as he showered imprecations upon the woman. A minute later he stood in the doorway, the white, scared face of Mrs. Farrant at his shoulder.

'Harry,' cried she, 'the jewels have been stolen! The bureau was unlocked and the casket gone!'

'Yes, a pretty fool you've made of me, bringing me out a night like this,' said the robber.

Harry might have replied that he had come without an invitation, but judged it wiser to remain silent upon the matter. 'But, Mother, who could have stolen them?' said he, innocently. 'Do you think Father has taken them to the bank for safety?'

'Oh, I wonder if he has! Yet, surely he would have told me; he knew how anxious I was. At any rate, they are not here, so you may as well relieve us of your company, sir.'

'No, no; not quite so fast!' roared the burglar. 'Now, look here, young man,' turning to Harry; 'this here seems to me a queer trumped-up bit o' business. Are you sure the thing was put in that bureau?'

'Yes, quite sure, for I saw Father put it in myself, and afterwards put the key into his pocket.'

The man looked straight into Harry's eyes and knew that he was telling the truth, and it was quite evident that Mrs. Farrant's distress and perplexity were genuine. 'Well, I'll have them if they're to be found,' and, slamming to the bureau, he pulled out the lower drawers and turned them upside down on to the floor, where he kicked about the contents in all directions, trampling upon them with his heavy boots. 'Now, missus, we'll try another room,' he exclaimed with an oath, when he had convinced himself that the thing he sought was not there. An expression of relief crossed Harry's face. The man noticed it. 'You know where it is!' roared he, seizing the boy roughly by the arm. 'And, if you don't fetch it here I'll murder you! Do you hear what I say? I'll—murder you!'

Harry trembled as he looked at the villainous face and uplifted arm, but he did not speak. 'O God! help me to do what is right!' was the silent prayer that went up to heaven.

'Now, then, do you hear what I say?' bellowed the brute, shaking the boy until the breath was nearly gone out of him. 'Are you going to get me the jewels or not?'

'No—I—am—not!' gasped Harry, as soon as he could speak, for his courage had returned. He had caught the sound of his father's whistle; now he was shaking the door, and calling loudly to them to let him in.

The burglar, too, had heard him, and, thrusting Harry from him with such force that he barely saved himself from falling, he rushed out at the front door,

and, flinging himself upon his horse, plunged forward into the darkness.

'Oh, John, wherever have you been?' cried Mrs. Farrant, as she threw herself upon her husband. 'The burglar has just gone out of the other door, and oh, John, did you take Elsie's casket to town with you?'

'The burglar? Whatever do you mean, May? Take the casket to town? Certainly not! Whatever are you talking about, my dear? Why, whatever is the matter?' as he surveyed the confusion in the dining-room.

'Then it has been stolen, John! But the burglar did not take it. The bureau was unlocked, and the casket's gone!' cried Mrs. Farrant, incoherently.

'Burglar! Stolen! What nonsense! What burglar? Where is he? Whatever are you talking about?' said Mr. Farrant, utterly bewildered.

'Oh, Mother, won't you understand?' said Harry, who had been trying, in vain, to make himself heard. 'I tell you it's safe—see, here it is!' he continued, as he placed the casket on the table before the eyes of his astonished parents. It took him some time to make them understand what had really happened; but when at last they comprehended, Mr. Farrant drew his son to him. 'My brave boy!' said he. 'I little thought, when I was joking you this morning, that you would come face to face with a real burglar before the day was out.'

'Oh, Father,' said Harry, 'you wouldn't call me brave if you knew how my knees shook when that horrid man had got hold of me, for I believe he would have killed me rather than go away without the jewels. I don't think I could have held out much longer. Oh, I was so thankful when I heard your whistle!'

'Thank God, I was in time,' replied his father; 'I missed my way in the storm, or I should have been here hours ago.'

'But how could he have possibly known anything about the casket?' asked Mrs. Farrant.

'How do burglars find out these things!' said her husband. 'You know how indiscreet Elsie is: she may have spoken about it before the servants, or even in the public street; and I shouldn't be surprised if the robber was the fellow who followed me from Fenton—I missed him just before I got to the moor. Then he probably saw me take the wrong road, and concluded that he would have time to do his dirty work before I arrived upon the scene; and he would have done it, too, if this boy's head had not been screwed on the right way,' and there were tears in the father's eyes as he laid his hand on the lad's head.

'Well, I hope Elsie will soon come and fetch her property away,' said Mrs. Farrant. 'I never thought we were going to have all this upset about it.'

Elsie turned up the next day, with many regrets at having caused so much trouble. She acknowledged that she had mentioned her jewels to a friend whom she had met in the train, and that possibly the conversation might have been overheard, as there were other passengers in the compartment.

Harry is now the proud possessor of a beautiful free-wheel bicycle, the gift of his grateful Aunt Elsie, and as he flies over the dusty roads he often calls to mind the events of that stormy winter's night; but he that declares he has no desire to spend another evening in the society of a professional burglar.

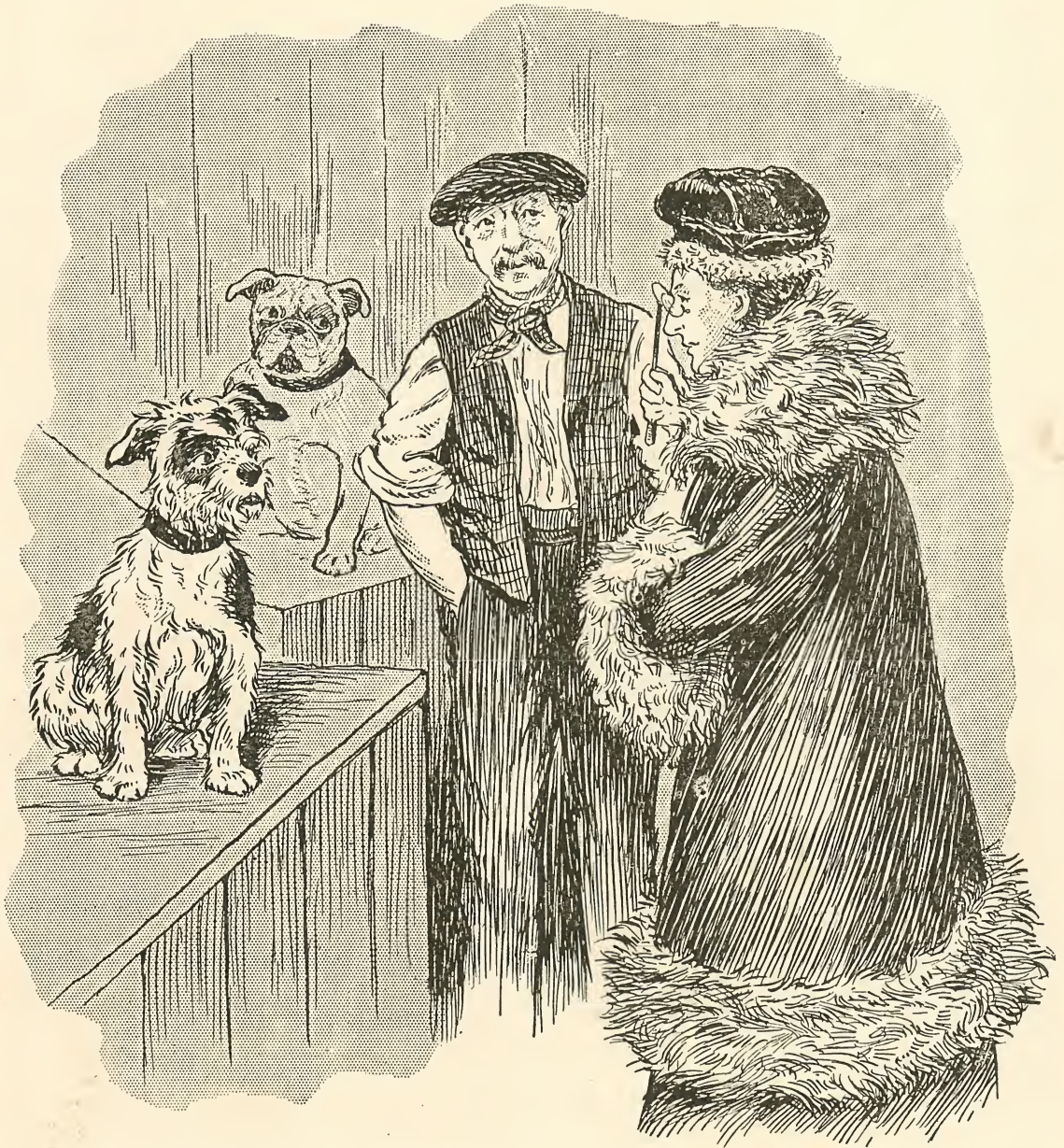
E. HAGGER.





“‘Are you going to get me the jewels or not?’”





“‘What an ugly animal!’ she exclaimed.”



## WAIF, THE MONGREL.

WAIF was dreaming. He dreamt he had been sold at last, and that his master was just giving him a fine, meaty bone. At that happy moment a loud purring awakened him. He sat up with alert eyes, pricked up one ear, and put his head on one side to listen.

A great yellow motor-car stopped at the door of the shop, and a rich lady stepped out and entered. 'I want a dog,' she said to the dog-dealer who came forward smiling. He was really a cruel, mean man, who half starved his dogs so as to save enough money to die rich.

The lady peered through her long-handled eye-glasses at the great St. Bernards, collies, and retrievers; the middle-sized spaniels and terriers; and at the tiny pomeranians and chows. Then she caught sight of Waif. 'What an ugly animal!' she exclaimed, turning away in disgust. 'I want a really handsome dog.'

At last she bought a bull-dog.

If Waif was not handsome, neither was he ugly. His eyes were bright and his temper was good. His tail wagged so quickly that it looked only a blur.

He was glad the great lady had not bought him. 'She had a proud look,' thought he, 'and carried her spectacles on a stick; and I am sure I should quarrel with her great yellow cat. I want a master I can love, and whose house I can guard. Perhaps he would let me bury a bone sometimes in the garden—as I have heard the other dogs saying they used to do in their last situation.'

Several weary days past by, and Waif's young heart still longed for a master. But he was still unsold. Then one morning, soon after the shop was opened, a scent of gin came in through the open door. A big man followed.

His boots were clumsy and dirty. His trousers, made of corduroy, much worn. His coat was out of shape. The neck of a bottle stuck out of one pocket, while from the other hung a purple handkerchief with yellow spots. The man's wrinkled face had not been shaved for quite a week. A dirty woollen muffler was round his neck, and a cap with a long peak was pulled well down over his wicked-looking eyes.

'I want a dog,' said a gruff voice. The dealer showed the small dogs, but the man said he wanted a dog, not a mouse. The dealer showed him the big dogs; but the man said they ate too much.

'Oh, no!' said the dealer, 'they eat very little'—which was true, for he was a mean man.

'Anyway,' said the man, 'I want a dog, not a bear.'

At last the dealer pointed out Waif, and praised him so much that the dog blushed purple under his shaggy coat.

'How much?' asked the man.

'Five shillings.'

'Too much,' growled the man. 'I'll give you half-a-crown.'

'Three shillings,' said the dealer; 'not a penny less.'

'Done!' said the other, and Waif was sold at last.

The dog did not like the looks of his new master at all. 'Perhaps he has a kind heart,' he said to himself, 'although he does not keep himself clean and tidy. I must be faithful to him whatever kind of master he is.'

So when his master was tying a piece of cord round his neck, the dog licked his hand to show he wanted to be friends. To his surprise he received a blow on the

side of the head so hard that his thoughts almost stopped.

He followed his master out of the shop. He had to follow because the cord tugged at his neck. 'No doubt,' thought he—when he could think clearly again—'my master has been upset over something.'

He trotted gaily along, glad to be out of the noisy shop with its bad air. He stopped to sniff the smell of the meat in a butcher's shop, but the cord dragged him on.

In a dingy street, where tiny children with dirty faces sat playing on the kerb-stones, one little boy aimed a stone at Waif, but missed him. Soon the man turned down a narrow alley, dragging the dog after him, until they came to a small backyard. They went in through a creaky gate.

When the cord round his neck was untied, Waif jumped about for joy.

'Stop that!' said his master, angrily. 'Go into your box,' and he kicked him into a box standing on its side in a corner. There was no straw in it, and the poor dog lay there quite still, sore and sad.

When the man had gone out of the yard, slamming the gate behind him, Waif searched for food. There was none, but he found a little rain-water in a broken pie-dish that lay in one corner of the yard. The water was dirty, and he only drank it because he was very thirsty.

The dog was in the yard all day. Sometimes he ran up and down—he had not been able to do that in the dog-shop. At other times he lay down to rest. Always he was hoping his master would be in a better temper when he came back.

In the evening the man came into the yard smelling of spirits worse than ever. Waif looked up at him with eager eyes and wagged his tail. Without a word, his master threw him some crusts and a small bone. Being so hungry the dog barked with delight.

'Stow it!' said the man, striking him with his stick. So Waif took the crusts and bone into his box to eat.

(Concluded on page 279.)

## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

## VIII.—THE QUEEN'S OWN.

THE Fiftieth Regiment, 'The Queen's Own,' 'The West Kents,' 'The Dirty Half-hundred'—there are plenty of names to choose from, although this famous regiment only dates from the middle of the eighteenth century. Before that time the Artillery ranked as the Fiftieth Regiment, for in an old War Office record we find it stated that there were in the British Army forty-nine regiments of the line and the Royal Artillery, making fifty regiments in all.

We have already heard the splendid story of the other Kentish regiment, the Buffs, which after fighting in the service of Holland for many years became part of our standing army as long ago as 1665; but although the West Kent Regiment is the Fiftieth instead of the Third, and was raised nearly a hundred years later than the 'Buffs,' it, too, has had a glorious history, and has won fame and honour in many countries and in many campaigns.

The great battles of the Peninsular War are, it is true, the first names that we see on the colours of the



Fiftieth Regiment, but during the eighteenth century there had been some hard fighting on the Continent, and the men had also served as marines at the capture of Corsica in 1794. Later the regiment went to Egypt, and served under Sir Ralph Abercromby, suffering severely from the heat and dust of the desert warfare. At one time more than half the soldiers were affected with ophthalmia, and were called 'The Blind Half-hundred' by the rest of the army.

We go on now seven years in the story of the regiment, and come to one of its finest episodes, the battle of Vimiera. It was in Spain, on a blazing August day of the year 1808, and the 'Queen's Own,' only lately landed, had many young untried soldiers in its ranks. On this occasion the British under their great leader, the Duke of Wellington—or, as he was then, Sir Arthur Wellesley—held the village and hill of Vimiera, and they were opposed by a large French army commanded by Marshal Laborde. The district was wild and mountainous, with thick woods and narrow valleys through which the enemy could approach unobserved.

For many hours the English waited, and then, early in the morning, the attack came, the French sweeping forward with all their well-known dash and courage. They advanced up the hill, in spite of the deadly fire of the British artillery which shattered their ranks, and actually succeeded in reaching the summit, where they paused for a moment, panting and breathless with their exertions.

To the British it seemed as if the day must be lost, and then, suddenly, a change came and disaster was turned into victory, for the men of the Fiftieth Regiment fired a volley and, shouting their war-cry, charged the French, taking them by surprise and hurling them backwards down the steep slope up which they had advanced so gallantly only a few moments before.

Historians and eye-witnesses have described what happened then, and we can picture the scene of horror and confusion, for the retreat quickly became a rout, gun-horses, with their traces cut, plunged madly through the ranks, officers were unable to rally their men, and the ground was covered with the dead and wounded, and with weapons, knapsacks, and accoutrements which had been flung aside.

For more than two miles the enemy was pushed back, the men fleeing helter-skelter through the olive-woods and vineyards, and after them came the soldiers of the Fiftieth Regiment, with their faces blackened with powder, and with dust and blood staining their uniforms. Grimy heroes indeed they must have looked in the dazzling sunshine of that Spanish noon-day, for it was on this battlefield that the famous nickname, 'The Dirty Half-hundred,' was acquired. After this battle fifteen volunteers from the Seventieth French Regiment joined the Fiftieth, and for some time the red plumes taken by them were worn by the bandsmen as trophies. A standard, also, was captured, and this used to be carried by a sergeant between the two regimental colours.

A few months pass away, and the fortunes of war change again. We have winter now, instead of summer, and disappointment and disaster instead of victory.

It is at Salamanca that we overtake the Fiftieth Regiment again, when they are starting out with Sir John Moore's army on the terrible retreat towards Corunna, where, the campaigns at an end, the troops were to embark for England. We must imagine a

chill, dismal picture now, a picture that is very unlike the 'Sunny Spain' of our dreams, for it is December, snow is falling heavily, and a bitter wind sweeps across the high, bleak tableland of the Peninsula.

An army in retreat is always a tragic sight, but, in those early nineteenth century days, there were no railway trains or great motor-lorries to help the weary soldiers on their way; and with the troops were many women and children to add to the anxieties and to share in all the hardships and misery. The roads were bad, too, as roads in Spain still are, and there were steep hills to be climbed, and rivers, swollen into torrents by rain and snow, to be forded. On December 26th the men of the Fiftieth had to wade through a stream, holding their muskets and ammunition above their heads. At night-time the troops had to bivouac in the open, sometimes clearing away the snow-drifts before they could sleep; and always the enemy was near at hand, pressing closely in the rear of the retreating army. Many stragglers were left behind every day, and were either taken prisoner or died of hunger and exhaustion by the wayside.

There is a story told of a soldier of the 'Queen's Own' who was seen marching along with a pretty little boy of about two years old perched on his knapsack. The mother of the child had died on the way and the father had been killed at Vimiera; but he was adopted by his new friend and taken back to England in safety.

Again and again during the retreat the British turned and fought the French, and, when at last Corunna was reached, there was a great battle, which took place while the wounded and part of the army was being embarked. The Fiftieth won new honours on this occasion, and we find that Corunna is the second name on their colours.

They distinguished themselves especially at the capture of the village of Elvina, where a terrible struggle took place and where many of their officers were killed. The British Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Moore, watched the fight, and cried, 'Well done, Fiftieth!' but almost immediately afterwards he was mortally wounded and had to be carried away from the battlefield. After this the regiment was recalled from Elvina, but, by some mischance, Colonel Napier, with four soldiers, was left behind and taken prisoner. Napier himself wrote an account of what happened, and describes how he was struck down and would have been killed if a brave French drummer had not saved his life. This man then helped the wounded officer towards the rear, but they had not gone very far when they encountered an Irish soldier of the Fiftieth, who seeing his Colonel, as he thought, in danger, made up his mind to rescue him, and took aim with his musket.

'For God's sake, don't fire,' Napier called; 'I am a prisoner and can't help you. Surrender!'

'For why should I surrender?' asked the soldier; and when it was explained to him that there were twenty Frenchmen behind, and that he had no chance against them single-handed, he flung down his weapon, saying, 'There is my firelock for ye.' He then pushed the drummer who was supporting Napier aside, exclaiming, 'Stand back, ye spalpeen, I'll carry him myself, and bad luck to the whole of yez.'

The Irishman had his way, and General Napier was brought safely into the French camp, where he was kindly treated, and allowed, after a time, to return to England.



The Peninsular War did not come to an end when Sir John Moore's army embarked at Corunna, and before long we find the Fiftieth Regiment back again in Spain, where there were many more battles to be fought and honours to be won. At Badajos it was Lieutenant Macarthy who led the storming party against the citadel of the besieged town, and although many lives were lost in this desperate venture, it proved successful, and the fortress which had held out so long and so bravely passed into the hands of the British.

It was in the spring of 1812 that Badajos fell, and the attack under General Picton was arranged to take place at nightfall. It was a very dark night, with a mist rising from the river; but the English soldiers felt confident of success, and we hear that they talked and laughed cheerfully as they awaited the order to advance. Their leader, too, seems to have had no mis-



The Badge of the Queen's Own.

givings, for when the appointed time came, he turned to his men and said, 'Gentlemen, it is time to go. Some persons are of opinion that the attack will not succeed, but I will forfeit my life if it does not.'

It was in this dauntless spirit, then, that the storming party set out, the soldiers with their shirt collars unfastened and their trousers rolled up above their knees in readiness for the difficult and dangerous work that was before them. In the darkness and silence of that April night they crept forward, and Macarthy's task proved to be no easy one; but he did not falter, even when Picton, suspecting him of having misled the troops, drew his sword and threatened to kill him. At last the trenches were reached, and the storming party set their scaling-ladders against the walls which had already been damaged by the British artillery. So far not a shot had been fired on either side, but now the alarm was given through the accidental exploding of a bomb, and then the French within the city poured



"Marching along with a pretty little boy perched on his knapsack."

down a storm of shot and shell upon the men who were crowded together below.

It was a terrible scene that took place there beneath the walls of the beleaguered city, and, for a time, it seemed as if failure was certain. 'Why don't you come



"'For God's sake, don't fire!' Napier cried."

into Badajos?' the French shouted, and when the British rushed forward recklessly again and again, they found that mines had been laid beneath the ground which they had to cross, deep ditches dug, and barricades formed of tree-trunks in which sword-blades had been set. Macarthy was badly wounded just as he was helping to place a ladder in position, and General Picton was wounded too, but he continued to



cheer his brave men on, although he could not himself lead them to victory.

'If we cannot win the castle, let us die on the walls,' he cried, and, before long, some of the assailants succeeded in gaining a footing on the ramparts at another point, and the enemy was thus taken by surprise. By daybreak the citadel of Badajos had been captured.

Although Lieutenant Macarthy played a gallant part in this great adventure, the Fiftieth Regiment as a whole was not fighting at Badajos. It was soon in action again, however, at Almaraz, where Fort Napoleon was taken by storm, and the pass through the mountains, which it guarded, thrown open to the British.

The fort was situated on the summit of a steep hill, surrounded by trees and brushwood, and it was attacked on May 19th, 1812, by three regiments, the Fiftieth, the Seventy-first, and the Ninety-second, under the command of Colonel Stewart of the Fiftieth.

This officer ordered his men to advance to the castle without firing a shot, bidding them not even load their muskets until they were under the walls, and, if they encountered any Frenchman on their way, 'not to waste time in giving him more than a few inches of bayonet.'

The men obeyed, and rushed forward carrying their scaling-ladders, but many of them were struck down by a storm of bullets which was poured down on them from the fort. When, at last, the walls were reached, the ladders proved too short; but even then the soldiers of the 'Queen's Own' were not daunted, and clambered up, finding a foothold in the holes in the masonry

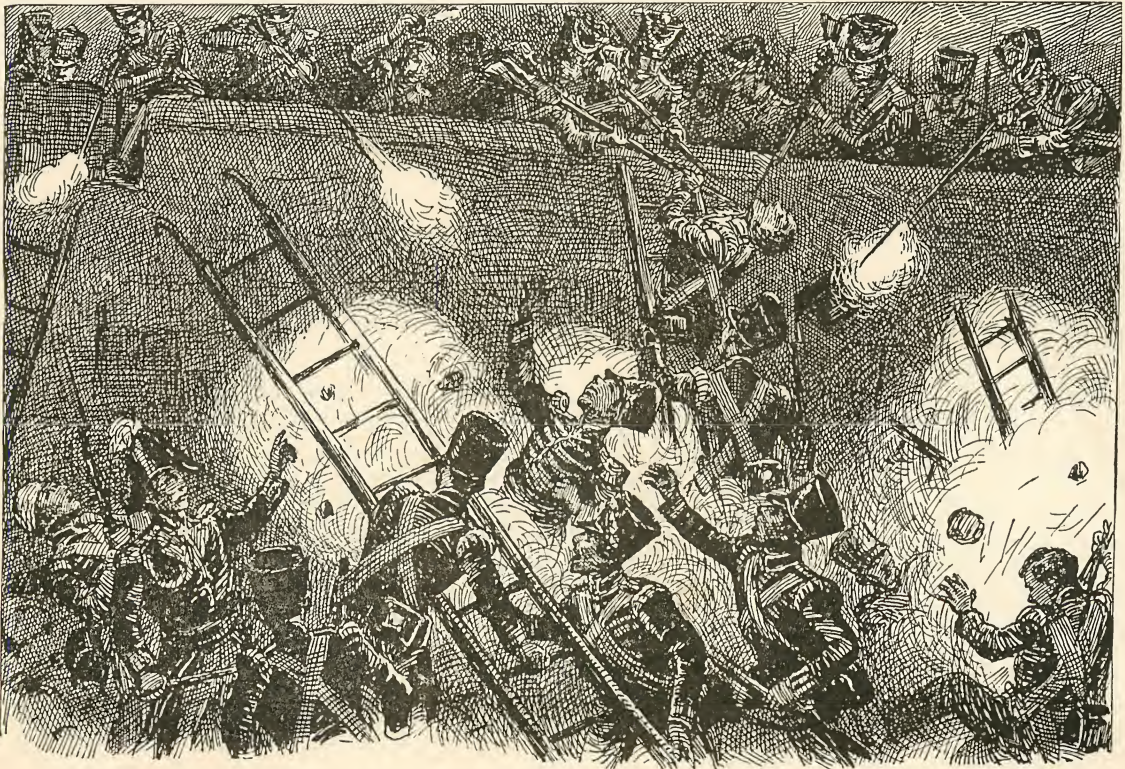
and dragging their comrades after them. Captain Candler was killed leading his company, but he had reached the summit of the wall and fell dead within the fort. His men swept on after him, and in half an hour the castle and its garrison were in British hands.

From the peninsula of Spain we must go on now to the peninsula of India, where, during the first half of the nineteenth century, we find the Fiftieth fighting in one campaign after another, against the Mahrattas first, at Punniar, and later at Moodkee and at Ferozeshah. These two last battles took place in the Sikh War, and the natives, born warriors as they were—and still are—proved themselves formidable antagonists, for they outnumbered the British forces by more than three to one, and were well armed and clad in suits of chain armour.

At Moodkee the Sikhs were repulsed but not defeated, and they retired to their great entrenched camp at Ferozeshah, and this position was attacked again and again before it was captured.

Two more fierce battles were fought, at Aliwal and Sohraon, before the campaign came to an end, and at the second of these a soldier of the Fiftieth, Private Leonard Hall, succeeded in capturing a standard from the enemy.

Ten years later the regiment was back in India again, fighting against the mutineers of our own army, and it is strange to find that the Sikhs, once our bitter foes, remained loyal during all that long and terrible conflict, and fought side by side with British troops on many a battlefield.



"Macarthy was badly wounded just as he was helping to place a ladder in position."



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By William Rainey.

(Continued from page 259.)

ON one of the occasions when the two fishermen drew up at the railings to discharge a shot, and few people were in the vicinity, the taller of the two placed his face to the bars and addressed a sailor who, with others, was seated on the grass. 'Engelsche sailor-man,' he said. 'Wilt u een segar hebben?' and he took one from his pocket and offered it between the bars with an engaging smile.

'Don't mind if I do,' said the sailor, rising and going to the railings to take the offered cigar. 'One of the five a penny sort, I reckon,' he added.

'You're beastly particular,' said the Dutchman, much to the sailor's astonishment.

'What!' he exclaimed. 'Do you speak English?' 'A leetle,' said the Dutchman.

The sailor expressed the opinion that, 'It was jolly good English.' Whereat the fisherman, being much encouraged by this approval, said, pointing with his finger to a tall marine who stood some distance apart looking in the opposite direction, 'Engelsche sailor-man, see dat tall man over dar, tell him I speak to him.'

'Want to speak to that tall chap over there. All right.'

Presently the tall marine strolled towards the railings and said lazily, 'Well, Dutchy, what do you want?'

The fisherman stood grinning at him a moment, and then said, 'Fine day, Meester.'

'Perhaps so,' said the Marine.

'Wilt u een segar hebben?' and the fisherman brought out another cigar.

'Thank 'ee. You speak English?'

'A leetle,' was the reply. 'Goode morning—goode effning—goode nicht—how do you do—ver fine—absolutely. You not know me?'

'Know you? No, I don't know you. You're a rummy sort of beggar at any rate—look as if you'd walked off a poster.'

'You not know me?' said the Dutchman. 'You blithering idiot. You thick-skulled English water-rat. You've got no more sense in your fat head than you have in your long legs.'

The Marine was considerably astonished at this flow of English. 'No, I don't know you,' he said angrily. 'But if I was the other side of those railings, I'd punch your head.'

'Don't you know Phil U. Kinchin?' said the other, leaning towards him.

'Phil! It isn't you, is it? Good heavens!' and the cigar dropped from his fingers.

A grin of supreme enjoyment spread over Phil's features. He wagged his head, and spread wide his breeches. 'Won't own his own brother. What a cad!'

'What in the world are you doing here, got up like that?' said the Marine huskily.

'Oh, I only came to look through the bars and see the wild beasts fed. Do they give you plenty to eat, old man? You look pretty hearty.'

The Marine was speechless. He stooped mechanically and picked up the cigar, and put the wrong end in his mouth.

'No. But seriously, Dick. I have come to get you out of that.'

'You!' said Dick, almost savagely, as he regained his presence of mind. 'You've come to get yourself into a horrible mess: that's what you've come for. And what will Mother say to me?'

'Don't take it like that, Dick,' said Phil. 'I'm all right. I have given up getting into bothers. Slow and cautious is my motto now. I thought you'd want some one to lend a hand outside, if you didn't mean to stay in there till the war ends, or goodness knows how long.'

'Sheer off, there's somebody coming,' said Dick. 'I'll be back in a few minutes.'

'Dick,' said Phil in a loud whisper as, an officer having passed, his brother returned and walked up and down but did not come to a standstill in front of him, 'Dick, old chap—here, drop that whistling, Piet, I can't hear myself speak; or go further along and keep others from hearing—Dick, old chap, you haven't given your word, have you?'

'No, I haven't,' said Dick. 'Most of them have, and the Commandant tried to persuade me, but I didn't see the force of losing a sporting chance. No, I haven't given my word. But this is a mad idea of yours, Phil—you'll get into trouble. You always were a stupid young ass, Phil—always went at things head first. Do you remember that sliding plank on board the cargo-boat from Lisbon—he! he! You always were a stupid young ass. You never think. How often have I warned you—'

'And what about yourself, Dick? You never saw anything till you were up to your neck in it.'

'That's where you make a mistake. I'm one to go carefully, only I've been unfortunate. You've grown a lot, Phil, I don't think I should have known you, even if you hadn't got yourself up like a clown; but you don't seem to have any more discretion. You'll get yourself into no end of a hole.'

'Not a bit of it, old man, I'm as sly as a fox. I've got a boat waiting for you just beyond the harbour, and plenty of friends to help, and a snug place for you to lie low in on the other side of the Zuyder Zee, if you can get out.'

'They watch me,' said Dick; 'I've been unfortunate—been in chokey a month—only just let me out—last few days.'

'What for?' asked Phil.

'Oh, nothing—playing a concertina.'

'They don't put you in the cells for playing a concertina, do they?'

'Well, my chum was sawing a plank out, you see.'

'You were trying to escape, Dick?'

'That depended on what was the other side of the plank. However, we got nipped in the bud, and they've moved my chum to another place. You say you've got a boat. Whereabouts?'

'Yes, we've got a boat and two men, in the river half a mile below the harbour, and we can up-sail at a moment's notice, and if this wind holds we should be out into the Zuyder Zee in three or four hours.'

'Last time we tried it was a poor look-out,' said Dick, shaking his head. 'If we had got away all right, we only had eight-and-sixpence between us, and that was in English; besides, they keep a sharp look-out at the railway stations. I could get out right enough, we don't learn trench-digging for nothing—fact, I've started a tunnel, but what's the use of getting out if you can't get clear away? I'd chance a bullet if things looked likely. We shall have to turn in presently, so



I'll be moving. Can you come up here to-morrow? Good-bye, Phil, old chap—about this time.'

The next day the young Volendam fishermen were at the railings in a part of the enclosure where there were few people, and the Marine walked on the grass the other side. The formula of presenting a cigar was soon gone through. Dick asked, 'Who is your Dutch friend, Phil; is he to be trusted?'

Phil assured his brother of Piet's fidelity, and introduced him. Dick had not forgotten his early knowledge of Dutch, and had found it useful during his internment at Groningen; he conversed with Piet, and satisfied himself that there was nothing to fear in that quarter, then went straight to business. 'Phil, my boy,' he said, 'I've got a nice little tunnel; the Dutch soil works beautifully, it's like pot-mould. You see those long buildings right away at the further end. I'm not going to look round. Do you see them? The men sleep there. I don't, I'm in disgrace, and am locked in a little shack at the back of them of nights. The shacks are jerry-built concerns run up for an emergency—strong enough, you know, but the floor-boards are nice and convenient. I've got a tunnel from my shack to an old tool-house beyond, that backs on to the railings—it's only a distance of twenty feet. I spend a good part of the night in the tool-house for change of air. The sentry never troubles me after eleven o'clock. I always was fond of tools, though they're awkward to handle in the dark without making a noise. Two planks slip aside at the back of the shack and there are the railings. One of those railings is loose, the stone has got picked away on the inside, where it's leaded in at the base; it only wants a little persuasion, and it will slip aside. Understand?'

'I think I know the place at the back of the buildings,' said Phil. 'A path runs alongside the railings, and then there's a canal.'

'Quite right, my boy,' said Dick. 'You seem to be learning to use your eyes. There's six feet of grass beside the path, and then the bank drops into the canal. I shouldn't wonder if you noticed a bridge a hundred yards to the right, as I'm now standing.'

'Yes, I remember the bridge,' said Phil. 'We'll go and look at it presently.'

'Well, that's where I'll meet you a little after ten o'clock to-night. There's a sentry on duty near the bridge, and another at the end of the park railings, where they run round towards the town, and where at the opposite corner you'll see a café. The two sentries patrol that walk, and often meet in the middle near my tool-house for a little confab—it has been a source of annoyance to me. About half-past nine, when the streets are clearing, my sentry begins to yawn, and at ten when the café is closing, and the people turning out, he always finds himself at that corner for company's sake, just to see the last of the people before he settles down for the night; and the landlord brings him something across in a little glass before he bolts his door. That's my five minutes, you see. It's the best time of night on the whole, for though there's a possibility of meeting a straggler, the world is not so deadly quiet as it is later on. Now for the programme. I nip across the path into the grass, crawl along the canal edge till I get to the bridge; the water is in black shadow beneath, and three strokes will bring me to the other side. When you see a drowned rat come up the bank, you'll know it's your long-lost brother.'

On leaving the camp the boys explored the country lying between it and the river. They started from the bridge mentioned by Dick, and found Jan van Hankey and Hookey waiting with the boat. They had had a good run to Groningen, had sold their fish well, and were quite happy.

The bank formed a curve, which took them somewhat out of the way, but enabled them to avoid the many small creeks and ditches that cut up the lower land of the Polder, among which they might become entangled at night with disastrous results. Joining the bank of the canal was another on which was a footpath leading in the direction of the railway; these two banks made a V-shape junction a short distance from the bridge. At this point the two boys seated themselves in the long grass and disposed of some 'broodje met vleesch'—very substantial, but uninviting sandwiches. Phil pointed out the converging banks to his companion, and said, 'If you keep in the shelter of this bank you'll be well under cover, but don't go along the top whatever you do, you would be seen against the sky-line, for the nights are not very dark just now. There are no ditches in the way as we've seen, and you'll get down to the river just above the boat. You are to stick to my brother Dick and show him the way—never mind about me. If anything goes wrong, I shall take that arm of the bank toward the railway, and throw them off the scent, and then cut across country as best I can, and join you at the boat. Do you see? But I'm afraid of you, Piet. I tell you candidly I'm afraid of you, you've got no caution.'

'Afraid of me, what do you mean?' said Piet. 'I'm used to slipping about quietly enough.'

'I'm afraid you'll start whistling, and that would be fatal. Couldn't you put something in your mouth?'

'Chocolate?' suggested Piet.

'Don't last long enough,' Phil replied. 'A pebble's the thing, and keep sucking it.'

Phil sat revolving his plans in silence, whilst Piet hunted about for a satisfactory pebble, and experimented with it. As he placed it in a handy pocket for future use, he lapsed into general conversation.

'He's a big, strong fellow, your brother Dick.'

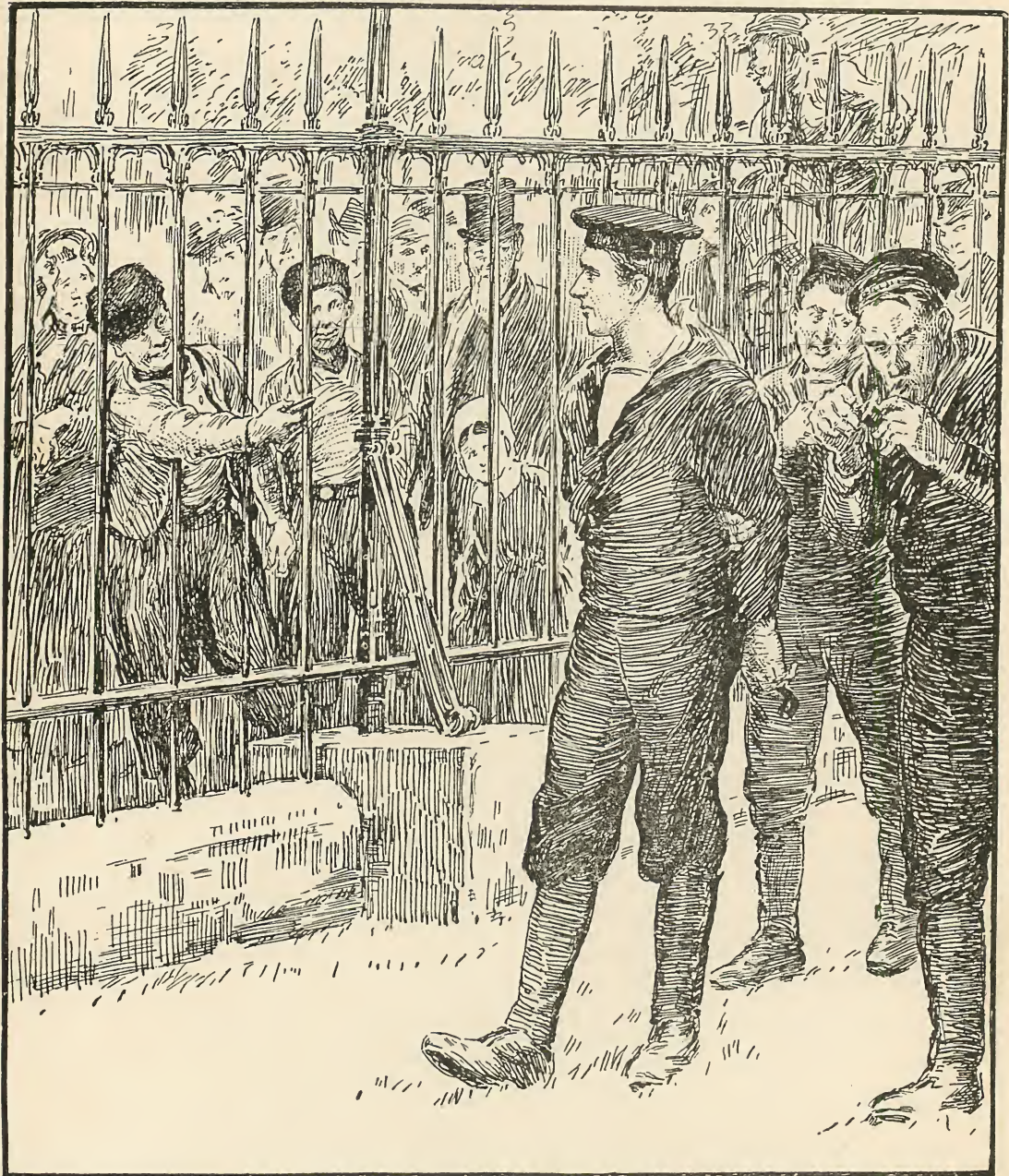
'Strong as a horse,' replied Phil, proudly, 'and as kind-hearted as a woman. When they had to clear out of Antwerp, he carried a little Belgian boy, who was hurt, sixteen miles, and the Germans were close on their heels. They had an awful time. Our men tried their best to save Antwerp, but they didn't stand a chance.'

'They'd serve us the same as the Belgians, Father says, if they hadn't got their hands full just at present, and if it didn't suit them better to let us alone, so that we could supply them with food. It seems hard lines that our Government should keep your men prisoners when they're our best friends.'

'It does,' Phil replied. 'But it's the rules of warfare—they've crossed the frontier of a neutral country, and must be interned till the end of the war. It's hard on them; they might be serving their country instead of eating their hearts out, and running to seed here, and they say the war will last three years; but it's the rules of warfare, and, of course, it's quite right, but I don't see why a man shouldn't escape if he can—that is, if he hasn't given his parole. If he gives his word of honour, and tries to escape, it's another thing, only a cad would do that, and he deserves to be shot.'

(Continued on page 274.)





"He offered a cigar with an engaging smile."





“A dripping figure rose and threw himself upon him.”



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 271.)

THE night was stormy, but not dark, the sky streaked with windy-looking clouds, and squalls of wind and rain passed over at intervals, for the moment obscuring everything, but it was not nearly so dark as Phil could have wished. Objects could be clearly distinguished on the sky-line—the trees moving in the breeze and bending when the gusts came, the gleam of the canal running westward, the dark lines of its banks, the windmills near the horizon—all could be made out, though the low-lying Polder looked black enough. The evening had dragged wearily, and now Phil and Piet lay in the long wet grass a stone's throw from the bridge. They had listened to the discordant clang as the quarter-hours rang out from a neighbouring church, reminding Phil of the night in Amsterdam when Vic and he had paced in front of Herr Lindemann's house with similar feelings to those that he was now experiencing.

They were at the extreme margin of the town, far removed from the busy, gas-lit streets, but the road crossing the bridge showed a few lights where the railings of the park ended and the houses began. Here occasionally some one passed, his foot-steps echoing in the empty street, but finally the sounds ceased, for the townsfolk went early to bed, or at any rate were early within doors in this quarter of the town. A dim glow hung over the internment camp till the bugle sounded, then darkness fell on it and only a few star-like points of light marked its locality. Near the corner where the railings turned to run parallel with the canal, a sentry was posted, and the glint of his rifle was seen as he passed by one of the points of light; the corner itself was in darkness.

They lay listening to the swish of the small trees near at hand when a gust of wind swept over, and the faint hiss of the flags at the canal's edge the whistle of a railway engine and the rumble of the train as it passed a mile away seemed loud and near; then the frogs set up a chorus of croaking in the Polder beneath, and a peewit uttered its lonely cry.

At the first resounding clang of the chimes announcing ten o'clock, Phil started nervously. The boys' eyes were fixed intently on the rail of the bridge, just distinguishable in the gloom, and they strained them looking into the blackness that lay beneath. At that moment a footfall was heard on the paved road, and a dark figure advanced with leisurely step toward the bridge, and, as he appeared against the sheen of the water, they saw the outline of a military shako and the epaulettes of an officer.

To their dismay the officer came to a halt on their side of the bridge, as if he had reached the limit of his promenade and was in no hurry to retrace his steps; with great deliberation he lit a cigarette and dropped the match into the water. What could be done? Before the question was fully formed in Phil's mind, and before the dazzle of the match had left the officer's eyes, a dripping figure rose from the bank at his feet and threw himself upon him. Dick was no light weight, and the officer, taken completely by surprise, doubled up like a carpenter's rule and disappeared down the side of the bank and Dick with him.

Phil sprang forward crying 'This way, Dick. Quick!'

In an instant Dick was on his feet and the three were scampering through the long grass on the bank-side in the direction of the river before the officer had well realised whether he had been in the grip of a man or in the watery embrace of a polar bear. He was not long, however, in recovering himself, and drawing a whistle from his pocket he blew shrilly. Hatless and breathless he scrambled up the bank and looked round; there was no trace of his assailant, he had been swallowed by the darkness as suddenly as he had sprung from it. Again the officer whistled, and there came an answering whistle from the camp. Then a shout near at hand, and the sound of hurrying feet on the street. Presently the two sentries came over the bridge at the double.

'Alarm the camp,' cried the officer, enraged at the rough handling he had received. 'Alarm the camp—it's escaped prisoners, quick! They went this way along the bank. No, there goes one!'

A dark figure was seen against the sky-line, running along a bank to the right.

'He's making for the railway,' roared the excited officer. 'Fire.'

As the alarm-bell commenced clanging two rifle-shots rang out. The flying figure on the bank was seen to fling up his arms and fall.

The mast-head light of the Volendam boat was showing distinctly as two figures stumbled and ran along the river's bank. As they drew near, the dark hull showed with Hookey standing ready to hoist the sail and Jan at the plank to give them a hand as they crossed. The clatter of the alarm-bell, the halloaing, and the screech of whistles continued, and lights were appearing and moving in their direction. 'Here you are—steady,' and the two were aboard.

'Where's the young Englander?' asked Jan. Dick and Piet looked around, then at each other, and started to return to the shore, but a voice sang from out the darkness, 'Ship ahoy!' and Phil appeared, carrying his wooden shoes in his hand. He threw the shoes into the boat and crawled over the plank, panting for breath. 'Those things are no good for sprinting,' he cried; 'twisted my foot. Let her go, Hankey.'

The ropes creaked, the rings rattled, and the sail flapped. 'Up with her.' Van Hankey ran to the tiller and left Hookey to up-haul the bow-sail; it filled with a puff, and the boat moved off finely.

'Dick, old fellow, you're wet through. How that officer did go down—I could laugh fit to kill myself if I had any breath left. You must strip all those things off, you'll get a horrid cold. Cook, get the galley fire going, "Wat Luk!" as Betje would say.'

'Look here, young fellow,' said Dick, 'I've got a bone to pick with you. If I thought you went along that other bank and exposed yourself to draw their fire, I'd give you a good licking.' But Dick did not carry out his threat, he gave Phil a grip of the hand instead that made him wince, remarking, 'You always were a young stupid.'

As the boat bowled along they watched the lights moving on the banks and now showing in the harbour, the bell still clanged, and presently a new sound was distinguished—a regular throbbing that seemed to draw nearer.

'Motor-boat,' said Phil, his face lengthening. Van Hankey had heard it too, and knew what it meant; he looked at the sails, they were filling out bravely and he



could do no more. They were slipping through the water at a good pace; but the motor-boat would overhaul them in ten minutes. A mile further on there was a bend in the river that would bring the boat full into the wind, giving them a great advantage, if they could reach it before being overtaken; but even that would only prolong the chase a few minutes.

'They'll be alongside in a bit,' said Hookey. 'What are we going to do?'

'They're not coming aboard my boat,' said Van Hankey, standing like a statue at the tiller. 'The Englanders had best go into the cabin; but they are not coming aboard my boat.'

(Continued on page 286.)

### THE FAIRIES' CAULDRON.

IN Frensham—one of the tiniest villages in Surrey—which consists of little more than a church and a row of cottages, there is a very quaint object to be seen. In the tower of the church is guarded an enormous cauldron of beaten brass, about which many legends are still known.

None of the villagers can tell how old it is, but they have many stories to account for its presence in their midst. Some call it the 'Fairies' Cauldron,' and declare that it was a gift from the wee folk; and others tell an interesting folk-tale in which the cauldron is connected with a great 'magic' stone that used to lie near the church. In the olden days, so they say, if any mortal wanted to borrow, he had only to make his way to the big stone and knock thereon, at the same time calling out the name of the object for which he wished, and adding a promise to return it within a year. Then, so the story goes, a voice would reply, telling the borrower when to return, and assuring him that his wish should be granted; and—it always was!—Until the day when the cauldron was borrowed. Then, the borrower of the cauldron is said to have forgotten his part of the bargain; the year passed by, and he did not return the loan. When he *did*, at long last, carry the cauldron back to the magic stone, with apologies for the delay, there was no answer; no one replied, and after that time no further wishes were granted. The spell had been broken owing to the ingratitude of one of the borrowers!

That is *one* story as it is told; but there is a third explanation, and perhaps a more likely one of the existence of the cauldron. Some say that it was the property long ago of a 'wise woman,' commonly spoken of in the district as the White Witch! Mother Ludlam, lived in times gone past in a large sandstone cave a mile or two from Frensham Church, and there she mixed her philtres, boiled herbs, and brewed love potions for the villagers, who flocked to her when remedies were needed. It is said that she was a good-hearted 'witch,' who would even 'lend her pots and cooking implements to the poor housewives of the parish,' and that the cauldron was loaned by her to a careless borrower.

Perhaps this last story is the most likely of the three tales that are told. Certainly the treasure is often spoken of as the 'Witch's Cauldron;' but it is probable that as long as it exists the strange relic in Frensham Church will be surrounded with a cloud of semi-mystery.

### MUSIC IN FRENCH SLANG.

MUSICAL readers of *Chatterbox* cannot approve of the way in which musical terms are sometimes used by our French neighbours. They call a police-cell a 'violon,' the window-bars being compared to the strings of a fiddle. To file through the bars is to play the violin ('jouer du violon') or to play on the harp ('jouer de la harpe'). 'Psalterion' is an old name for the stocks: thus the expression, 'Mettre en psalterion,' means to be put in the stocks. 'Violoné' is Parisian slang for 'poor,' used to describe, not a respectable poor person, but one just let out of prison. 'Couper la musette de quelqu'un' means to cut somebody's throat, 'musette' being *argot* (slang) for 'voice.' An informer of a certain class is called by the thieves a 'musicien,' and 'passer à la musique' is to be brought into the presence of the informer for the purpose of identification. 'Musiquer' is a card-sharper's term for the dishonest trick of marking a card with the nail.

### GRANDPAPA.

WHEN I go out with Grandpapa  
I never take my toys,  
Because I must be very good  
And make no kind of noise;  
But all the way I'm thinking hard  
What things I'll do some day,  
When I'm as old as Grandpapa,  
And just as tall and grey!

When I go out with Grandpapa  
We walk a little while,  
And then, perhaps, I hear him laugh,  
And then I see him smile;  
And then he says, 'I'm thinking of  
The things I used to do  
When I was once a little boy  
The very size of you!'

ETHEL TALBOT.

### TWO FAMOUS OAK-TREES.

ABOUT a mile outside the old town of Shrewsbury there stands a very interesting and ancient tree known as 'Glendower's Oak.' It is quite hollow, and tradition declares that there is room for eight people to take cover inside its huge trunk. It stands in the private grounds of a large house, but, in years gone by at any rate, permission was always granted to passers-by to walk through the gardens and stand inside the old tree. 'Here,' I used to be told as a child, 'Owen Glendower stood to watch the battle!' I expect it was from one of the stray branches.

Another famous old oak-tree is the 'King's Oak,' which stands in the little Surrey village of Tilford. It is said to be between seven hundred and a thousand years old, and is mentioned in an old charter so far back as 1128. In the days of Henry of Blois, this same oak, the 'Kynghoc,' was an important landmark; and in 1853, when the village green on which it stands was placed under the Enclosure Act, in the hands of trustees, the 'old oak tree growing there' was reserved as a possession for 'the Bishop of London and his successors.'

ETHEL TALBOT.





A Picture Puzzle.—Blue Beard: Find his Wives.

### BURIED CITIES.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

#### IX.—THE CITIES OF CENTRAL ASIA.

WE have seen many of the buried cities of Asia already, for our travels have taken us past the great mounds of Nineveh and Babylon, to rock-hewn Petra, to Palmyra, Baalbec and Jerusalem and southward to the mountains and jungles of India and Ceylon. One would think that all the hidden wonders must be exhausted, but this is very far from being the case, and now, starting out on a new journey from Damascus, perhaps, or, on some star-lit Arabian night, from Baghdad itself, we will make our way across the lands that once formed the empire of Parthia.

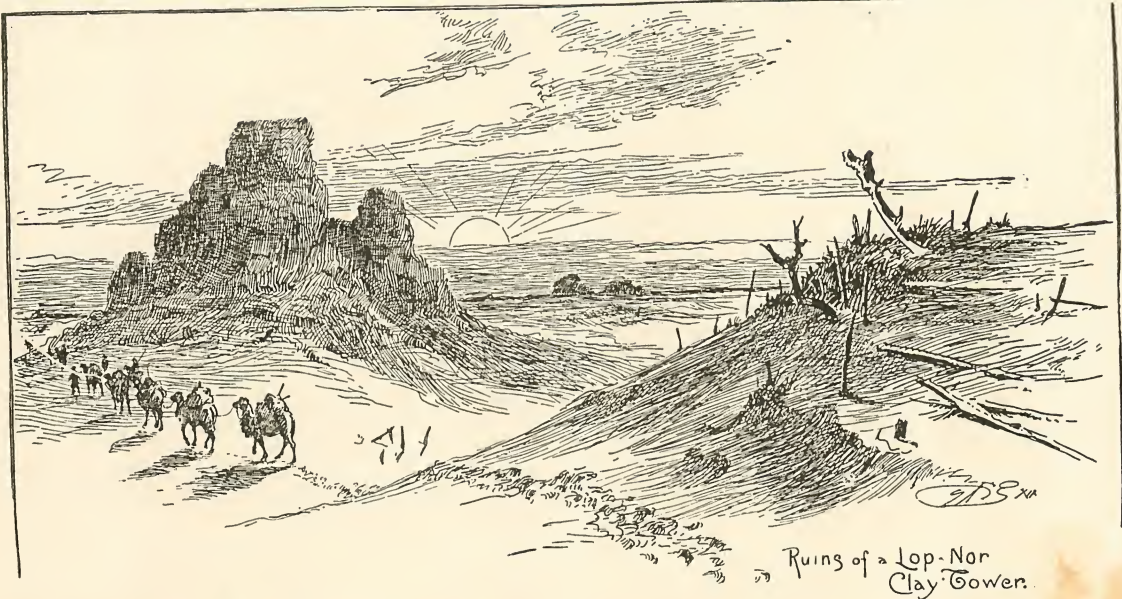
'Parthians, Medes, Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia,' we all know the long list of peoples who were gathered together at Jerusalem one Pentecost day nearly two thousand years ago, but, to many of us, these have been merely names—strange, unfamiliar names—and nothing more. It is very difficult to realise that each one represents a nation, which, once upon a time, was great and powerful, with customs, characteristics, interests, ambitions and traditions of its own. The Parthians, for example, who head the list, were a very strong

and important race indeed, for, on that first Whit-Sunday Parthia was a rival of Imperial Rome, and its kings ruled over a dominion that stretched from the Euphrates to the Indus, and was as large as France, Germany Austria and European Turkey, all put together.

A great nation, truly, and yet, powerful and important as they once were, the Parthians seem to have vanished completely. They were a warlike race, we are told, of Tartar origin, akin to the Huns, but, although civilised to a certain extent, they had no arts or literature of their own, and so had little of value to bequeath to the generations that were to come. They seem to have been fond of luxury, however, and the courts of their princes were noted for lavish outlay and barbaric splendour, but the statues and pictures with which palaces and temples were decked, were all either the work of foreign artists or else clumsy imitations of Greek and Persian masterpieces.

The Parthian sculptures which have been unearthed in different parts of Western Asia are strangely like the uncouth reliefs of the Hittites, and, indeed, the two races seem to have resembled each other in many ways. Their heavy features, peaked caps, weapons and implements were similar, and both were noted warriors and horsemen.





Ruins of a Lop-Nor  
Clay Tower.

The most important city of Parthia appears to have been Hatra, or El Hadhr, and from the first century, B.C. onward for about three hundred years it was a prosperous, populous place, strongly fortified and with a great temple dedicated to the god of the sun.

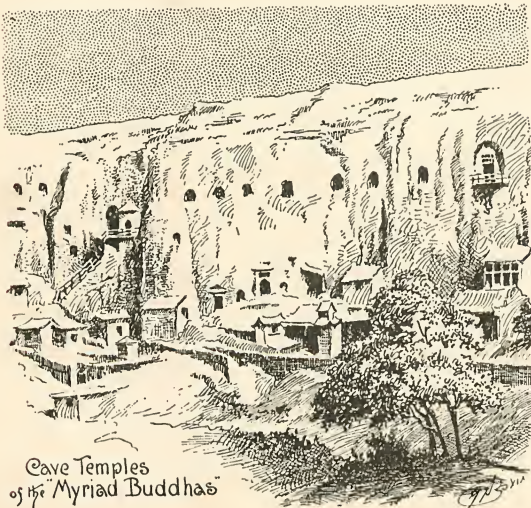
By 363 A.D. however, it had become ruinous, and writers of that time describe it as being 'long since deserted.' In this condition it remained for many centuries, but lately excavators have been at work, the old walls and foundations have been discovered, and we are able to picture, rather vaguely, it is true, what a Parthian city was like.

Hatra was built in the shape of a circle and was a mile in diameter, it was enclosed by a strong wall, built of

square stones and more than ten feet wide, and at intervals along this wall there were watch-towers. There were four gates, the principal one facing north, and outside it were two detached forts guarding the entrance of the city.

Within the walls of Hatra a canal or water-course divided the town into parts, the eastern half being used as a burying-ground, while to the west were dwelling-houses, temples, and palaces.

Other Parthian remains have been found at Warka and there are reliefs and rock-hewn statues in different districts, but little has been found that tells us anything of the home life and customs of this strange people. It is difficult to realise that Hatra belongs to the same period as Pompeii, and that its uncouth wall pictures were



Cave Temples  
of the Myriad Buddhas

From 'Ruins of Desert Cathay' by Sir M. Aurel Stein.

[By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.]



Excavating  
a Niya homestead.

Note: Trunks of dead mulberry-trees



new and fresh when the exquisite paintings and reliefs of Memphis and Thebes were already thousands of years old.

From Parthia we go northward to Georgia, or Karthli, as it used to be called, and there, sheltered by the Caucasus mountains, find Mtskheta, which proudly claims to be the oldest city in the whole world, and was, so tradition says, founded by Mtskhetha, the son of Karthli, who gave his name to the country, and was, himself, the great-grandson of Japhet, son of Noah.

There is little left now of the ancient Mtskheta, but new cities were built above the old and this place was important until the fourth century, when Tiflis became the capital. There are squalid huts now, with sculptured stones built into the walls to remind us of the splendours of the past, but Georgia has had a great history and one of its princes, who claimed Noah as his ancestor, fought at the battle of the Beresina little more than a hundred years ago.

We must go on now, continuing our journey across plains and mountain ranges until at last we come to the great table-land of the Pamir, or Roof-of-the-World, and there, among drifting sands and waterless lakes and river-beds, other ancient cities are to be found, cities that for many centuries have been entirely lost and forgotten.

We have already visited sand-buried cities in Egypt and Nubia, but in those countries the desert has gradually drifted over the ancient buildings when they had already been forsaken, hiding the ruins beneath a golden mantle and preserving sculptures and paintings from damage or destruction. In Central Asia, however, the sand itself has been a terrible and devouring force, which, as the rivers that once watered the country disappeared, has swept onward, driving the people from their habitations and covering houses, fields and orchards beneath its relentless waves.

It is a wild, uncanny place, this great desert of Lop-Nor, with its whirling clouds of dust, its howling winds and strange echoes: a haunted place, the natives believe it to be, and they tell tales of goblins, ghosts and evil spirits that have been encountered in its desolate wilds. We find these tales repeated by many travellers both in mediæval and modern times.

'In that sand is neither water nor any green thing, and you hear almost always shrill whistles and shouts. It often happens that men get lost there, for the place is the abode of evil spirits.'

These words were written by a Chinese explorer, many years ago, in the year 1250, and the Venetian, Marco Polo, who crossed the 'Roof-of-the-World' only a few years later, says, 'There is a marvellous thing related of this desert, which is that travellers when on the march by night, and one of them chances to drop behind, or to fall asleep, or the like, when he tries to regain his company, he will hear spirits talking—sometimes the spirits will call him by name, and thus shall a traveller frequently be led astray so that he never finds his party.'

Another old-time explorer, a monk, who made a journey through this ghostly wilderness, relates how he repeated the Creed to himself as a protection against the demons with which the region was haunted.

During the last five-and-twenty years, the Lop-Nor has been visited by two travellers, and as they have both written accounts of their experiences and explorations, it is possible for us, in imagination, to follow in their footsteps across the trackless wastes of Khotan and Lop-Nor and to find out something about the strange cities

which for many centuries have been dead and buried and forgotten.

Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish traveller, was the first to make the long journey to the Roof-of-the-World, and he tells how he heard rumours of the lost cities and then actually saw their ruins.

This was in 1893, and a few years later the great archæologist, Sir Aurel Stein, explored the same districts and began his work of excavation.

Khotan, on the southern brink of the great desert, was one ancient metropolis which has disappeared, but we know a good deal about it, from Chinese travellers who went there long ago when the place was at the height of its prosperity and importance.

One of these visitors tells us that Khotan was wealthy and flourishing in the year 460 A.D. that the inhabitants were devoted to the worship of Buddha and that the women, instead of being secluded in Eastern fashion, rode on camels and horses and shared in feasts, even when strangers were present.

More than eight hundred years later another Chinaman went to Khotan and he describes a great festival which took place while he was there.

'On the first day of the fourth month,' he says, 'the town was put through a great cleansing, and the streets, market-places, and driving-ways were sprinkled with water. The gate of the city was hung with carpets and perfumed draperies, and the King and Queen took their seats under an awning outside the gate.' He then goes on to relate how a procession approached, escorting an image of Buddha which was carried on a great, four-wheeled chariot adorned with banners, ribbons and divers ornaments. When this chariot drew near to the city gate, the King went forward, barefoot, bearing perfumes and flowers, and knelt down, laying these offerings at the feet of the god while the Queen and ladies of her court flung blossoms over the image and the chariot.

When Sven Hedin reached Khotan he searched for some trace of the vanished city, but could find nothing, although he heard many legends of sand-buried ruins and of great cities with their inhabitants that had been overwhelmed and destroyed.

Stein, however, a few years later, searching the district with the trained eye and mind of an archæologist, discovered that the ancient capital is buried beneath the village of Yotkan not far away, and describes how the discovery of old manuscripts and other antiquities has given a clue to the existence and whereabouts of many hidden treasures.

But Khotan, old as it is, seems to be modern compared with other desert cities, for even in the thirteenth century, the Chinese traveller who described the Buddhist festival, tells how, afterwards, he continued his journey eastward into the great desert of Lop-Nor where 'towns lie in ruins and are overgrown with wild plants.'

Sven Hedin and Stein both pushed on in the same direction, and they describe a buried city called Niya which was abandoned as long ago as the third century since Christ, but which has been preserved, by the drifting sand, as the temples of Egypt have been preserved, so that manuscripts are still legible and the paintings which decked the walls are still fresh and bright.

Niya, like Khotan, was a Buddhist city and many images and little clay figures are found. The houses and shrines are frail structures of wood, reeds and plaster, but, hidden under the sand dunes, they have survived through nearly twenty centuries, and the withered fruit-



trees and flowers with which they were surrounded can still be seen. Nothing very valuable is found in the houses and temples, for it is evident that the city was abandoned gradually as the desert encroached and the streams dried up, and the people carried their treasures and many of their possessions away with them. Enough is left, however, to show us something of the lives and homes of these mysterious people, of whose history we know so little, for a carved wooden chair has been discovered, and there are all sorts of cooking pots and pans, agricultural implements, and even some quaint little reed brooms that were used to sweep the floors in that dusty city nearly two thousand years ago.

Sir Aurel Stein describes how he examined a great rubbish heap at Niya and unearthed many strange things that had been flung away as worthless by the inhabitants of the city, but which were now looked upon as treasures that might, perhaps, furnish some clue that would be of value to archaeologists. Woollen and silk rags were discovered from that ancient dustbin, together with scraps of embroidered leather, lacquer-work and implements of horn and wood. Quite at the bottom of the pile was some corn, still tied together into sheaves, and near by were the bodies of two little mice that had died while they were stealing the grain, all those thousands of years ago.

We have all heard of the 'Unchanging East,' and we remember how, in Egypt and India, the homes of the people, their clothes and their food and their customs have hardly altered within the memory of man. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in sand-buried Niya the little houses are very like the peasants' huts in the Turkestan of to-day and that the tools and cooking utensils are almost identical.

Further north other ruins have been discovered, some of them more than two hundred miles from any stream or well, and far away to the east, near the great frontier wall of China, which was built two thousand years ago to protect the empire from the Huns, Sir Aurel Stein came upon a sacred city with rock-hewn chambers and temples decorated with wonderful frescoes and sculptures. In one walled-up chapel there were ancient manuscripts written on slabs of wood that had been stored away there for no less than nine hundred years.

### WAIF, THE MONGREL.

(Concluded from page 266.)

THAT night the dog was cold without any straw, and slept very little. Several lonely days and cold nights passed, and Waif was still treated unkindly. By degrees he lost his hope, and day by day wagged his tail more feebly. Now and again his master took him out for a run. How Waif enjoyed the freedom! But rough words and cruel blows came again, until he was in despair. His heart grew hard. His eyes lost their bright look and became quite sulky. He moped all day long, and cringed when his master came near him.

At length, one day his master beat him for not looking brighter. Waif sprang at him and tore a piece out of his coat. For this he was beaten harder than ever before. That night, lying stiff and bruised in his box, he made up his mind to run away—where, he did not know.

The next day, when his master had gone, Waif waited some time and then tried to jump over the wall. But

his body ached and his legs seemed weak, and he could not do it.

After he had failed three times, a bright idea came to him. He jumped first on to the box, and then it was easy.

Once over the wall, Waif ran as hard as he could. He came to a wide road where he had to dodge people, carts, and motor-cars. On and on he ran, until at last he could run no longer, but fell to a trot. Then, as hunger and weariness came upon him, his trot became a walk. Soon he felt he must rest.

Down a clean street he smelt dinner cooking. He sniffed eagerly in the air, and followed the scent until it brought him to a crack under a front door. He lay down on the white doorstep with his nose as near the crack as he could get it.

'Why, here's a poor dog on our step!' said a little voice.

'Don't go near it, Mary,' said another little voice; 'it might bite.'

Looking round, Waif saw a girl and boy standing behind him. They looked kind and happy.

'He won't hurt us, John,' said the girl; 'he looks too tired and thin. Why, look, you can count his ribs!'

So saying she came up to Waif, and, bending down, stroked his head gently. 'Poor doggie,' she said, in a kind voice, and Waif wagged his tail for joy.

John rattled the letter-box, and a cheerful lady, wearing a snow-white apron, opened the door. Mary told her how the dog had been lying on the step with his nose at the crack under the door, and her mother said he might come inside.

John made a cosy corner near the fire with some old cloth, and soon Waif was enjoying a good meal of bread soaked in warm milk and water. He even had a piece of meat.

The kindness of his new friends made him forget his aching body, and he began to look a little more cheerful.

'Do let us keep him for always, Mother, dear,' said Mary.

'Yes, do, Mother, darling,' said John. 'His tail has such a nice wag!'

'Suppose some one comes and claims him?' she replied; 'we should have to give him up then. I'll ask Father when he comes home.'

In the evening Waif ran to the door with his young friends.

'Hello!' said a deep, pleasant voice. 'What's this?'

Mary told all about the dog being found on the step, and ended by saying, 'May we keep him?'

'What does Mother think?' asked their father.

'I said I'd ask you about it,' said their mother, coming up at the time.

'Well, I think we might, then,' said their father, and Waif, knowing he had found a home and a kind master at last, felt a new dog already.

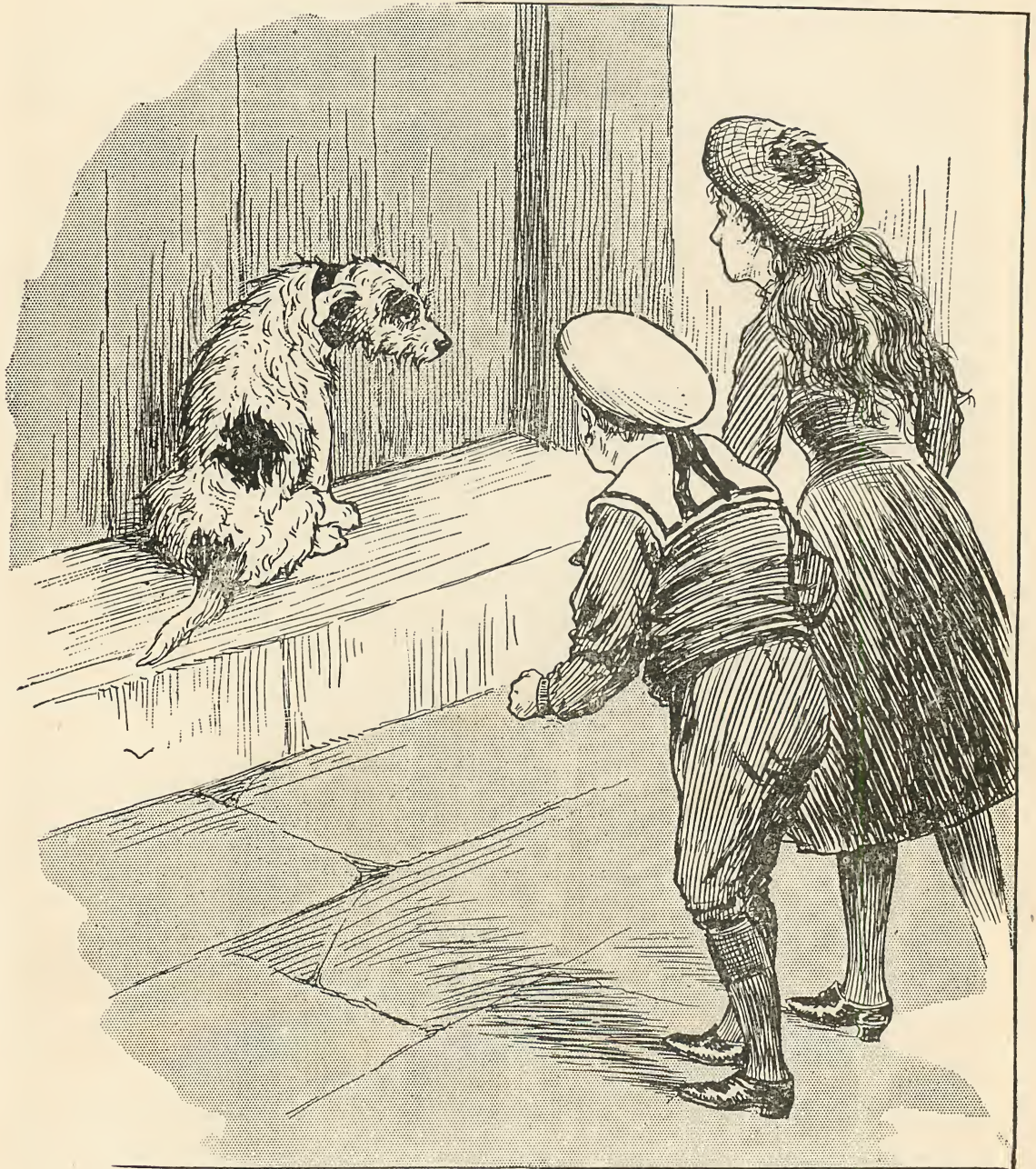
Kind words and looks, and good food, soon made him happy again. A warm bath cleaned his shaggy coat. His ribs disappeared, and his eyes sparkled brightly. His old master would not have known him had they met. Indeed, Waif soon forgot all about him, though sometimes when he heard a gruff voice in the street a feeling of fear came over him. But this stopped in time.

He grew to love his new master with all his doggy heart, and knew his step far off down the street.

If you should see a very bright and happy dog—not handsome, but cheerful—that, I expect, is Waif.

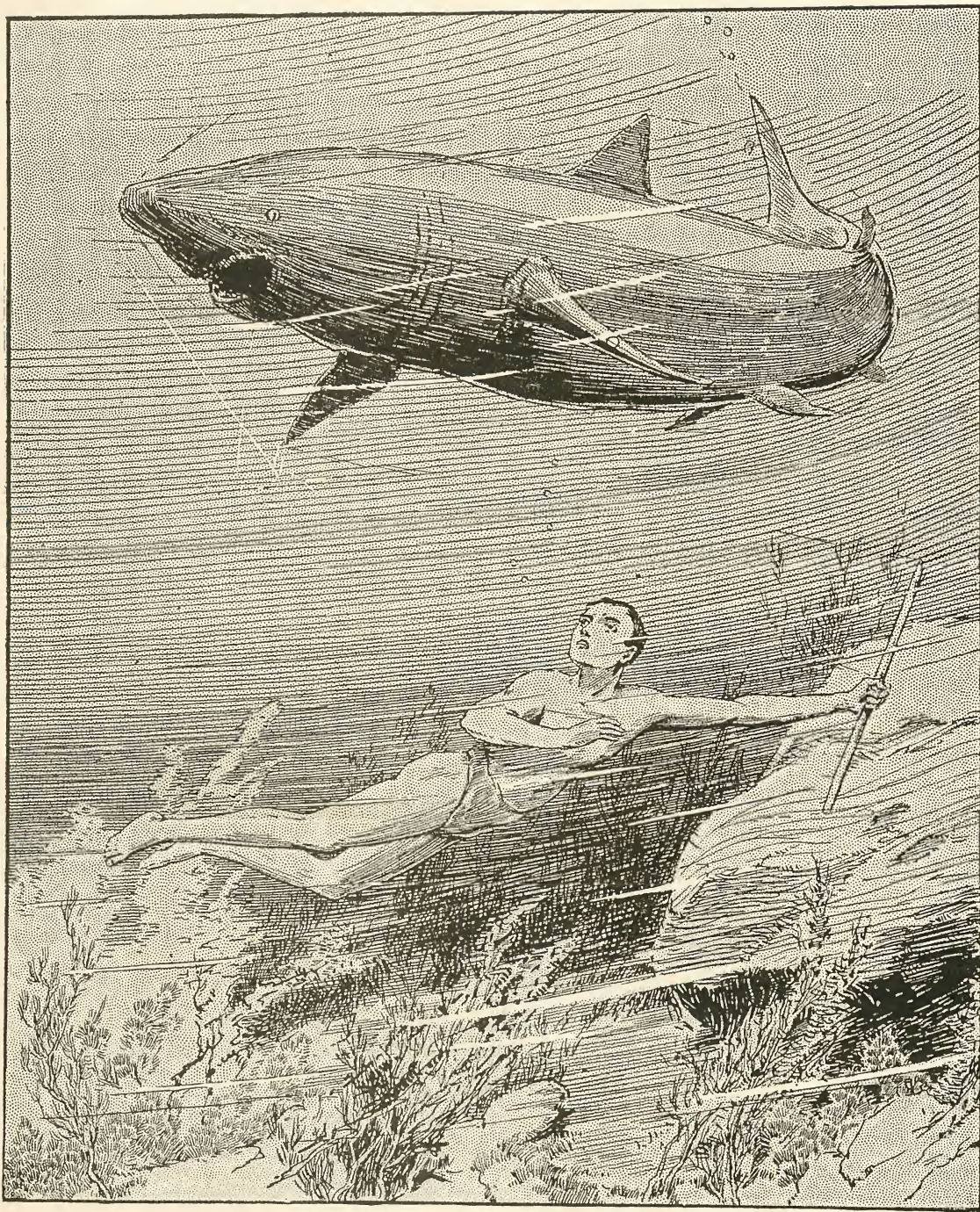
A. K. LOCKINGTON.





“ ‘Why, here’s a poor dog on our step. ’ ”





"He hovered above the man."



## THE DIVER'S STORY.

**P**ABLO OCHON was a diver for pearls who once had a very alarming experience.

There was a sunken rock which was *supposed* to have around it quantities of large pearl-oysters. But until Pablo made the attempt, no one had succeeded in sounding this rock. Pablo, however, *did* so far succeed, and, in order to procure (as he thought) some of the oldest and biggest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms of water. But he was disappointed. After swimming several times round the rock (which was not a very large one), and finding no oysters, the pearl-diver thought that he might as well return to the surface of the water. Before doing so, he looked upwards—as divers do—to see if the coast was clear.

It was *not*! To Pablo's horror, there was a watching sea-monster—called a 'tinterero' or ground-shark—immediately above him, at a distance of three or four yards.

What was to be done? The monster blocked the way up, and though Pablo carried the usual double-pointed stick as a defence against sharks, that was useless in the case of such an enormous creature as this, which could have swallowed man and stick together.

There was little time for thought. The diver, who, when telling the tale, owned that he felt 'rather nervous,' swam round to the other side of the rock. In vain! His enemy was not going to be put off in that way. Still it hovered above the man, as a hawk hovers over a poor little bird. Its large, round, inflamed eyes were fixed upon its intended victim, and its huge, horrible mouth opened and shut—opened and shut—as if it were already in imagination devouring its prey.

Now what should he do, thought Pablo. Should he let himself be drowned, or eaten? There seemed to be no other alternative. He had now been under water for so long a time that he could scarcely breathe. Suddenly a happy idea struck him. He had observed on one side of the rock a sandy patch, and to this he swam with all possible speed, accompanied, of course, by his too-attentive attendant. As soon as he reached the spot, he began to stir up the sand with his pointed stick. A thick cloud arose, hiding the man from the tinterero and the tinterero from the man. Under cover of this cloud, Pablo, exerting all his remaining strength, swam upwards in a slanting direction, and reached the surface in safety, but utterly exhausted. Fortunately, he came up close to one of the boats, and some of the men in her, promptly grasping the situation, jumped overboard, and made a mighty splashing to frighten the enemy away, while Pablo was drawn into the boat, feeling, as he said, more dead than alive.

## SYRIAN CHILDREN.

**I** WONDER what you think about the children in Syria. I expect you know better than to say, 'Why, they are black!' as I was told more than once. They are not black, but very much like English boys and girls in looks, some of them very fair with blue eyes and golden hair, others dark with brown eyes and olive skins, but you won't find any blacks amongst them. Some are descended from the Crusaders, and some may say they are related to us here in England.

I want to tell you a little about them. The village

children have no toys unless they are given as prizes in the schools, but they don't seem to want them. They begin very early to help their parents, the girls fill their pitchers at the springs, and learn to make bread, and boys and girls carry their little brothers and sisters about. I wonder if you ever kept silkworms, and fed them on lettuce leaves? In Syria the people keep silkworms for a living, and boys and girls are kept busy filling sacks with mulberry leaves to feed the silkworms. Then the children take the cows to pasture and bring them in in the evening. Many a little mountain boy is a shepherd; he looks picturesque with his scarlet coat made of dyed goat's hair, and either a red fez on his head or a little white cotton cap full of many stitches that his mother has made for him.

Boys in Syria are rather spoilt, and generally get the best things given to them. If you were to take a walk in Syria over the mountains in the early spring you would see boys and girls ploughing. They use quite a different plough to those in England: the Eastern plough is a one-handed wooden one, so it is easier to guide. Then the corn has to be taken to the mill to grind, so the children take it in sacks on the back of a donkey or mule.

I am sure you would like to know what some of the children are called. What do you think of 'Leopard,' 'Lion,' 'Tiger'—you would find these names in Syria. The parents give these names to their children as charms to keep off the 'evil eye' they say. But there are pretty names too. We have many precious stones, Pearls, Diamonds, Emeralds, and then there are Sun, Moon, and Star, for girls' names, but they are much prettier in the Arabic language. Then some of the children whose parents belong to the Greek Orthodox Church are called after the Saints in the Russian Calendar, and many of the boys after the Emperor of Russia—Nikola. There are Olgas called after the Grand Duchess Olga, and Tekla, and Catherine, or Katrin as it is in Arabic. There are many Marias in the Arabic form of Mariam. Sometimes a boy and a girl will have the same name, such as Said (happy) the feminine of this is Saidie, and then we have Shafik (compassionate) for a boy and Shafika the girl's name, and so on. When the parents have been in America or in England or have heard or read much English, we find Victorias and Edwards—but the commonest boy's name in Syria among the Christians is Gergius or George, as St. George is also the patron saint of Syria, and in many a house in the land you will see wonderful coloured pictures of St. George on a prancing horse slaying the Dragon. Amongst the Druzes we find Jamil and Jamilie, Fareed and Fareedy, the first meaning beautiful, the second a pearl. Then we have flowers: Rose, but this is only a girl's name, we have no boy roses. Carnation, also a girl's name. Fruit—Apple, Peach, are also to be found amongst the Christians.

The Moslem children usually have abstract nouns for their names, such as Adieb and Adiebie (polite). There are many Mohammeds amongst the boys and Fatimas amongst the girls. Then there are very poetical names such as Fuad (heart's dearest) for a boy. Aaziz and Aazizie (darling), Habib (beloved) and the feminine Habooba.

Perhaps you say, 'Don't they ever play games?' Sometimes they do; a favourite one is called 'A salad.' Some one says, 'Now I am going to make a salad, but I



want oil, vinegar, lettuce, cucumber, onion, &c.' Each one taking the name of some vegetable necessary to the making of a salad. Then the one who is, say, oil, says 'There is oil but there is no vinegar,' then vinegar takes up the refrain, 'There is vinegar but there is no tomato,' and so on. You probably think what a slow game. 'Don't they play cricket, or football, or hockey?' No they don't run about as much as English children. The little Syrian babies are not allowed to use their limbs like English babies, they are tied up like North American papooses, so naturally their limbs are a bit stiff, but in the schools they are taught drill and learn to play games.

One game the girls are very fond of and that is pretending to be a bride. They choose the prettiest girl amongst their playfellows, and dress her up as a bride with flowers in her hair, and then sing a wedding chant.

The boys usually play marbles with bones, and some of the shepherd-boys amuse themselves with playing on the reed flute.

Syrian children do not have regular meals, but take a 'morsel' when they are hungry. They eat bread and olives, raisins, or dried figs in the winter, and 'leberry,' a sort of cream cheese made of goat's milk. What they like very much is this leberry spread on a thin wafer-like large 'loaf' and then rolled round in the form of a cornucopia, this they call an 'aarovs' or 'bride.' Any nice thing is called a bride in Syria. In the summer they eat grapes, figs, pomegranates, and prickly pears, not often meat. The children take what they want in the house whenever they are hungry. Once a little boy who was accustomed to do this went to help in a mission school, and when he was hungry he went to the larder and helped himself, and he was very much surprised to hear that this was stealing. He did not understand European customs; he had always taken 'a morsel' when he was hungry, so he thought it was quite all right to go on with his home habits.

Perhaps you want to know what the houses are like in Syria. Sometimes there is only one room, the door is always kept open during the day to welcome any one in. The 'beds' are just mattresses piled up in a recess in the wall hidden by a curtain, and these are taken down at night and spread on the floor on a mat made of rushes instead of a carpet. They have a number of little pillows, sheets, and a 'lehaf' or quilted quilt, but no blankets.

The staircase is stone outside the house; the people sleep on their roofs, which are flat, in the summer. And on the roof they spread to dry in the sun, the corn, figs, and grapes which they so much enjoy.

Perhaps some day you will go and see them. They would be very glad to see you, and welcome you to their beautiful land with its blue skies and sunshine.

G. M. D.

#### WHAT A WORD OF PRAISE DID.

**A** LAND-OWNER in the Highlands of Scotland formerly was distressed by the indolence and untidiness of his tenants, who took no pains whatever to keep their little homes and gardens in order. He was always talking to the people about this, but his scoldings and 'preachments' had not the least effect.

One day he went to see a lady who also was the

owner of some land. But how different in appearance was her property from his own! Here, every cottage garden was gay with flowers, all the little houses were clean and neat.

When the visitor, in surprise, inquired how this happy state of things had been brought about, the lady told him that it all began with her appreciation of one single flower.

'One day,' she said, 'when I happened to be visiting one of my cottagers, I observed in the rough, neglected piece of ground behind the house, a marigold blooming amidst a crowd of weeds. I said to the cottager, "What a beautiful marigold you have there!" The man seemed greatly pleased with my remark, and from that time, entirely of his own accord, with no recommendation on my part, he began to cultivate his garden.'

'One after another his neighbours, shamed by the contrast between his ground and their own, followed his good example, and that man has lately gained the first prize offered by a certain Society for the finest flowers grown in the district.'

Such was the result of a kindly word. A little bit of praise is more likely to do good than are all the scoldings in the world.

E. D.

#### REST AND RUST.

A Fable.

**T**HERE were once two ploughshares which had been made of the same iron in the same workshop. One of these became the property of a labourer, who used it constantly. The other was put aside in a corner, where it remained, forgotten, eight or nine months, until it was covered with dust and rust. At last, somebody thought of it, and fetched it out of the dark corner into the light of day. Then the rusty ploughshare saw its brother, and was astonished at that brother's appearance. For the share which had been used shone like a mirror, and was even brighter than when it was new.

'Is it possible,' inquired the rusty one, 'that we two were once exactly alike? How is it that you, in your hard life, have become so beautiful, whilst I have grown ugly in spite of my long rest?'

'It is that "long rest,"' replied the shining ploughshare, 'which has done the mischief.'

It is not only *ploughshares* that suffer when they do not 'shine in use.'

#### THE SEA SILKWORM.

**M**ANY worms—some of them very beautiful ones—live in the ocean, but the creature called 'the silkworm of the sea' is not really a worm at all. It is a bivalve mollusc, belonging to the same family as the pearl mussel, and a native of the Mediterranean. Its proper name is *Pinna*.

But it is a fact that this mollusc spins lustrous silk of so fine a quality that in olden times it was used only in the weaving of royal garments. Nowadays, after being cleaned, dried, and passed through combs, it is woven into gloves, stockings, and other useful articles.

The 'sea silkworm,' of course, spins its silk for a purpose of its own. Its object is the formation of an anchor-line, by means of which it may attach itself to a



submarine rock, or sometimes to the mud and sand at the bottom of the sea.

Pinnæ are often found in large 'beds,' with only the edges of their shells showing above the sand or mud. The animal is edible.

### A MUCH-TRAVELLED BOOK.

A True Story.

WHEN, in 1913, a young man was leaving his home in Birmingham, his mother gave him a pocket Testament, in which she wrote: 'To my dear son Harold on his leaving for Australia, July 29th, 1913.' When the War began Harold joined the army, and was sent to Gallipoli. While there, he was one day leaving the water after bathing when he was hit by a bullet. He was taken to the hospital, but all his clothes, and with them his treasured Testament, were lost.

Happily, the young soldier recovered, to serve two and a half years in France. Then, after spending seven months in England, he returned to Australia.

While he was still on the way thither, his mother, to her great surprise, received news of the long-missing volume. A sapper had picked it up at Anzac, and, noting in it the label of a Birmingham bookseller, sent it to the latter's address. The bookseller inserted an announcement of the 'find' in a local newspaper, with the result that the mother promptly claimed the book. Now she is sending it on to its owner, and she says that 'by the time he receives it, it will have done some travelling.'

E. D.

### ELEPHANTS' TUSKS.

FEW people are aware that elephants are 'right-handed' and 'left-handed' in the use of their tusks.

A writer in the *Field* tells us that an elephant engaged in uprooting trees, tearing up roots, or digging for salt earth, uses only one tusk most of the time. If its working tusk gets badly broken, the elephant turns to the other, just as a man who has hurt his right hand turns to his left. But the tusk must be very seriously injured before its owner will cease to employ the one it prefers, and take the other into use.

The working tusk gets so worn and smooth that it is often considerably shorter than the other. Often, too, the tip is broken off. After this has happened the jagged edge becomes gradually worn smooth, and in the course of years pointed again; but the working tusk is always blunter than the other.

It is said that a powerful elephant can raise and carry on its tusks a log of half-a-ton weight or more, and, according to Chambers's *Encyclopædia*, the tusks of the elephant 'surpass in size the teeth of existing animals, and are the largest of all teeth in proportion to the size of the body.'

### SPRING PASSES.

COWSLIPS on the hillside,  
Bluebells showing blue, now;  
All the trees are glad with leaves;  
Ash—he has a few now!  
Spring is lost in all the green,  
'Tis difficult to find him;  
Never mind, we'll let him go,  
Summer's close behind him!

Cuckoo's calling—calling,  
'Good-bye, good-bye, Spring now!'  
Tiny chirpings from the nests,  
All the woods will ring now!  
Spring is lost in all the sounds,  
It's difficult to find him;  
Never mind, we'll let him go,  
Summer's close behind him!

### HISTORY IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

EVERY reader of *Chatterbox* knows how soon a collection of postage stamps improves one's knowledge of the countries of the world. Those countries have been changing in a very wonderful way during the last five years. War stamps, or special issues of stamps made for various purposes during the war, give many strange illustrations of the way in which colonies have changed hands, or new needs have arisen, or new places have been reached by the post which in peace-time had no system of postage at all.

A very interesting little book on the subject has been sent to the Editor of *Chatterbox* for review. It is by Mr. F. J. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society, and is published at sixpence by the well-known stamp dealers, Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., of 391 Strand, W.C. 2. In this booklet—*Stamp Collections for War Museums*—Mr. Melville describes and illustrates stamps of all the Allied Expeditionary forces, including the historic stamps of the British occupations of Baghdad, Jerusalem, Bushire (Persian Gulf), Chustan (Asia Minor),



Fig. 1.—Stamp used under British Occupation of Baghdad.

Salonika, and the captured German colonies. He shows how war stamps tell the whole story of the war up to date in a very small compass. A complete collection of these historic and official talismans would go in a small album, forming a complete pocket war museum. Among the phases of the war reflected in these stamps are the unity of our Empire, the Entente Cordiale (some of the joint occupation stamps bearing English and French and Flemish inscriptions), the devastation of Belgium, the débâcles in Serbia and Montenegro, the vacillations of Greece, the independence of Mecca, the revolution in Russia, U-boat warfare, aeroplane and seaplane war posts, war taxes and increased postal rates. One of the most wonderful aspects of the war is the philanthropic side, and this pocket war museum includes postage stamps for





THE SHIP OF THE DESERT AND THE IRON HORSE.





Fig. 2.—Togoland Occupation Stamp.

the Red Cross, for prisoners of war, for widows and orphans, and all forms of war relief.

Some of the stamps illustrated in this fascinating little record are reproduced here on a larger scale. The long stamp from Baghdad (fig. 1) is the first British stamp used in Mesopotamia. It is a Turkish issue, captured by the Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force, and overprinted to show our victory.



Fig. 3.—Italian Seaplane Post Stamp.

Fig. 2 is a rare stamp. It was seized when the joined forces of France and Great Britain occupied the former German colony of Togoland, and, as in the case of the Baghdad stamp, the necessary words were printed over the issue.

Fig. 3 is a novelty in two ways. Just as in Great Britain in order to raise money to carry on the war, the price of postage had to be increased, so in Italy special rates were imposed. What is more, Italy was able to start a special aerial postal service. Fig. 3 is the stamp used for an express service of this kind between Naples and Palermo.

Fig. 4 recalls one of the most terrible sides of the war,



Fig. 4.—Serbia: battlefield issue.

the heroic but long vain fight made by our gallant ally Serbia against overwhelming odds. (It must never be forgotten that the wonderful Serbian and Allied advance in the autumn of 1918 was one of the first visible signs of approaching victory.) This romantic stamp shows King Peter of Serbia overlooking the mountains of his country, where a battle is in progress.

Fig. 5 is a group of stamps which shows that English prisoners were not downhearted and managed to keep up their spirits by organizing the life of the prison camp at Ruhleben in a wonderful way. These stamps were used for the postal service within the camp, and were issued by the prisoners of war organization.

Mr. Melville speaks of the various interests a collection of war stamps can give. Perhaps the most suggestive thing to remember is the meaning of the word 'philatelic' in the name of the Society of which he is president. 'Philatelic' means 'having to do with far-off friendship.' Stamps link up friends all over the world, in peace as well as in war.

B. P.

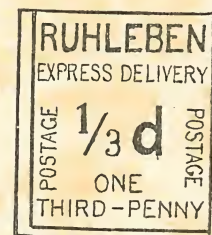


Fig. 5.—Local Stamps issued by the British Prisoners of War at Ruhleben, Germany.



## CORACLES.

IN different districts of Great Britain and Ireland it is still possible to see, in use, the very same kind of small craft that was used by the ancient Picts and Scots, and by the early Britons, when they were wild and free, before the days of the first Roman invasion. These are the 'coracles.' I remember, as a child, seeing fishermen carry the round, flat-bottomed little fishing craft down to the river Severn strapped over their shoulders, the paddle held in their hands. They hardly seemed to feel the weight of the little boats, which they had probably made for themselves; indeed, it is very usual for them to be made by their owners—just a framework of light wood, with ribs across, on which hide and wicker are stretched, the whole being coated with a thick covering of tar, and the coracle is ready. They are excellent for fishing purposes, but each of the little boats holds only one fisherman; to make things easier, sometimes, it is usual for two to go fishing together, with a net between them, which they draw up from both boats simultaneously.

These light little craft are certainly not suited for ocean travelling, but there is an old story that one of the companions of St. Columba, long, long ago, made a long voyage over the North Sea in his coracle, returning safe and sound. It is also said that three Irish missionaries sailed in 878 from Ireland to Cornwall in such a boat—'a coracle, made of two skins and a half,' so evidently a particularly large one. They took seven days over their journey and arrived in safety. Coracles are certainly to be found in Ireland to this day, being used on the shores of County Clare and Donegal.

The last of these little craft to be used in Scotland is now to be seen in the museum at Elgin. It was used on the Spey, perhaps for floating down timber, which it is quite possible to do with these small boats if a rope be fixed to the float and held with one hand by the rower, his other hand being used to manage the paddle.

It is said that Julius Cæsar greatly admired the ingenuity of the coracle on his first arrival on our shores; he had boats made after their model on his return to Rome, and these were used with good result. The description of the ancient Britons' craft, which he has left among his writings, is almost identical with the coracle used to-day.

## THE WAITS.

HAVE you ever seen a well-known picture of the old woman in bed, listening, as she thinks, to the waits? She is supposed to be saying to herself, 'They are not nearly so good as they used to be when I was a girl.'

No wonder she says so, for just outside her window are some cats, evidently bawling at the top of their voices. The old woman mistakes the horrible noise they are making for the sound of the waits.

Perhaps you have heard the waits in the night a week or two before Christmas. Their music—if such it can be called—often sounds very doleful, although, of course, it is meant to be the reverse of that. The sound of a cornet, blaring out the tune of 'The Mistletoe Bough,' is anything but cheering. The waits certainly have fallen from their former higher estate.

The word originally *waighetes* (watchers) has at different times been given to various classes of musical

watchmen. In the reign of Edward IV. the waits seem to have been a class distinct from both the regular watch and the minstrels. It was their duty to 'pipe the watch' nightly in the King's court. But 'waits' were not confined to the court; from early times they were employed in provincial towns. In Exeter, we are told, there was in 1400 a regular company of them.

The name was sometimes given to musicians who were not watchmen, such as town bands and private serenaders. The ladies of Nottingham could get no sleep between midnight and four a.m., because their too persistent lovers paraded the streets, either performing themselves, or paying others to perform upon violins and bass viols.

The poets Beaumont and Fletcher speak highly of the waits of Southwark, 'As rare fellows as any in England.' At one time, indeed, waits were officially recognised in London and Westminster.

## THE PANAMA HAT.

MANY of the 'Panama hats' sold in our shops are made by machine, and *not* in South America or anywhere near it. A real Panama hat of the best quality, made in Ecuador or Peru, may cost as much as ten pounds, and will last a lifetime. It takes two or three months to make. It is formed of fibres which, though tough, are fine as silk, and so pliable that the hat can be rolled up and carried in the pocket.

In the hot part of Ecuador (in the country), a coarser kind of the Panama hat is much worn by the natives, even when the wearer has scarcely any other clothing. At Guayaquil it is funny to see an almost naked man's donkey dressed in trousers and jacket. This is to protect the animal from mosquitoes.

But this sort of thing is seen only in the country. The 'respectable' people of the towns, regardless of the heat, wear black coats and high hats.

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 275.)

THE beat and the hum drew nearer, then the motor-boat appeared out of the darkness—a black stroke on the water—it gained quickly on them, and presently was within hail. It was a small boat, the bow well out of the water, and two men sitting toward the stern. With a 'toot' from the syren it glided alongside and kept pace with the boat. A figure stood up and hailed, 'Hillo there! Can't you slacken down? Have you got a seaman on board?'

'Seaman!' shouted Hookey in his most truculent voice. 'What do you take us for? Do you think we're pleasure-boat cadgers— As good a seaman as you are, with your paraffin boat. So none of your s'uce.'

'You'd better keep a civil tongue in your head,' said the man in the motor-boat, 'or else you'll get yourself into trouble. Do you know who I am?'

'No beauty I expect. If you struck a light I might see your features.'

'I'm the Harbour-master.'

'Well, why didn't you say so?'



'An English seamen has escaped from the camp. Have you seen anything of him?'

'We saw somebody on the bank a mile or so up—there were two or three—there's a lot of suspicious-looking land-lopers about here, sneaking out at night trying to pick up a spare oar or a coil of line—you can't leave your boat a minute. I don't like your sort this side the Zuyder Zee.'

'Anyway, I'm coming on board to see.' A hand was placed on the boat's side and the speaker prepared to climb over.

'Who says he's going to board my boat without my permission?' roared Van Hankey. 'Here, Hookey, take the tiller, and we'll soon see.'

Van Hankey's great gaunt figure was at the side in an instant. 'Who says he's going to board my boat without my permission?' he repeated with the voice of a sea-cow. 'Off you go, or I'll slew the boat round and bump a hole in you—prowling round boats at this time of night. Harbour-master indeed! The Harbour-master 'd be glad to get his hands on you, I bet. Where did you steal that motor-boat from, you ruffians? Take that for yourself,' and he made a lunge at the official with a mop. 'Slew the boat round and bump a hole in her, Hookey. There's another one for you—I'll knock the Harbour-master out of you. Here, Piet, fetch me my shot-gun—I'll put a hole in his petrol tank.'

Van Hankey roared out his threats and abuse with such uncontrollable fury, and used the mop with such effect, that the men in the motor-boat were glad to get clear, and when Piet brought an old shot-gun, which was kept loaded on the off-chance of a wild duck, and Jan discharged it into the water, they sheered off, thankful to get away with a whole skin.

When Dick and Phil crept out of the cabin, which was no bigger than a pantry and too low for a man to stand upright, they found Van Hankey and Hookey bent over the tiller—Van Hankey holding his sides and Hookey slapping his thigh; from both men issued strange wheezing asthmatic sounds. Hookey wiped tears from his eyes and took a long, deep breath, as if the attack had been very acute. Piet was looking serious, for it came out afterwards that in an effort to stifle his emotions he had swallowed the pebble which Phil had persuaded him to adopt, and was in doubt as to what the consequences might be. Dick complimented Van Hankey on his flow of language and at its effect. Jan again poured forth his honest indignation on the motor-boat and its occupants, and evidently in his ardour had almost convinced himself that they were the ruffians he had represented them to be.

They had now left Groningen many miles behind, and were moving along smoothly in a steady breeze. Jan reckoned on reaching the mouth of the Reit Diep in the small hours of the morning, and proposed to take a spell of rest there before starting out on the open sea. There is much shoal water at the entrance to the Reit Diep, which has its dangers, although the botter drew little water, being almost flat-bottomed. The deep-water channel is narrow and tortuous, so they would wait for the daylight.

Hookey went forward to keep a look-out for other craft, and Dick stripped off his wet clothes, wrapping himself in a blanket, whilst Piet and Phil dried them at the little stove. This gave rise to a discussion on the necessity of Dick's discarding his British seaman's dress

and adopting some disguise. Both Phil and Piet wore their ordinary clothes beneath the Volendam costume, and it was decided that Piet should make over to Dick his disguise, which had indeed from the first been assumed more from frolic than necessity, as his nationality was not in question. With some coaxing it was made to serve Dick's stalwart figure and long limbs, and, the costume being fortunately loose and accommodating, when the transformation was complete he made a very passable Volendammer of the larger type.

Van Hankey still objected to the three regarding themselves in the light of passengers, and at times sternly ordered them to pull a rope or let down the counter-board, though Piet seldom did this to his satisfaction. However, he was not an exacting skipper, and gave them permission to turn in, with the understanding that they must be out like a shot when they were called to take their watch; but as this did not occur till the sails were down and the boat lying idly off the mouth of the river, they suffered no hardship. Van Hankey and Hookey then turned in for three hours. Breakfast was then served, at which meal there was plenty to eat and drink of a sort, but a very limited supply of crockery.

'So far, good,' said Van Hankey, as he wiped his mouth and handed his basin to Hookey. 'We've settled those lawyers who want to meddle with what they don't understand, but I don't like the look of the weather. What do you say, Hookey?'

'Looks a bit queer to nor'ard,' replied Hookey, squinting in that direction over the edge of the basin; 'but I can't get that Harbour-master out of my head. I expect he's enjoying his breakfast this morning.'

'Don't you go for to persuade me that was the Harbour-master,' said Van Hankey, winking severely. 'I've met that sort before—longshore prowlers that have not got the grit to go out in the open, but pick up a living preying on honest seamen. They're as bad as the meddling lawyers themselves. D'ye know what they want to do, Englander? If you'll believe me'—he leaned forward and brought his fist down with force on the steering-bench on which he was sitting, and opened wide his eyes and mouth at the enormity he was about to disclose, his voice falling to a husky whisper—'if you'll believe me, Englander, they talk of draining the Zuyder Zee dry and making a flower garden of it, with a freshwater pond in the middle! What do you think of that? You're a seaman yourself. What do you think of that? Is that flying in the face of Providence, or isn't it? And what are they going to do with the seamen and fishermen, I should like to know?'

'Turn 'em into lawyers,' said Hookey.

'Yah!' exclaimed Van Hankey, words failing him.

It was an hour after dawn when they hoisted the sail and put out to sea, and it soon became clear that the homeward voyage was not to be a pleasure trip: great ragged clouds hurried up from the north, the wind made the cordage whistle, and the sea looked grey and sickly. They were steering north-west among dangerous submerged sandbanks; the channels between were narrow and winding and only known to the fishermen of the Zuyder Zee, and navigable only by their shallow boats: the wind, too, was in the main contrary and occasionally blew in violent gusts, bringing a spurt of cold rain with it.

(Continued on page 290.)





“Who says he’s going to board my boat without permission?”





'The lost 'Reynolds'!



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By W. RAINCY.

(Continued from page 728.)

VAN HANKEY remained the greater part of the time at the tiller, and regarded sea and sky alike with a suspicious eye, whilst Hookey kept a sharp look-out at the bow. Nearly the whole day they tacked and twisted, skirting the north-west shore of Friesland, till towards sundown they sighted Harlingen, where the sea is open and free of treacherous sands: from this point their course lay due south, and Van Hankey reckoned on the advantage of the north-west wind which had baffled him in the narrows. But the wind, though now in their favour, was rising to a gale, and with it the sea; great waves raced along behind the vessel and broke over the stern—such waves as Phil did not expect to see in the Zuyder Zee—the boat pitched and dug its nose into the water, and Phil could not but admire the hardness and coolness of the fishermen and the skill with which they handled the boat. Van Hankey said it was the wind they wanted, but a bit too rough, and its tricks had to be watched.

Dick lent a hand and took Hookey's place when he went to the tiller to give Jan a spell of rest; but there was nothing for Phil and Piet to do but keep a dry skin, if possible, from the waves that broke on the starboard side. When night fell the sky was still wild, rolling its masses of cloud toward the north-east, where a pallid moon sometimes showed racing among their thin edges. As they sighted the lights of Enkhuizen, Hookey counselled putting in there or in the sheltered port of Hoorn, but Van Hankey was of the opinion that the storm was now at its height and would die down, and he determined to drive a straight course for Volendam.

For once Van Hankey was wrong. When they left Enkhuizen behind the storm increased in violence, and the wind veering more to the west it became doubtful if they could fetch Volendam. Heavy squalls swept down on them, the boat rose on the high crests of the waves, and slid down into the deep troughs and up again with a motion that rattled men and boys backwards and forwards till they were glad to cling to anything that was a fixture; sails and cordage strained and groaned, the great iron ring that held the boom in place rasped and clattered, but the boat kept going hard. The lights of Volendam and that of the Island of Marken on their port bow hove in sight, but the wind now swept with such fury from the west that they could not approach the former place, but were rapidly driving to port, so Hookey scrambled up the ladder to the fore-deck to down-haul the jib-sail: in an unlucky moment the boom gave a kick and caught him a blow on the shoulder that spun him round and flung him violently from the ladder to the deck. As Phil and Piet raised him he gave a grin of pain, for his shoulder was hurt, and he seemed dazed by the fall. 'The jib-sail,' he said, and seemed about to faint. They drew him out of the wash of water where he had fallen and laid him down in the cabin.

They were drifting nearer Marken, and in spite of Van Hankey's steering the boat was heading round toward it. Jan had given up all thoughts of fetching Volendam, and had determined to make for the harbour at the southern point of Marken, but the wind was driving the boat's bow round and she would not be able to clear the breakwater of piles that protected the

harbour's mouth. Dick saw that the jib-sail was rapidly bringing the boat's head shoreward, and he sprang up the ladder to the fore-deck. The boat was rolling a great deal, and sometimes lay over at a dangerous angle; the deck was wet and slippery and afforded little footing, and a sudden lurch would have thrown him into the sea, but he crawled forward to the bow. Phil saw his danger, and mounting the ladder behind him, seized the hook of the boom with one hand, and with the other clutched Dick's waistband. Thus secured, Dick knelt on the slippery deck, slackened away the rope and brought the jib-sail down. It was a trying moment, and Phil was heartily glad when Dick was back again on the ladder. But it was too late, for—though the bow, relieved of the sail, came round—the boat was driven by the hurricane broadside toward the shore, where the great waves beat on the dijk with a deafening noise and the spray leaped high in the air. They had one glimpse of the tumult and of a stretch of water beyond as though the whole low-lying middle of the island were under water, then a squall caught the boat and lay her over, a great wave lifted her clean upon the dijk, or where it should have been, and sent her crashing on her side among a pile of wrecked buildings.

'Ya, Mynheer, you can have the top room for a studio. I shall not be using it, and I dare say you won't find my lumber in the way. It's the Kunsthaven, you know—all for the artists,' and the Kunstkooper threw back his head and regarded Vic with his most benevolent smile. 'The key is in the bakery on top of the Friese clock. I will fetch it—all for the artists, you know.'

When Vic held the key in his hand he could scarcely restrain his impatience within decent bounds, and hastened to take possession. He carried his painting materials upstairs, and was not too well pleased when the Kunst-kooper followed to tidy the place and make it as convenient as possible. He appeared so well satisfied with it as it stood that Mynheer Klomp simply brushed up the shavings and then left him to the enjoyment of his new possession.

Like a good housewife inspecting a new house, his first movement was to the cupboards. One he found open, but the other was locked; the open one was soon ransacked, but what he sought was not there. What if he should find the other one as barren? What if this last hope should fail? The thought made him feel faint, and perspiration stood on his forehead. He had been so certain of the Bluebeard's Chamber containing the treasure, and had so bent all his thoughts on gaining an entry, that there had been no place for doubts in his mind. He tried the key of the room door, but it was too large; he fetched that of his bedroom, but it did not fit; he probed about the house and returned with two or three from below stairs, but none of them would answer to the wards of the lock. He sat down to think.

Presently he left the house, and crossing the Stad-huis square passed down a small street where, among dwellings of the poorer sort, were a few shops of nondescript character. He entered a dingy locksmith's, and shortly after was hastening homeward with a large bunch of old keys. On recrossing the square he encountered Mrs. Bonsor, who was coming out of the post-office a trifle ruffled, for the parcel she carried had been pronounced too heavy, and she must needs take it back and make two of it—a thing that tries the temper of the most angelic.

Vic made absent-minded inquiries after the family and



their comfort at the hotel, having only the most vague notion of the replies he received, when, after a moment, he awoke to find Mrs. Bonsor launched on a troubled sea of protest against some person or persons unknown. 'What I do object to,' she was saying, 'is anything sly and underland; give me a person who looks you in the face, and has nothing up his sleeve.'

Vic had heard enough; he went his way feeling like a felon, and resolved that when he was well out of his present trouble, nothing should induce him to try the rôle of amateur detective again.

He took his bunch of rusty keys to the detestable Bluebeard's Chamber, and shutting the door looked guiltily round him as if he expected to see the Kunst-kooper in the corner or Mrs. Bonsor's forefinger pointed scornfully at him. Then he proceeded to try the keys one after another, and when one fitted and the bolt drew back, he gave a start. On opening the door he again started at a dark object, which was nothing more than the Kunst-kooper's old working-coat hanging against the wall. Hastily, with a hand that trembled, he dragged the contents of the cupboard into the room—an old portmanteau, a cardboard dress-box, a bundle of paper-covered books tied with a string, a tarnished picture-frame, a piece of linoleum, several rolls of wall-paper, a long roll of discoloured canvas. With nervous fingers he untied the string and unrolled the canvas—a red coat—a well-known face—the lost 'Reynolds'!

He spread it out on the floor and placed a weight top and bottom to keep it unrolled; then knelt down and gloated over it. The guilty feeling was still upon him till he realised with a rush of feeling that it was his own—that he had actually got it—and what the greatness of his father's joy would be!

(Continued on page 302.)

### SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE I could a fairy see,  
What fun there'd be!  
I'd follow him from tree to tree—  
So silently—  
I'd follow him, by night and day,  
Until at last I found the way  
To Fairyland.

Suppose I could a fairy be,  
What fun for me!  
I'd lead the children such a dance—  
If I'd the chance—  
I'd lead them all so far astray  
That they would never find the way  
To Fairyland.

Suppose that's what the fairy, too,  
To me would do!  
I've thought of it in time, you see—  
*He won't catch me!*  
If I could see a fairy now,  
I would not stir a step, I vow,  
To follow him.

Suppose, though, that the little elf  
Had tired himself;  
And didn't feel inclined to roam,  
So went straight home!  
It *would* be vexing, I must say,  
By staying here, to miss the way,  
To Fairyland!

I really don't know what to do—

Now, what would *you*?

It isn't easy to decide,

Until you've tried!

Suppose I do not fix a plan

Until I've *seen* the little man

From Fairyland.

LILIAN HOLMES.

### STRANGE ALLIES.

PERHAPS animals show no greater likeness to human beings than in their habits of making friends or enemies of either humans or their fellow-creatures. It is one of nature's most wonderful works to have bestowed upon the dog such a power of constant affection for man. There are countless true stories of the devotion of dogs to their masters, but other creatures can be equally faithful.

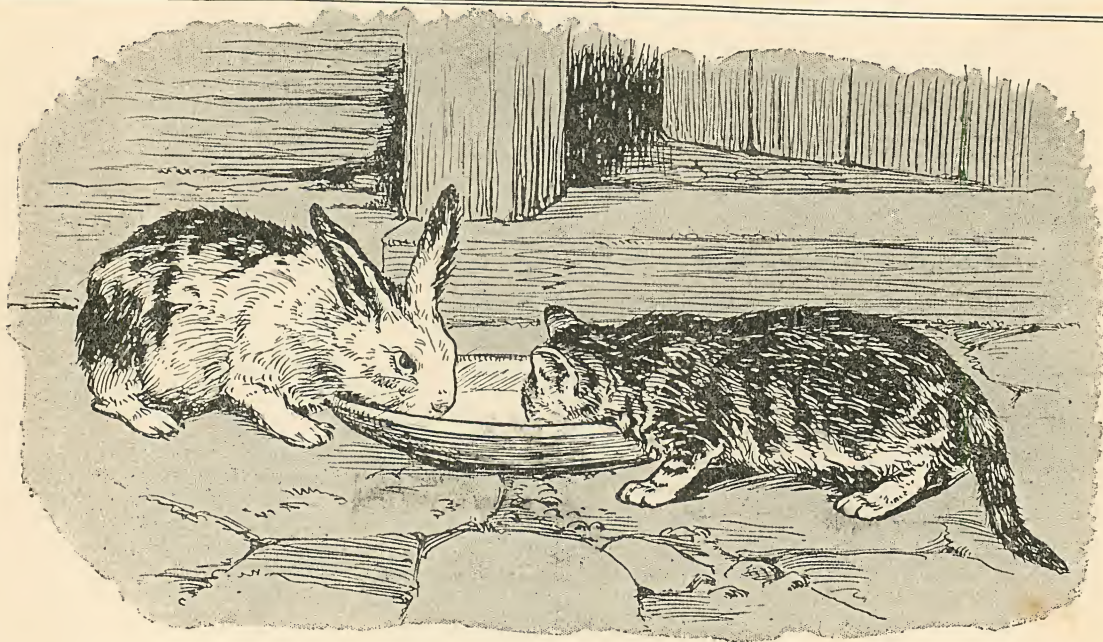
The lamb, the cat, the horse are all loving to man, but one of the strangest examples of an animal's love for its master is that of a homing-pigeon for a school-boy who lives in the North of England. This pigeon will under no circumstances let the boy go out of her sight. She sleeps in his room, sits by him at his meals, follows him to school, and sits by him all day till he returns home. This curious friendship is no doubt difficult to credit, but the writer can vouch for its truth, for the lad and his friend the pigeon live but a few miles from his home.

Still more wonderful, and perhaps more unlikely, are the friendships struck up between different animals.

A certain village schoolmaster one spring evening found a young white wild rabbit on the roadside, and took it home with him. Soon the rabbit became quite domesticated, and ran tamely about the house. Often in the daytime it went off into the fields, but every evening it returned, and slept peacefully with the cat upon the kitchen hearthrug. Soon the cat and the rabbit became bosom friends, and went off foraging together in the open country. They always slept together, played together, and shared each other's food. After a few months the rabbit was absent from the house for several days, and it was noticed that the cat never drank all the milk set out for it. Several times it was seen trying to carry the bowl out of the house, and very often pushing it along the ground, taking great care to spill none of the milk. The master of the house watched the cat closely, in the hope of finding the rabbit, which he thought was perhaps disabled and unable to return to the house. But the cat was not to be caught so easily betraying its friend, and once or twice, when carrying choice pieces of food to the rabbit, turned back on seeing that she was being watched. However, the secret soon was out, for in a short time the rabbit appeared in the school-yard with quite a crowd of young ones, one or two of which the cat took under its care. The young rabbits, however, soon fled to the woods, while their mother returned to the house and lived quietly again with her friend, the cat.

Another extraordinary animal friendship was that between a Canadian goose and a house-dog. They were inseparable companions, and whenever the dog barked, the goose set up a loud cackling and rushed out at the person she supposed the dog was barking at, and would bite at his heels. The greater love was on the part of the goose, for the dog treated her often with indifference, and would under no circumstance let her eat with





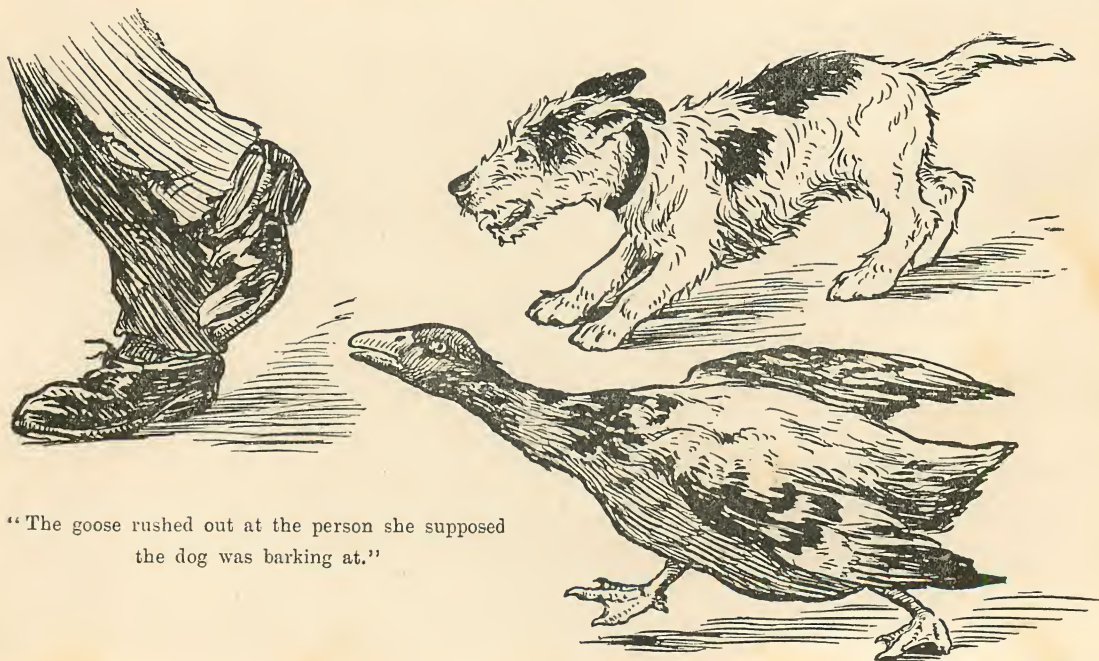
"They shared each other's food."

him. When the dog was ill, the goose never left him day or night, even to feed, and always sat in his kennel, allowing no one to come near save the dog's master when he brought them food. The dog at last died, and the end of the faithful bird was very sad. She still lived in the kennel, and when a new house-dog was obtained exactly like the other in every way, the goose came to a sudden end, for on entering the kennel as

usual, she was seized by the throat by the new inhabitant and so killed. The goose's affection for the dog is supposed to have originated in his rescuing her from a fox in early life.

These anecdotes simply illustrate one or two singular animal friendships, though there are many less extraordinary ones that we may see or hear of every day.

L. H. BROMLEY.



"The goose rushed out at the person she supposed the dog was barking at."



## REGIMENTS OF THE LINE.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

## IX.—THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

THE Highland regiments were raised at a later date than most of the other infantry regiments in the British Army, and the reason for this delay was that during the first half of the eighteenth century the north of Scotland was in a very disturbed state, seething with rebellion against English rule, and devoted, heart and soul, to the lost cause of the deposed Stuarts.

It was believed at that time—and, no doubt, quite rightly—that the Highlanders could not be trusted to fight for the Hanoverian kings, and besides, the northmen were considered to be a fierce, undisciplined race, incapable of being trained to take part in civilised warfare.

'Wild Highlanders' they were called, and, indeed, in their strange costumes and unable to speak any language but their native Gaelic, the mountaineers must have seemed uncouth and savage figures in southern eyes.

The 'Black Watch,' as we have already seen, was the first of the Highland regiments to be raised, and the men quickly proved themselves to be among the best fighters in the Army. Before twenty years had passed there were no less than eighteen more kilted regiments in the list. Two of these, the 75th and 92nd, now form the famous regiment known as the 'Gordon Highlanders.'

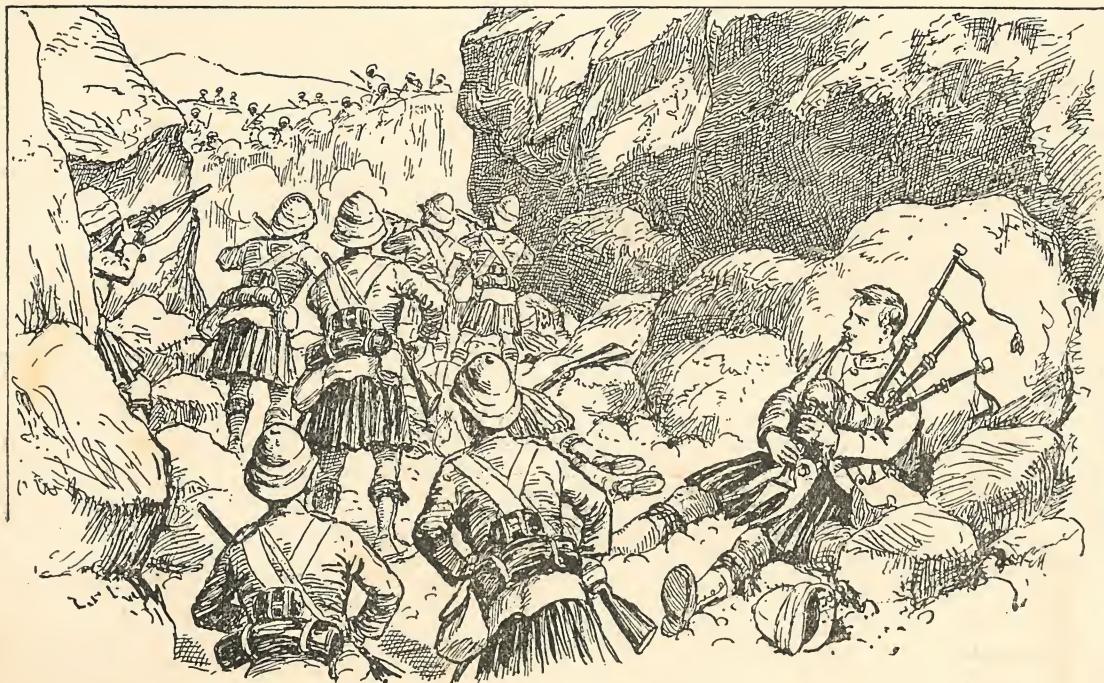
It was in the year 1788 that the first battalion was raised, and we all know the story of how, when young Lord Huntley was appointed colonel of the new regiment, his beautiful mother, the Duchess of Gordon,



Badge of the Gordon Highlanders.

rode about over the hills and through the villages of the district, persuading the stalwart young Scots to enlist, and rewarding each new recruit with a kiss.

After that romantic beginning, it is hardly surprising to find that a glamour of romance seems always to surround the 'Gay Gordons,' and many are the stories told of their daring deeds, hairbreadth escapes, and heroic self-sacrifice.



The Gordons at Dargai.



Indeed, these qualities were displayed by the men of the 92nd very early in their history, for they fought at Egmont-op-Zee in 1800, when the British defeated a French force which outnumbered them by six to one.

The commander on this occasion was Sir John Moore, who was wounded, and would have been killed if two Highlanders, seeing his danger, had not lifted him up and carried him out of the battle.

'And now we maun join the lads again,' said one of these brave men, when they had conveyed the General to a place of safety, and they hurried back to take their places once more in the ranks.

When Sir John Moore recovered and made inquiries for his rescuers, they had both been killed, but none of the other Highlanders tried to claim the reward which was offered.

Later the Gordons took part in the Nile campaign, but in 1809 they were once more with Sir John Moore, following him in the terrible retreat at Corunna and fighting at his side when, at last, the brave commander, with his army of one thousand four hundred men, turned and faced the French pursuers in order that the sick and wounded might be conveyed safely on board the British transports which were waiting.

Here again, as at Egmont-op-Zee, the British were outnumbered, but they drove back their opponents, although the price paid for the victory was the life of their leader.

Sir John Moore was killed just as the fierce battle was drawing to an end, and he was buried that same night on the ramparts of Corunna, where

'He lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.'

The losses in the ranks of the Gordons during this war were so severe that it was necessary for new drafts to be dispatched again and again. There is an amusing story of how the necessary recruits were obtained.

At that time the north of Scotland was infested by vagrants, caterans they were called, who wandered in gipsy fashion from place to place, robbing and pilfering when they got the chance, and at other times gaining a scanty living by singing at country fairs or mending the broken pot and pans of the village housewives. The country gentlemen were continually pestered by these marauders, and, when new soldiers were needed for the Spanish wars, they saw a chance of supplying the necessary recruits and getting rid of the caterans at the same time. Plans were made accordingly, and before long all the able-bodied vagabonds were seized and shipped across the water to join the Gordon Highlanders. Long afterwards old veterans who had served with the 92nd spoke of these kidnapped caterans, and declared that they were the biggest thieves and the smartest soldiers in the regiment.

The crimes of these kidnapped warriors, however, do not seem to have been very serious, for another account says that the conduct of the 92nd Foot was exemplary, and, even when hungry, they respected the lives and property of those who could offer no resistance.

In 1611, after being a short time in England, the Gordons were dispatched to the Peninsula again, and we find them fighting in many famous battles. At Vittoria their leader, Cameron, was ordered to seize the heights and to hold them while he had a man left.

This stern command was a welcome one to the gallant

Highlanders, and with pipes playing they advanced up the hill, made good the position, and held it.

The pipers of the Gordons played their part in many a fight during that time in Spain, and there is a brave story of what happened at Arroyo del Molinos, when the French, under Gerard, were taken completely by surprise in their camp on the way to Merida.

It was a cold wet morning in October when, long before dawn, the British advanced, and the enemy had no suspicion of what was coming until the Highlanders were in their midst.

'Hey, Johnny Cope, are you wakin' yet?'

That was the tune that the pipers of the Gordons played that day, and to its inspiring strains the Scots rushed forward and captured the place. A prince, a general, and fourteen men were taken prisoner in this battle.

Then there is the affair at Arriverete, when the French were driven across a river without having time to destroy the bridge behind them, because the Gordons had discovered a ford higher up the stream and had dislodged two battalions who had been stationed there as guards.

The Highlanders waded through water up to their necks in accomplishing this feat, but Arriverete does not appear in the list of battle honours on their colours because, as the Duke of Wellington—then Sir Arthur Wellesley—said, the affair itself was not a great battle, but only a minor episode in the campaign.

'It is not worthy of the Gordons to carry on their blazon the name of a victory of which the whole world has not heard.'

And now we must go on for a few years, until we come to 1815, when Napoleon, having escaped from Elba, had placed himself once more at the head of his armies, and the rest of Europe was waiting and preparing for battle.

Once again in that fateful year, as so often before—and so often since—Belgium was chosen as the cockpit where the fate of the world was to be decided, and Brussels was crowded with British troops.

It was in June, and a ball was being given by the Duchess of Richmond, when the news of the approach of the French came, and then the commanders of the different regiments were summoned and told to make ready.

Very early on that summer morning of June 15th the Highlanders marched out of the town, and before dawn they were far on their way. At Quatre Bras a fierce battle, the forerunner of Waterloo itself, took place, and there the Highlanders, while waiting the order to advance, met charge after charge of the French.

Cameron, the same gallant officer who had led the 92nd at Vittoria, asked permission to attack, but the answer of the Duke of Wellington was, 'Have patience, you will have plenty of work to do by-and-by.' Again they waited, and now the French succeeded in capturing a farmhouse and pushed forward to the Charleroi road. 'Now is your time, Cameron, take care of the road,' the Duke said; the Gordons rushed forward and the enemy was driven back.

At this very moment, however, a shot from a window of the farm killed Cameron, and, with a wild cry of grief, the Scots attacked the building, forced their way in, and killed the occupants, thus avenging the death of their beloved leader.



At the Battle of Waterloo the Gordon Highlanders also played their part, for it was there that the famous charge took place, the story of which has been told again and again, both in history and in pictures, the charge when, as the Scots Greys galloped forward against the foe, the Highlanders of the 92nd Regiment clung to their stirrups, and, shouting 'Scotland for ever!' were carried with them into the thick of the conflict.

'Charge, and retrieve the day!' that was what their leader commanded, for the Gordons had already been hard pressed and their ranks reduced to barely three hundred men; but as Napoleon himself said on that same day, when he saw the dauntless bravery of the Scots, 'These British never seem to know when they are defeated.'

South Africa, Delhi, Lucknow, those names come after Waterloo on the colours of the Gordon Highlanders, and then, in 1879, we find the regiment in Afghanistan, having their first taste of frontier fighting. Major George Stewart White won the Victoria Cross in this campaign, at Char-Asiab, when the heights above the Cabul road were stormed by a small British force, which included two companies of the Gordons.

On this occasion the enemy was posted among the rocks and boulders of the mountain-side, and so steep was the ascent that even the Scots were exhausted before the summit was reached. In order to give them a breathing-space, therefore, before the attack, Major White ran ahead of his men alone, rifle in hand, and shot the Afghan leader. Later on, at Kandahar, Major White repeated this brave exploit, for, when the Highlanders received orders to charge the Afghan guns, he rode forward and captured one of the cannons.

Once more we go on, twenty years this time, and in 1897 see the Gordons once more engaged in mountain warfare, fighting this time against the rebellious tribesmen of the Indian frontier, in the Chitral and Tirah campaigns.

At the Battle of Dargai the regiment especially distinguished itself, for a high ridge had to be captured, and it proved to be strongly held by the Pathans. The task was an almost impossible one, and the Highlanders, although they succeeded in capturing the fortified village at the summit of the hill after a hard struggle, were soon obliged to abandon it. Two days later, however, another attempt was decided upon, and the Gordons were among those ordered to lead the assault.

'Highlanders,' said their colonel, turning to his men before the final advance, 'the General says the post must be taken at all costs: the Gordons will take it.'

In this fight the Scots had as comrades the hardy little Goorkhas, and these two regiments, together with the Dorsets and Sikhs, rushed forward across open ground and then fought their way up the hill, exposed throughout to the deadly fire of the native marksmen on the rocks above. There were many killed and wounded that day among the troops, British and Indian alike, but in the end, as at Char-Asiab twenty years before, the heights were carried and the enemy forced to retire.

It was at Dargai that Piper Findlater, of the Gordons, won his Victoria Cross. He was shot through both legs during the action, but regardless of his sufferings the brave man propped himself against a rock and continued to play his bag-pipes, so that it was to the stirring music of 'The Cock of the North' that the

Highlanders stormed their way to victory up the steep cliffs of Dargai. Another man of the regiment, Private Lawson, was also awarded the V.C. for his gallantry in rescuing two wounded comrades.

More than twenty years have passed now, since that October day of 1898, and the Gordon Highlanders have had their share in all the fighting that has been afoot. They were at Elandslaagte, one of the first battles in the Boer War, when Sergeant Robertson distinguished himself by leading charge after charge against the enemy.

After the main position was taken by the Scots, Robertson went forward again with a small force to capture a fort, and only fell severely wounded when this enterprise too, had met with success. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for his bravery in this battle, and was also given a commission.

Elandslaagte was fought in October, 1899, but this was only the beginning of the campaign, and very soon the Gordons were at Magersfontein, facing the terrible fire of the Boers, which was poured upon the Highland Brigade from the hidden trenches. Later they helped to relieve beleaguered Ladysmith, where their old comrade and leader, Sir George White, V.C., of Afghan fame, had been holding out against the enemy for many weary weeks.

After the South African War came to an end, there was peace for more than twelve years, but for the Gordons, as for the rest of the British Army, it was only the lull before a storm, fiercer than any that had ever swept over the world before.

The story of the part that the Gordon Highlanders played in the Great War cannot yet be told in full, but we know that they shared in the battles and retreats, the sufferings and hardships and anxieties of the first terrible month, when, in August, 1914, the 'Contemptible Little Army' of Britain saved the liberties of Europe and sacrificed itself on the fields of France.

A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

## THE LOCK OF HAIR.

JACK had gone into the forest with his father, who was a wood-cutter. It was a beautifully bright morning, and while the man was busy, the boy ran hither and thither. After wandering for some distance, he came upon a mass of lovely flowers, and began to gather some for his mother. When he had filled both hands he ran back to his father, to show him the treasure.

The wood-cutter, singing at his work, did not see Jack coming, or hear his glad cry of 'Oh, Father, see what I've got!'

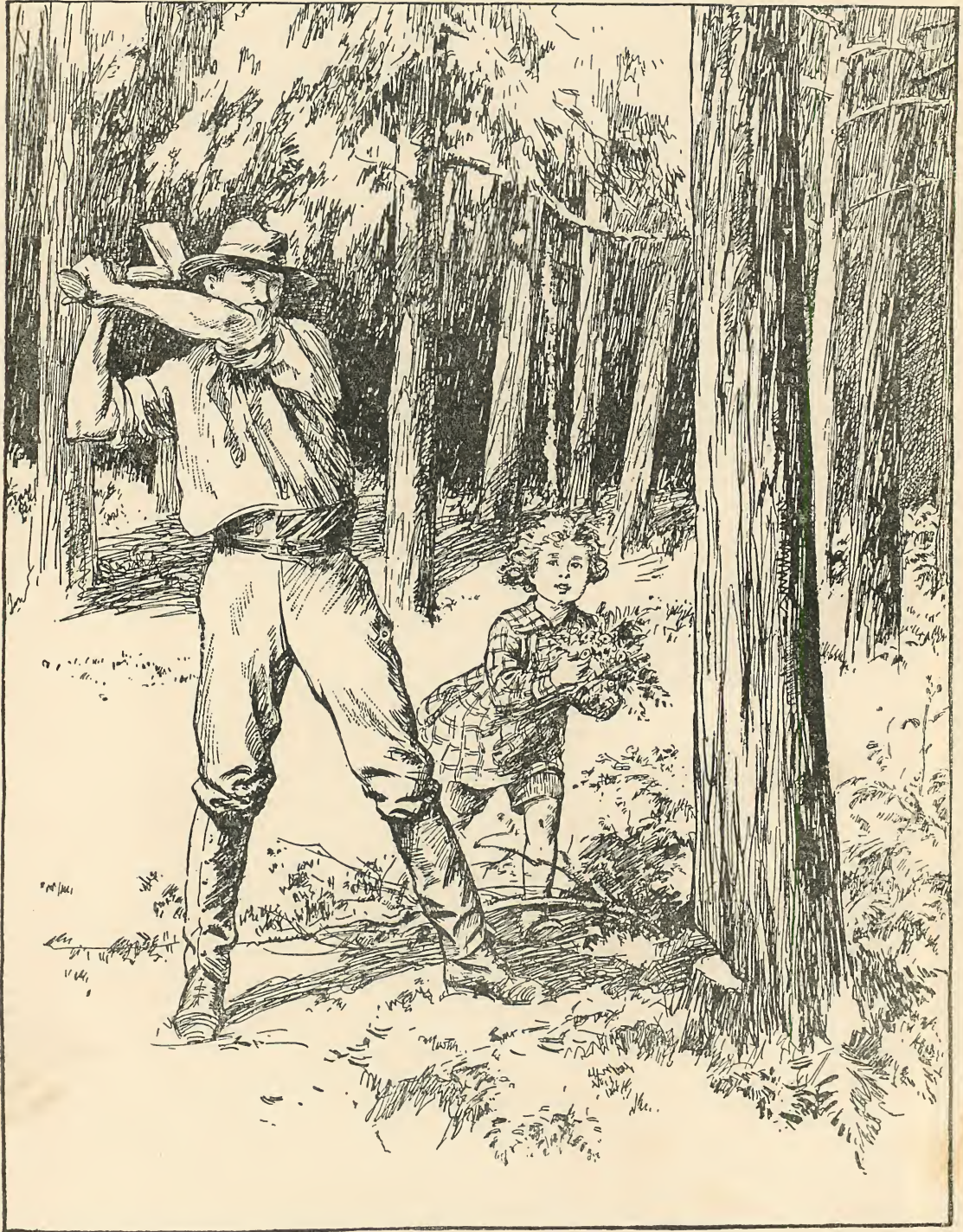
Just as the child reached the tree he stumbled and fell. The axe swung in mid-air, and the agitated father could neither stop nor properly guide it. It fell, as the man thought, full on his dear little son's curly head.

It was a dreadful moment, and the father's heart stood still. But his horror gave place to joy at the sound of a trembling voice. 'Father,' it said, 'dear Father, I'm here, all right!'

The man snatched up his son and held him in a passionate embrace. Then he carefully examined his head and face. Not a scratch was to be seen. Only upon the grass, close by, there lay one little golden curl.

The thankful wood-cutter treasured that lock of hair until his dying day.





"Oh, Father, see what I've got!"





“How could any one have got into this tree without breaking the web?”



## THE PROTECTORS.

(From the Japanese.)

THE hero Yoritomo, after being defeated in a battle, was compelled to retreat. He and six of his followers fled into a forest, and concealed themselves within a large hollow tree.

The victorious general, Oba Kage-chika, said to his cousin, Oba Kagetoki, 'It is my belief that Yoritomo is somewhere in the wood. Go and search for him whilst I station my troops in such a manner as to make his escape impossible.'

Oba Kagetoki disliked his errand, for he and Yoritomo had once been friends, but he dared not disobey. When he came to the hollow tree he peeped through a hole in the trunk, and saw Yoritomo within. Full of pity for his old friend, Oba Kagetoki returned to his cousin, pretending that he had found nobody in the forest.

'You lie,' said Oba Kage-chika. 'Yoritomo could not possibly have got away so soon—with all my soldiers too posted around the forest! You must go again, and I and some of my men will go with you. If I find that you have deceived me, cousin, you shall suffer for it!'

When the party reached the hollow tree wherein Yoritomo crouched, Oba Kage-chika was about to enter when his cousin pointed to a spider's-web across the opening.

'Come along!' he said; 'we waste time here. How could any one have got into this tree without breaking the web?'

Kage-chika, still unsatisfied and suspicious, thrust his bow violently into the hollow trunk. It almost struck Yoritomo, but he made no sound. Suddenly two white doves flew out.

Oba Kage-chika was convinced. 'You are right,' said he to his cousin, 'our enemy cannot be here.' And he turned away.

Thus, thanks to a spider and two doves, General Yoritomo was not taken prisoner, and in later years he became a very prosperous man. E. D.

## THE TEST.

IT is said that shortly before Napoleon the First set out for Belgium, he sent for the most skilful artisan in Paris and asked him whether he could make a coat-of-mail absolutely bullet-proof. The man said he could, and his charge would be eighteen thousand francs. The bargain was made, and when it was brought the Emperor commanded, 'Put it on!' The man obeyed. 'Now,' said Napoleon, 'as I am to stake my life on the efficacy of this thing, I suppose that you will have no objection to doing the same?' So saying, he took a brace of pistols, and discharged one of them at the breast of the astonished artisan, who, however, did not flinch. To his great credit his work stood the test. The Emperor was not satisfied, so he fired at the man's back, also at another part of his body. Still no harm was done. 'Well!' exclaimed the delighted Emperor, 'you have indeed produced a first-rate piece of work. And now name your price.' 'Our agreement,' answered the artisan, 'was for eighteen thousand francs.' 'Here, then, is the order for them,' said the Emperor, 'and here is another, for an equal amount, to make up for the fright which I must have given you.'

## THE SCHOOLBOY'S FRIEND.

ANAXAGORAS was a Greek philosopher, born about 500 B.C. When twenty years of age, he came to Athens, where he became a notable teacher, and had some very distinguished pupils.

We should think any one mad who tried to teach us some of the things which Anaxagoras believed, though they did not seem ridiculous to the people of those days. He thought the sky to be a solid vault, and the stars to be stones flung up from earth by some violent convulsion and set on fire by the ether. The sun, according to him was an immense, burning mass of stone, and the Milky Way was the shadow of the moon.

Yet this ancient man of science found out some quite true things about the universe, such as the cause of wind and sound, facts about the rainbow and the moon's light.

Something in his teaching so greatly displeased the Athenians that they sentenced him to death. Thanks to the eloquent pleading of Pericles (who had been one of his pupils), this sentence was commuted to banishment for life. Anaxagoras then went to Lampsacus, where he died in the seventy-third year of his age. During his exile, he used to say proudly: 'It is not I who have lost the Athenians; it is the Athenians who have lost me.'

Schoolboys should have a kindly feeling for Anaxagoras. When he was dying, the magistrate of the town asked him what funeral honours he would like to be given him. 'Give the boys a holiday,' he replied, and for several centuries the day of his death was pleasantly observed in the schools of Lampsacus.

## THE COMING OF SPRING.

BENEATH a gnarled old apple-tree  
There lay a fairy, sleeping;  
Between the boughs, to waken her,  
The rosy sun was peeping.

She stirred, she smiled, and then awoke,  
And, up from slumber springing,  
She cried, 'Oh! was it all a dream,  
Or did you hear the singing?—

'Oh! tell me, did you hear it too,  
Or were you busy shining?—  
Oh! did you hear the voice of Spring,  
Dear Sun? For Spring I'm pining.'

'Ah! yes, I heard,' replied the sun;  
'Said I: 'Now forth I'll sally—  
'Tis time a lazy sun was up  
When Spring comes down the valley.'

'I hear the magic music still—  
His way to us he's winging;  
Spring's drawing nearer,' said the sun:  
'Oh! listen to his singing.' . . .

'I am coming—I am coming,  
Though I'm hindered on the way  
By Jack—the fairy jeweller—  
Who keeps your garden gay;

'I am coming, though I linger  
On the hillside, in the glen,  
Just to set the woodlands blushing  
And to kiss the frozen fen.



*'I am coming—soon my presence  
By the silent streams you'll see,  
Where my footsteps, falling lightly,  
Set the frost-bound waters free.'*

*'I am coming, for your flowers  
Must have overslept, I fear;  
They shall waken, they shall waken,  
I am coming—I am here!'*

Then I heard a gentle rustle—  
Saw a bright and flashing wing—  
And I left the little fairy  
In the happy arms of Spring!

LILIAN HOLMES.

### TONY'S 'CHURCHWARDEN.'

TONY sat at the nursery table, eating his breakfast. The door opened, and Mother's head appeared. 'Tony,' she cried, 'Cousin Paul will be here to-day! He's coming to stay with us for a week. Won't that be nice? I *must* go to Laterton this morning; the train starts in a few minutes, so I shall have to run all the way to the station. Good-bye, Son.'

'Good-bye, Mother,' called Tony, waving his porridge spoon.

Cousin Paul! Tony could not remember even hearing his name before. He had a great many cousins, and several of them he had never seen at all.

'I wonder what sort of boy he'll be,' thought Tony, 'and whether we'll have lots of fun? I've often wanted a brother to play with, but I dare say a cousin would do as well. What sort of games shall we play at? If it's fine, there's the garden. If it's wet—I wonder if Paul likes soap-bubbles?'

Tony's favourite wet-weather game was soap-bubbles. Mother let him take his pipe, and dish of soap and water, into an old conservatory, where he could make as much mess as he liked.

Tony went to the play-cupboard, and examined his pipe. It was a lovely long one—fit for a grandfather. His 'Churchwarden,' Mother called it.

But how could two boys play soap-bubbles with only one pipe?

'Can't be done,' said Tony, firmly. 'I must buy another one.'

Sliding a hand into his trouser pocket, he produced a penny—his own.

'I'll buy another long "Churchwarden" for Paul,' he resolved, 'this afternoon.'

'Mary,' he said, at dinner-time, 'may I go into the town this afternoon, to buy something for Cousin Paul?'

'Yes,' said Mary. 'But be home before he comes, won't you?'

'Yes,' promised Tony.

It was a crisp autumn afternoon, and Tony raced down the hill to the little town. With the penny in his hand, he marched into a tobacconist's, for that is the shop where you can buy long 'Churchwarden' pipes.

He chose one with a stem tipped with green—the shopman wrapped it in paper. Then proudly he walked out of the shop into the street.

Bump! A small boy, wearing large boots studded

with nails, was sliding down the pavement, and collided into Tony.

Smash! The precious pipe lay in pieces on the pavement.

'Oh, my pipe!' cried Tony, in despair, stooping to pick up the pieces.

'I say!' exclaimed the small boy. 'I'm sorry—really I am! Was that for your dad?'

'No,' said Tony, trying to be polite. 'It was a—a present for some one.'

'He's smashed, and no mistake!' said the boy. 'I'm sorry! Haven't you got any more money? Can't you buy another?'

'No,' said Tony. 'I haven't any more money.'

'No more 'ave I,' said the boy. 'But I'm just off to the station to see what I can pick up there. P'raps—ere, I dare say if you was to come, you could earn a copper or two—that would buy another pipe!'

'How?' asked Tony, staring.

'Why, by carrying folks' bags and luggage for 'em, of course! Come on, the 2.46 train'll just be in.'

Together they raced to the station, reaching the platform just as the train steamed in.

'There's an old gent,' said the boy, pointing, 'with a bag as you could carry. Go on—go and ask him! Say "Carry yer bag, sir?"'

Tony obediently walked up to the old gentleman.

'May I carry your bag for you, sir?' politely raising his cap.

The old gentleman stared. 'What do you want to carry bags for?' he asked.

'Oh, *do* let me,' begged Tony, holding out his hand.

The old gentleman looked at him carefully. 'Well, here you are then,' he said, suddenly.

Tony took the bag, and trotted along by the gentleman's side.

'Have you got into debt, or what?' asked the old gentleman. 'That a boy like you should go round carrying bags!'

'Well, you see, sir,' confessed Tony, 'I've got a cousin coming to stay with me, and I wanted to buy him a present—a long "Churchwarden" pipe to blow soap-bubbles with. And I bought one just now, but it—it got smashed. So I thought I might—I could—'

'You thought you could earn some money to buy another one!' laughed the old gentleman. 'Well, that was a bright notion!'

But who was this running quickly down the station road to meet them? Mother! What *would* she think of Tony?

'Cousin Paul!' she gasped, shaking the old gentleman by the hand. 'I was *so* sorry not to be able to meet you. But I see Tony has! You *are* a good boy, Tony! Though I don't understand how you two managed to recognise each other!'

Tony looked at Cousin Paul!

Cousin Paul looked at Tony; then, to Mother's surprise, threw back his head, and roared with laughter! 'Cousins are funny things, Tony,' he gasped. 'You can never tell their age. You can have a cousin from a baby in long clothes, to an old gentleman with whiskers! But, Mother, will you excuse me not coming straight home? For I want to go with Tony, and buy a long "Churchwarden" pipe. There's nothing in the world I like better than to sit by the fire at night, and smoke a good old-fashioned "Churchwarden!"'

FLORENCE D. FAWKES.



## MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

## XI.—THE OAK.

**T**RULY romance clings about this monarch of the forest if ever it did about any tree! Think of the history which is made while one of these monsters is growing to its full maturity, for it is said to be nothing for an oak to live five or six hundred years. In fact its wood is not considered at its best for use till the tree is at least one hundred and fifty years old. It does not produce an acorn until most trees would think themselves getting on in life.

Of course, the oak has lost much of its glory since there is no longer its use for the building of our ships, the 'Wooden Walls of England,' but there is no doubt that there is no tree, seen in its full beauty in some open space, which can touch it for strength and grandeur.

The winds from all points may assail it, but it rarely is conquered by them. I have watched, many a time, a group of fine oak, which I know, and the wind has torn at them, twisted their branches, seeming to make special efforts to tear the tree to bits. Yet when the storm has passed, that good old group of oaks was very little the worse for the encounter. In storms I have seen small branches fairly wrung as by the hand of some mighty giant, but all to no purpose; they have withstood it all. This I think is typical of our national character: we will *not* give in when we know we have a good and just cause.

Now, I wonder how much you know about this hero among trees? You know it produces acorns, but what else? Well, I will tell you a good deal about it, and, even if you do know some of it, I hope you will not mind being told again.

First, as to its general shape. Well, this varies very much according to its surroundings. If grown in close quarters it naturally makes for all the light it can get by stretching up and up. But if, as it is at its best, it has plenty of room, the branches spring from its stem very near the ground. These bend and twist about very considerably after making a start from the stem at a big angle; the branches are very numerous, as are also the twigs, giving a very bushy appearance when in leaf. In fig. 1, I show you a sketch of a fine old oak in a park near my home. An oak may be detected easily in winter by the fact that there are generally several branches still in the tree which are dead and therefore bare of small twigs; this you can see in my sketch.

A twig in winter can always be known by the crowding of the buds of which I have already spoken. In fig. 2 this is well marked. The buds in winter are covered with a number of lightish brown scales: these open out when the buds begin to grow and you get the state of things shown in fig. 3. Some of these buds may contain the catkins of flowers as seen at A, some carrying stamens only, some pistils only. I show enlarged flowers of each kind at B and C. From those pistil-carrying flowers the familiar acorns and their cups are developed.

The leaves arrive after the flowers, and it is never safe to foretell the time of their arrival because it is so uncertain. You remember, I dare say, that little rhyme about the ash and the oak?

These leaves have a very characteristic shape; they are long and very deeply and unevenly—I can hardly

call it toothed, but as though cut with a pair of scissors into uneven lobes; there are no sharp teeth, all are rounded. The surface is generally waved, too; there is a straight mid rib and many veins forming a fine network. In fig. 4 I show you several leaves just gathered at random, you will note how different they



Fig. .

are from one another. In fig. 5 I give a rosette of leaves and some acorns.

This time I have a fine little seedling. Here it is in fig 6. It is not quite so young as I would wish, but you see the acorn is still attached, so it must be fairly young, or it would have cast off the acorn. Take my advice and try to grow an acorn in water, it is most interesting. You will then see that there are two cotyledons (first leaves, you know), which do not grow up as leaves, but give out their stored foodstuffs to the young plant (as did the chestnut, you will remember). The acorn first splits and puts down a root, then later from between



the cotyledons up go one, two, or even three stems. There are three in the case of my seedling.

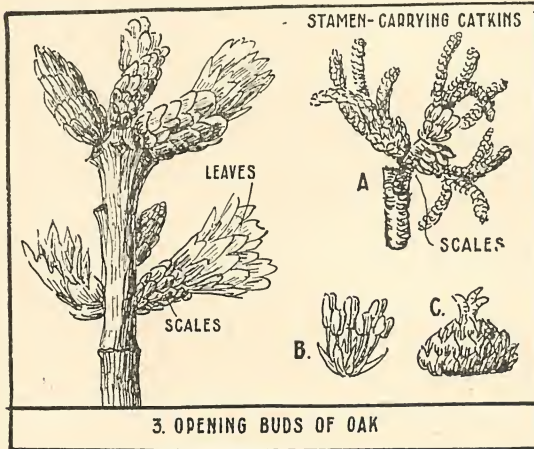
The oak is very slow growing, so that quite a small tree may be many years old. Its bark is peeled at certain times for the tannin which it contains, and, of course, the wood of the oak is so hard and strong



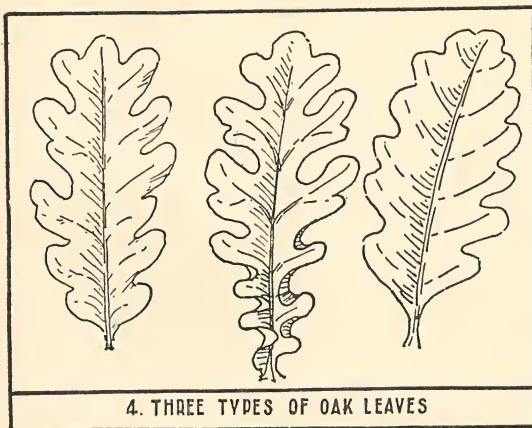
that it has many uses, even though it no longer supplies us with ships.

There are several forms of oak, but I have not space to illustrate them here. There is the Holm or Evergreen Oak, and the Turkey Oak, the latter having very much cut leaves and a mossy sort of acorn cup.

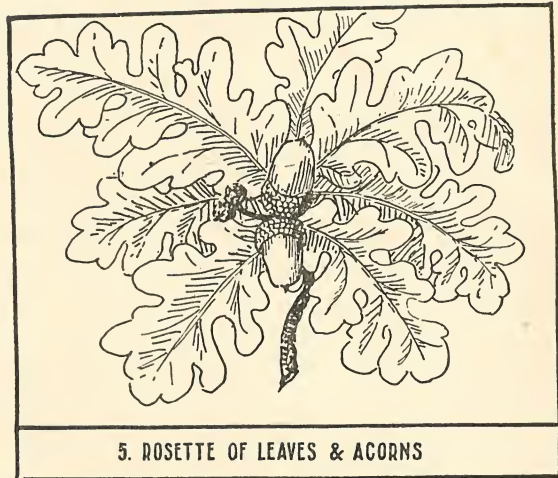
Now I must bring this series to a close. It is true



that this set of articles only includes fourteen trees, and of course there are many which I have not mentioned. But I hope that I may perhaps have a chance to continue the subject later. I thought it would be better to tell of just fourteen trees *thoroughly* and thus make you able to identify them whenever you meet them, than to give much shorter and very incomplete

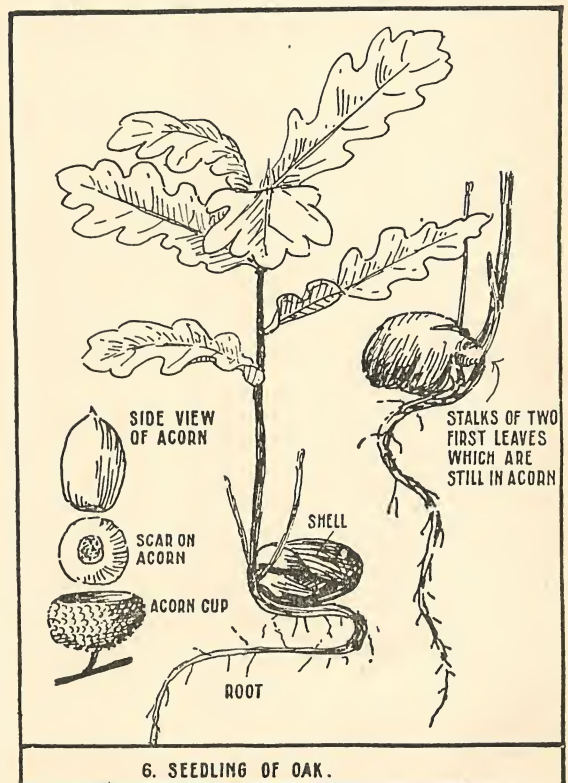


descriptions of *many more* and leave you in a greater muddle than you were before. I will just give you the names of some which I have not touched on:—The Black, White, and Grey Poplars, White Beam, Hawthorn, Aspen, Elder, Guelder Rose, Hazel, Larch, all the Willows (very difficult trees to distinguish one from another). Then there are the Walnut, Apple, and Cherry (wild) and also all the Firs, the Yew, &c. So you



see you have not nearly conquered the subject of trees. All these have their peculiarities, some easy to understand, others hard, but if you have conquered these fourteen trees, you will have made a good start towards being on familiar terms with the rest. Try to use these articles as the guides I want them to be, and you will add to your enjoyment of your every-day life in a wonderful manner.

E. M. BARLOW.





## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

BY WILLIAM RAINEY.

(Continued from page 291.)

WHAT was now to be done? Clearly the first thing was to wire to Uncle William, and beg him to come to Edam post-haste and take formal possession, and then write to his father, telling him the glorious news. Meanwhile, had he better let things remain as they were till his uncle's arrival, or—trusting in the Kunst-kooper's honesty—tell him the whole story? Vic decided on the former. He replaced the lumber in the cupboard and deposited the precious canvas in the corner from which he had taken it. How long would it be before Uncle William could appear on the scene? Probably he would have to procure a passport, and that meant delay, and of that he had a dread lest something might arise in the moment of triumph to snatch the prize from his grasp. He felt as if he hardly dared leave the big upper room, and when he went to dispatch his telegram he locked the door, but did not replace the key on top of the Friese clock. He was now doubly impatient for Phil's return: that indiscreet young man had been away four days, and he had heard nothing from him beyond receiving a picture post-card from Groningen on the evening of the second day, with the words: 'All in order. We are both quite well.' He was not a little disturbed on his account, for the weather had been stormy, and Moe, who had not at all approved of the trip, did not fail to express her misgivings as the days passed.

Now that Vic had obtained possession of the upper room he showed little disposition to begin the large picture he had contemplated: he still worked at the small interiors, but was abstracted and restless, a fact which Moe attributed to uneasiness at Phil's absence. There was a breath of excitement in the bakery, as the morrow was Herman's birthday, an event, it seemed, of some importance, for Moe was busy making small ornamental cakes for the celebration. There was to be a reception in the evening, to which neighbours had been invited, and of course Vic was to be there. Mrs. Bonsor and her daughters had been asked, and it was thought that the Burgomaster himself might look in for a few minutes. It appeared to Vic that the Klomps took an extraordinary interest in anything relating to their own ages, and, it must be owned, the ages of others also; for with strangers it was almost the first subject on which their good-humoured curiosity had to be satisfied: naturally, then, a birthday was an event. Betje made merry in anticipation.

'Mynheer, you'll laugh fit to kill yourself, but you mustn't show it—it's most solemn. Moe will sit there in state, you know, with all her bangles on, and smile and bow as if she'd just come into a fortune, and as the Mevrouws come in, they sail up to her, one by one, and congratulate her on the possession of such a fine boy. Then they'll all sit round the room like a wax-work show, waiting for some one to come and wind them up. I do the winding-up, you know, and Pa gives the lecture.'

'That will do, Betje; I'm sure Mynheer doesn't want to hear your nonsense.'

'Oh, yes, he does, Moe, it keeps him from going to sleep over his work; he'll never be a great artist if he does that—stipple, stipple, stipple, with his nose close

to his picture: he wants winding up, too. You should dash the colour on, Mynheer Fick, and start back and run your fingers through your hair and say "Donnerwetter." If you don't, you'll only be fit for doing wool-work with a needle, like the Mevrouws.'

'And what am I expected to do at the reception?' inquired Vic.

'Oh, you're English, you don't count; and Herman doesn't count, although it's his birthday. Of course, he wears his Sunday clothes and a flower in his button-hole, and looks as if he were enjoying himself; and he has a very big cigar, which he is afraid to light, for they make him ill, and as soon as he gets a chance he sidles off into the bakery and has a turn on his accordion. The Mevrouws sit round and nibble cakes in a very genteel manner, like mice, and it gets so dreadfully quiet that you can hear a hairpin fall out—then I have to wind them up. Mevrouw Smidt's tune is rheumatism, and so is Mevrouw Jagger's. I turn the handle gently, and Mevrouw Smidt starts and Mevrouw Jagger's chimes in, and the concert opens with a duet: Moe, you know, is an amateur rheumatist, and she joins in the chorus. Then I turn Mevrouw Spoor's handle—her tune is patent medicines, and that harmonises till I turn on Juffrouw Scrugger. She believes in cold water and shaking it off, and then we begin to be merry. But no time is to be lost. I turn on Mevrouw Peek, who is great at bazaars, and the clatter begins and the roundabout is set going; but Pa is out of it all this time. Then I turn on Juffrouw Stodge, who has been sniffing disdainfully all the while. She's a suffragette, you know, and has been fuming to get into the fray. Off she goes, right and left, and the pieces begin to fly—one of them is sure to hit Pa. He begins in his most dignified way, but can't keep it up, and presently they're at it like a couple of windmills! Wat luk! Then I fly.'

'Mynheer, just a tiny, tiny little picture for me; not with the others, but here, on the wall of the bakery—ever so tiny. A girl's head, and I'll sit for it; and sign your name and the date. You see, you'll be a great artist some day—a very great artist, and I shall say, when the people come to look at it, "That's by my friend, Mynheer Fick, the great English painter." You'll be a much greater artist than Herr Poster, and don't you forget that I told you so when you were quite young and couldn't paint in water-colours without putting the brush in your mouth. Yes, you'll be very great, and—well, I must tell you the truth, you know—awfully conceited. I shall come to London and shall call on you. You will be living in a grand house in the High Street, near St. Paul's Cathedral. I shall walk up the steps and ring the bell, and a tall footman will come to the door. "Is Mynheer Sir Fick at home? Will you be so good as to give him my card?" The footman will say, "Sir Fick is engaged at present; if you will wait, I will see that he has your card." Then I shall wait half an hour in the hall, sitting on a hard chair. Then there will be a little tinkle on a bell, and the footman will beckon me with his finger, and say, "Will you, please, follow me," and we shall go up the staircase, all soft with velvet carpet. The footman will tap gently at a door, open it, and stand back for me to enter—oh, such a gorgeous studio, with tigers' skins on the floor. And there will stand Sir Fick. You will have a beard then—a pointed beard, and a nice little moustache. You will lay down your palette, make a bow like a prince, and



say, "What can I have the pleasure of doing for you, madam?" I shall say, "Don't you remember me, Sir Fick?" You will stroke your little beard and say, "I am sorry that I have not that pleasure." Then I shall say, "Don't you remember Edam, Sir Fick?" and you'll stand there looking down, with your head a little on one side—just like you do at your picture now, with a tiny little frown on your forehead. "Edam," you'll say. "Edam? Oh, yes; I remember Edam—a small town in North Holland, is it not?" I shall say, "Now, don't you remember me? Don't you remember the Kunst-haven and the Bakery, and how I told you that you would be a great artist some day. Don't you remember Betje?" You will say, politely, "Yes, indeed: are you really Betje?—how interesting! And how is your respected pa and your excellent mother. So glad to hear that they are well. And does Edam go on much the same as usual? How interesting! Can I offer you any refreshment? How interesting—how very interesting! Are you quite sure you will not take anything? Good afternoon—so pleased to have seen you." Ha! ha! ha! What a world it is.'

Herman's birthday was a day not soon to be forgotten in the history of Edam, although the reception did not come off according to programme. There had been a storm in the night that had cut the leaves from the trees in the Willemsgracht in a cruel manner, and the poor, shrivelled green things, not ripe for the sickle of autumn, lay scattered about in the street and on the surface of the canal; not a few tiles were taken from the roofs of the houses, and the Kunst-haven, being a corner house, had suffered its full share. The wind had caught the gables on the one side and carried away some of the tiles above Vic's studio-room and dropped one through the skylight. The Kunst-kooper had to acknowledge, to his regret, that it required a longer ladder and a cooler head than he possessed to restore the roof, and he had, perforce, to summon outside assistance. He was inclined to regard this visitation as a blessing in disguise, as a good opportunity for making some slight alterations in the premises, and his mind was, for a time, evenly balanced between a flag-staff and an additional small skylight. The advantages of a flag-staff for patriotic occasions would occur to any one, but the additional skylight was a private matter; it would be very serviceable to his workshop, and if that workshop were to be turned into a studio, as it now was temporarily, it would prove a great boon to the artist to have one light to paint by and another for the model; in fact, he now saw for the first time the possibilities of that upper room. It might be made such a studio that, when the good times returned and artists flocked to Edam, it could be let at a pretty high figure all through the summer months—it would acquire a reputation and artists would compete for it over one another's heads—and, what appealed to him more, he would be regarded as quite a benefactor. If a door could be let into the outside wall and wooden steps brought down from it to the yard beneath—so that the studio could be entered without its being necessary to pass through the house to Moe's annoyance—it would be a striking addition to the Kunst-haven. He wondered that he had never thought of it before. Of course, the flag-staff would have come in finely on the Queen's birthday and other festivals, and it would have given distinction to the house, but the other considerations were weightier and might appeal more to

Moe; though, when he came to think of it deliberately, why should not the two be combined? It was a great scheme, but, alas! when suggested to Moe with the lightest touch, she put her foot on it. She took out her purse, opened it, and turned it upside down.

Herman had been busy all the morning with a trowel and a daub of cement, assisting in replacing the tiles; he wore his third worst pair of trousers and was not much to look at: but in the afternoon he was resplendent in his Sunday suit, a flower in his buttonhole, his face shining with soft-soap and contentment, and as proud of his twenty-three years as if he had been an octogenarian.

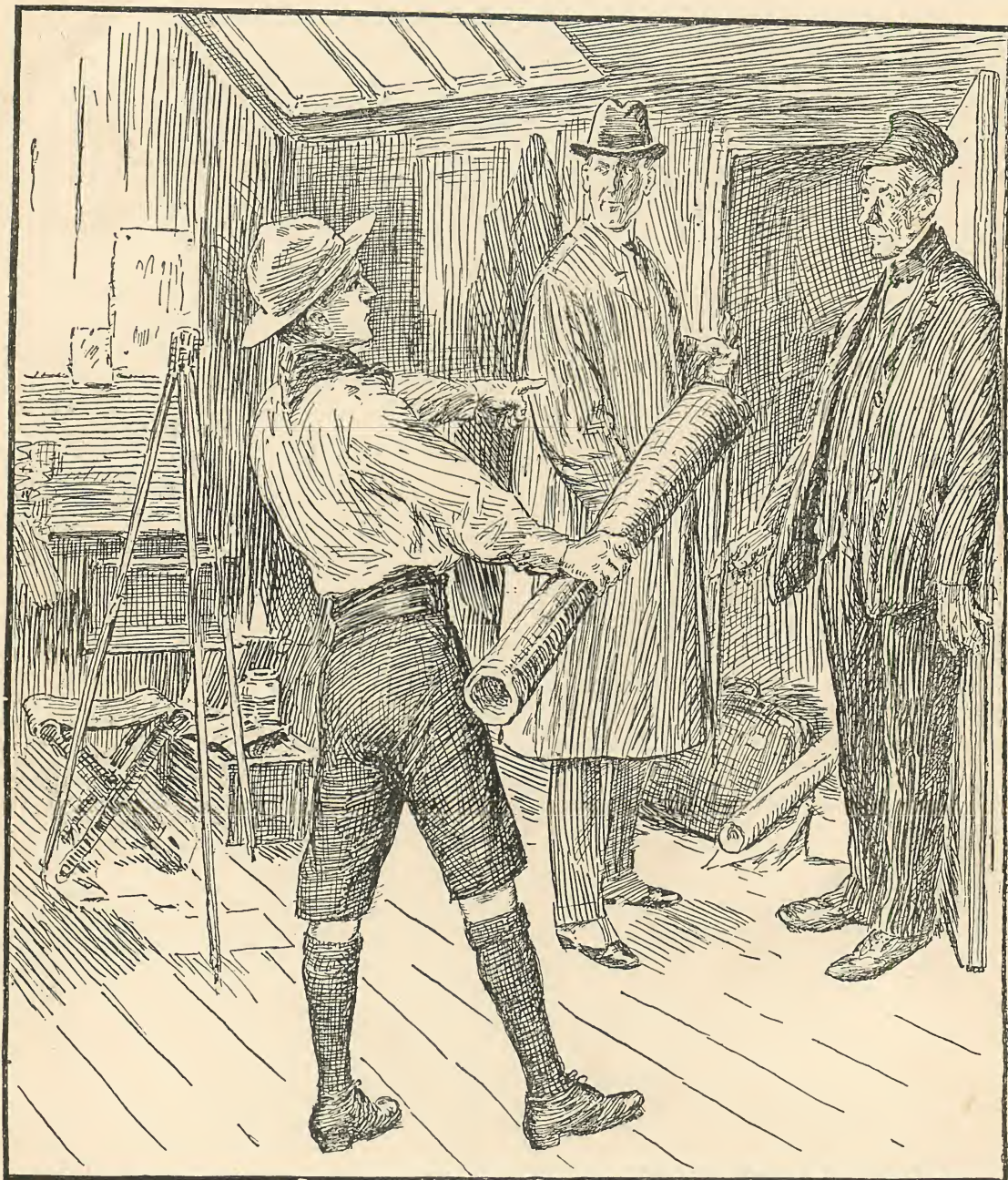
Vic made a call on the Bonsors to deliver a message from Moe. The girls were out sketching and Poppa was deep in a Chicago newspaper he had received. Mrs. Bonsor said she would be pleased to pop in at the Kunst-haven in the evening though she feared her room was better than her company.

When Vic returned—and he could have been away scarcely more than twenty minutes—he heard voices above stairs, and, to his astonishment, found the door of the big upper room standing half open and saw figures within; for a moment he thought the workmen had returned to do something further to the roof. He stepped in and was startled at beholding the Kunst-kooper and a stranger: the tall, slim figure in a light grey overcoat and wearing a Trilby hat, had been too constantly before Vic's imagination not to be instantly recognised, although his back was toward him, and the long features and pale eyes were not seen. They stood near the open cupboard and the Kunst-kooper held in his hands a half unrolled canvas—the 'Reynolds.' The rolled portion was in one hand and the corner of the open part held between the thumb and forefinger of the other: he was looking critically at the portrait, his head slightly on one side. Vic realised that the thing which had been his nightmare had happened and that the moment for instant action had arrived or all would be lost. He stepped forward, and before Mr. Stanley Cobb had time to do more than turn his head, had hastily taken the canvas from the hands of the astonished Kunst-kooper. He drew back a step with it, saying, 'Mynheer Klomp, this picture is mine: it was stolen from my father's house, and this man is the thief.' The Kunst-kooper was so amazed that his brain could not take in the full meaning of the words. Was it some absurd and incomprehensible joke on Vic's part, or had he lost his senses? But Mr. Stanley Cobb's coolness was extraordinary: one keen glance at Vic and he had grasped the situation. His face was naturally pale and immobile and showed not the least feeling. He drew back a step and regarded Vic with grave astonishment and then directed a surprised and questioning look toward the Kunst-kooper. 'What does this mean, Mynheer Klomp?' he said. 'Is this youth mad?' The very thought that was beginning to shape itself in the Kunst-kooper's mind—mad! He could answer nothing. 'Come, Mynheer Klomp, I do not understand this. Is this some of your doing? I have heard that picture-dealers can be very wily. Is this some scheme of yours to defraud me of my property? If so, it's a very clumsy one.'

'No, no, Mynheer,' stammered the Kunst-kooper; 'I don't understand it. This young Mynheer— No—I don't understand.'

(Continued on page 306.)





“ ‘ This man is the thief. ’ ”





"Mr. Stanley Cobb was marched off."



## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By WILLIAM RAINÉY.

(Continued from page 303.)

'MYNHEER KLOMP,' cried Vic in an excited voice, 'it's not difficult to understand. This is a valuable picture, and it was stolen from my father's house. Here, you can see the marks where it was cut out of the frame—there's no margin for the stretcher—see? I came to your house on purpose to get the picture, for I found out that it had been sent to you. That man is the thief.'

'This is perfectly ridiculous,' said Mr. Stanley Cobb, with a smile and a slight sneer, 'and it looks very much as if it were a little scene got up between you two, Mynheer Klomp. If that is the case you must not think I am so simple as to be got over in this way. I was under the impression that you were an honest man when I entrusted my property to you. You know very well the circumstances under which I was prepared to dispose of it, and now I have come to make arrangements for its removal, you refuse to deliver it up like an honest man, and resort to such a silly trick as this to retain possession of it.'

'No, no, no,' exclaimed the Kunst-kooper helplessly. 'What am I to do, Mynheer? Mynheer Fick, you can't mean what you say? You've gone mad, surely.'

'What I have said is the plain truth,' Vic declared. 'I mean every word of it, and no one takes this picture from my hands. Fetch the police—go and fetch the Burgomeester. I'll deliver the picture into his hands, and no other.'

'This is incomprehensible,' said Mr. Stanley Cobb with a shake of the head and speaking very deliberately. 'I am very reluctant to believe that you are a dishonourable man, Mynheer Klomp; but what else am I to believe?—and surely you can't be so foolish as to imagine that I should surrender my property because of the abuse of this youth of yours. It is all too ridiculous. By all means fetch the Burgomeester, and see if he can make any sense of it. I don't like to believe you so shallow and so dishonourable, but I can see no other explanation. By all means fetch the Burgomeester.' Mr. Stanley Cobb folded his arms on his chest and turned away in vexation.

The Kunst-kooper looked from one to the other. There stood Vic, as stiff as a poker, clutching the 'Reynolds,' his lips shut tight and a defiant look on his face; and there was Mr. Stanley Cobb, turning away annoyed but perfectly self-possessed. The Kunst-kooper was no Solomon to pronounce judgment between them. He shook off his bewilderment, and said with an effort at briskness, 'Yes, I will fetch the Burgomeester—he will understand,' and he left the room and descended the stairs.

Mr. Stanley Cobb took a few paces up the room and walked back again. He still wore the mildly-vexed expression on his face. He looked up at the skylight and at the patched roof where the tiles had been replaced, anywhere but at Vic, who remained tense and defiant, as a hen defending her brood. Some minutes passed thus. The vexation died out of Mr. Cobb's face and a look of weariness took its place. He glanced at his watch. Then he stood with his hands behind him and head bowed, as he listlessly stirred a small piece of charcoal that lay on the floor with the toe of his boot.

Suddenly, from this absolute quiescence, like the snap of an overstrained wire, he sprang on Vic, and, taken by surprise, Vic went down beneath him. He had a clutch on Vic's throat, and his other hand was over his mouth, the pale eyes flashed. 'You young beast, I'll choke you,' he hissed, and beat Vic's head against the floor. Vic was not one to give in; he struck upward with all his force, and getting in one blow full on the chin, he threw his assailant off; but again the grip was on his throat, and his head beaten on the floor till he was dizzy, and his blows became wild and ill-directed. The roll of canvas was flung wide.

Vic was no match for his opponent; Stanley Cobb's knee was on his chest and he was in a powerful grip; for though his hands looked like those of a woman, the wrists were of steel, and Vic's head was dazed with the blows he had received.

Stanley Cobb rose to his feet, seized the 'Reynolds,' gave his victim one parting kick on the head, and was outside the door. Vic pulled himself together only in time to hear the key turned in the lock. Then, roused to fury at the loss of the 'Reynolds,' he literally flung himself shoulder first at the door. Fortunately, the door was of that slight sort, such as are often seen in old houses, where strength and resistance have been directed almost entirely to the outside defences; besides this, it was warped and ill-fitting. It yielded to the weight of Vic's body—it split, and the bolt of the lock broke through the wooden socket, so that before Stanley Cobb had disappeared down the short passage, Vic was through the doorway and shouting at the top of his voice, 'Stop him—thief. Stop thief!' till the house rang.

Fortune did not favour the escape of Stanley Cobb, for at the moment that he disappeared from the landing and hurtled down the stairs, a young Volendam fisherman was ascending noiselessly with stockinged feet. As the hubbub arose, the smile of an intended pleasant surprise left his features, and when the flying figure in grey coat, still wearing the Trilby hat, descended on him, he had sufficiently grasped the circumstances to put out his foot, and, instinctively, he seized the roll of canvas. Fugitive and Volendammer lay scrambling on the stairs. The flying man righted himself, and was in the act of turning on the Volendammer, when a scream from Moe, at the foot of the stairs, made him pause, and, looking below, he beheld another Volendammer—a man of formidable size. This individual was gazing up doubtfully, as if he had been suddenly shaken from his bunk into the midst of a boarding party—ready to strike, but not knowing friend from foe. Stanley Cobb, realising that the game was nearly up, did not wait for him to make up his mind, but dashed past him; Moe and Betje were swept aside.

There was a fearful clatter above. Vic came tearing downstairs and collided with the Volendammer, who was shouting to his companion, 'Fetch him back, Dick; fetch him back,' as if he were urging a dog. The noise had even penetrated Herman's ears, but not having the slightest idea of what it all was about, he pluckily went for the biggest, and hung on fiercely to the stalwart Volendammer. The door into the street was flung wide, and the flying man would have stood a good chance of getting clear away had it not been that the threshold was blocked by the commanding figure of Mrs. Bonsor, who, having bethought her of a postscript to her message, was entering to deliver it. The



fugitive charged at her with little ceremony, and Mrs. Bonsor, with but the one idea of breaking the force of the collision, set her teeth and held her two fists firmly before her like the buffers of a railway carriage. The force of the impact was broken, and the Trilby lay a trophy at Mrs. Bonsor's feet, but the two Misses Bonsor were swept aside like autumn leaves, and Mr. Stanley Cobb, minus his hat, was flying up the Willemgracht and over the bridge, when Dick started in pursuit. The chase up Bridge Street, towards the station—the disordered gentleman flying for freedom, the pursuing Volendammers and the limping figure of a battered Scout, will live for some time in the annals of that quiet street; and when Dick returned in triumph with the captured man, it was with such a bodyguard of women and children, that the street in front of the Kunst-haven was packed.

By this time the Burgemeester and Mynheer Klomp had arrived on the scene; the former conscious of all the dignity of a civic event, and the bewildered Kunst-kooper with every shred of optimism gone. The Burgemeester quickly cleared a circle, but nothing else cleared, for every one spoke at once, and those who knew least spoke loudest; but it was soon evident to the representative of Law and Order that some one had to be arrested, and naturally he chose the two who had suffered most and were most dilapidated. The big Volendammer surrendered his prisoner to a policeman, and Vic was being marched off by another, when a new arrival appeared—a stout, ruddy-faced gentleman, wearing a straw hat and showing an extent of white waistcoat that ought to have entitled him to a seat on any town council, British or foreign. But this gentleman, although his appearance was so important as to carry authority with it, was gazing hopelessly about him as if he, too, were pining for some guiding hand. He gazed vacantly at the gesticulating crowd, at the Kunst-haven with Moe and Betje in the doorway—Moe spreading wide her hands and exclaiming, 'What can you do? What can you do?' and Betje, pale to her lips—at Mrs. Bonsor, clutching her walking-stick and looking fiercely round her, apparently in search of a victim. It became plain that the gentleman could not speak the language, for when he inquired at the edge of the crowd if this were the house of Mynheer Klomp, only the name was understood, and a dozen fingers pointed out the dejected figure of the Kunst-kooper. At this moment help came in a strange guise: a lanky youth, 'dressed like a pirate,' as he afterwards declared, rushed upon him. He thought his last hour had come, or that his watch-chain had gone, but as the effigy, in a tall fur cap and great flopping breeches, seized his hand, a dim feeling of dress rehearsals spread over his mind; but when the Corsair, still ringing his hand, shouted in his ear, above the din, 'How do, Uncle William? You're just in time,' he felt that nothing mattered much, but that he had better turn over. However, when his eye lit on Vic in the midst of the ring, looking much the worse for wear, with a policeman's hand on his shoulder, he woke up with a jerk, and elbowed his way to the front briskly. Taking Vic's hand, he turned on the Burgemeester. 'What does all this mean?' he demanded angrily.

It was the very question that was puzzling the Burgemeester, and the two regarded each other blankly.

Vic gave the briefest outline of the afternoon's occurrences to Uncle William, the Kunst-kooper began

to awake from his torpor, and a little clarity of idea dawned on the Burgemeester, so that he was able to form some sort of opinion as to which was the culprit.

Mr. Stanley Cobb, much disarranged about the neck, was marched off by the policemen, and the persons chiefly concerned in the drama followed, attended by the crowd.

(Concluded on page 314.)

## BURIED CITIES.

By A. A. METHLEY, F.R.G.S.

### X.—ROME AND POMPEII.

'ROME was not built in a day,' that is an old saying with which we are all familiar, but we cannot realise its literal truth unless we have been to Rome and have seen how many centuries and how many generations have gone to the building up of the Eternal City. Royal Rome, Republican Rome, Imperial Rome, Papal Rome, we have the ruins of all these periods, and so closely are they packed together, one building having been raised on the fragments of another, or even actually constructed out of those fragments, that it is often difficult to distinguish the ancient from the modern, or the mediæval from the pre-historic.

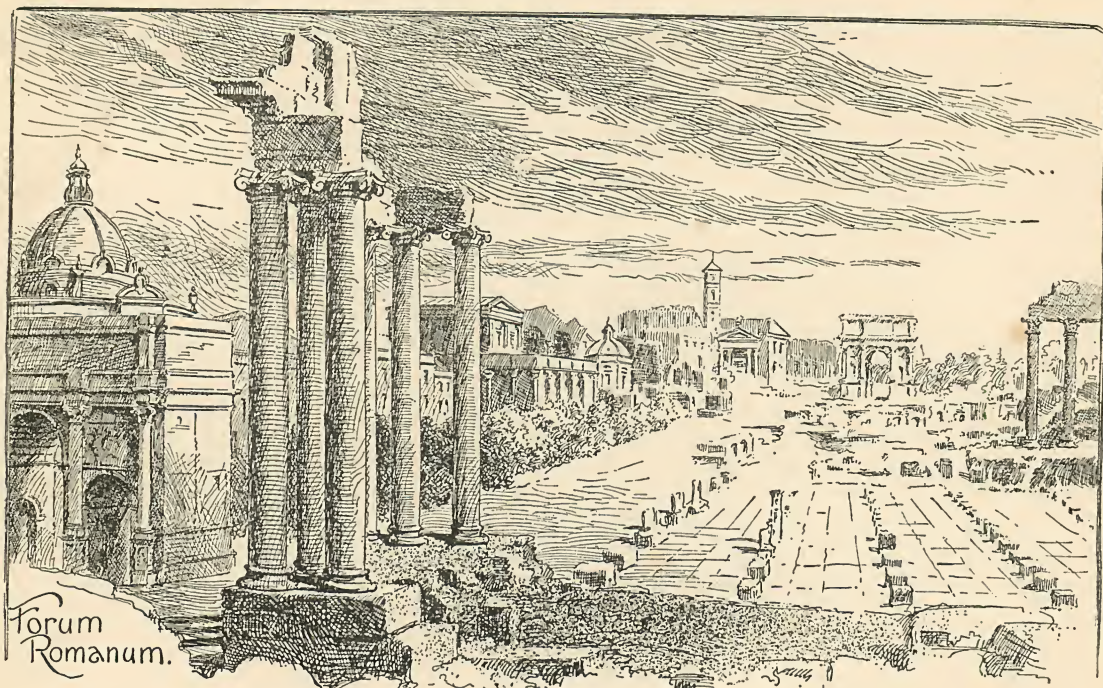
The Buried Cities of Rome, that is the realm that we are to explore to-day, and the field is a wide one, for it need not mean only the great tangled capital on the banks of the Tiber—although, to tell the truth, it would need a lifetime, and a long one, too, to see all the wonders and treasures that are gathered together on the Seven Hills. Rome—the empire, not the city—flung its boundaries far into the countries of Europe, and, further still, east and west and north and south, across Asia, along the wild Barbary coast and deep into the heart of the Sahara. Cities which owed allegiance to Cæsar are to be found not only in Italy, but beyond the Alps and over the seas, so that at Silchester in England, at Nîmes and Rheims in France, at Trèves in Germany, and among the sands and wild flowers of Tunisia and Algeria the footsteps of the conquerors can be traced, and we see the paved roads, the triumphal arches, and the great theatres that once made the Roman soldiers and merchants who were forced to live in exile feel that they were still citizens of the great empire.

We have, however, visited many of these Roman buried cities on our make-believe travels, and now we must turn our faces towards the metropolis itself, and journey along one of the many roads which, as another old proverb tells us, all lead to Rome.

London will be a good starting-place for our expedition to-day, but, instead of taking a ticket at Charing Cross or Victoria, and settling ourselves down comfortably with newspapers and lunch-baskets in the boat train, we must travel in a more romantic fashion and follow in the footsteps of the old-time wayfarers, soldiers and pilgrims and merchants who all through the ages have taken this same route.

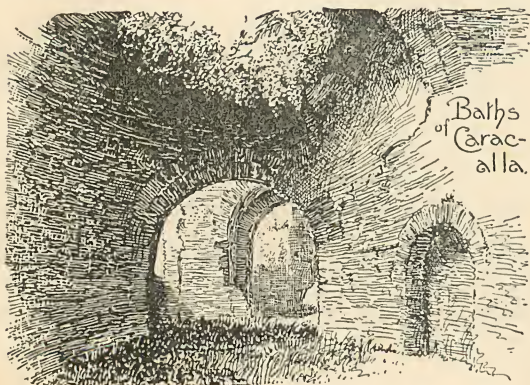
Watling Street, the famous Roman road, runs right through our city, and if we go along it and then turn down Walbrook into Cannon Street, we shall pass St. Swithin's Church with the ancient London Stone embedded in its wall, that once was the first milestone on the great thoroughfare. Over London Bridge we go then, and on eastward into Kent, until we reach the sea and, at Richborough, perhaps, which in ancient days was





called the Port of London, find a ship to carry us across the Channel.

Along the Watling Street! We can picture the travellers of olden days, who, once upon a time, came this way. There are the tall Roman legionaries swinging through the dust, with the sun gleaming on their helmet-crests and sword-blades, and there are traders and pedlars, slaves and country-folk, the chariots of wealthy patricians, the litters of fine ladies, and the strings of heavily laden pack-horses. But we cannot linger now to watch the motley crowds for we are southward bound and must not halt until we reach the gates of the Eternal City. It does not take us long to get there, for make-believe travellers are independent of time-tables and bad weather, and very soon we find ourselves on the wide Campagna plain, with the dome of St. Peter's showing far away in the distance.



We will enter the city at the Porta di Popolo, as was always the fashion with visitors from the north, and, crossing the square by the fountain, turn into the busy mile-long street which is now called the Corso, but which, in bygone times, was the Flaminian Way.

'The Glory that was Greece and the Grandeur that was Rome.' Coming to Italy after having visited Athens, we see how, when Rome became leader of the world, Greek ideas and Greek ideals were adopted and adapted. Rome, however, although a more warlike and arrogant leader than Greece had ever been, was a less artistic one, and among all her famous buildings and treasures there is nothing to rival the splendour of the Parthenon or the wonderful statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. The architecture, indeed, became more and more massive and imposing as time went on, but grace was sacrificed to size and the simplicity of the old designs was lost amid an exaggerated wealth of ornamentation.

At the same time, Rome itself is certainly a more interesting city even than Athens, for while, in the latter, ancient and modern Greece stand as it were face to face, with nothing to break the contrast, in Rome we have the relics and ruins of every period, so that the fortress towers of robber barons may be seen side by side with Renaissance palaces, and Christian churches are built on the foundations of pagan temples.

For instance, coming down the Corso and crossing the modern Via Nazionale, we find ourselves almost immediately beneath the great column of Trajan, while, from there, it is only a little way on to the Palatine, the Forum, and the Colosseum itself.

We now begin to realise how truly ancient Rome is a buried city, for the level of the old pavement of the Forum is far below that of the present streets, and although excavations have been going on for more than

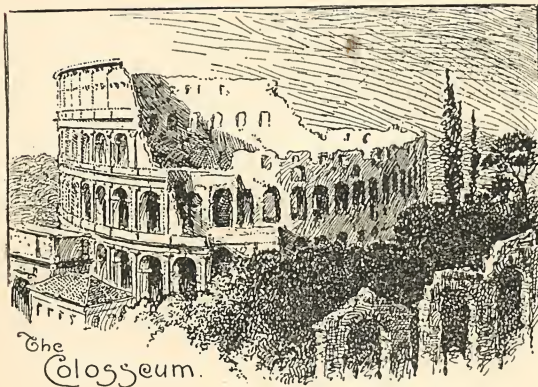


a century, much work still remains to be done. The old name, Campo Vaccino, or Field of Cows, which still figures on the maps of Rome, reminds us of the time, only a hundred years ago, when these wonderful ruins were covered by swampy meadow-land, and when oxen grazed among the broken columns which here and there could be seen rising above the tangled grass and thistles.

We are right in the heart of Rome, here in the Forum, for this was the market-place in the days of Romulus, and all through the centuries of Republican and Imperial rule it was the centre of the city's life and business and government. Great buildings and temples were erected on every side, as time went on; triumphal arches were raised to commemorate victories, and here orators declaimed, sentences were passed and sacrifices were offered.

We can see the remnants of the old splendours still: the column of Phocas, the arch of Septimus Severus, the three stately pillars of the temple of Castor and the tribune of Julius Cæsar, and everywhere are scattered stones, broken sculptures, and masses of ancient brick-work.

This was the basilica of Julia, we are told, this the



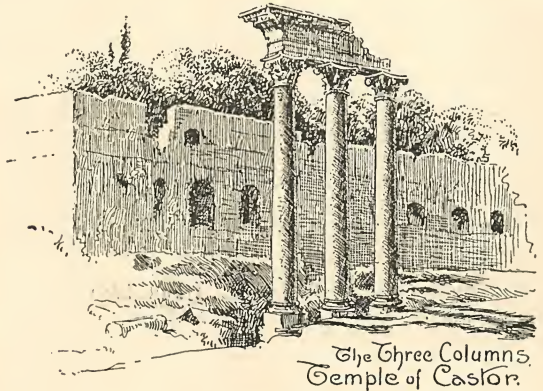
house of the vestal virgins, and this the pavement of the Via Sacra; but so complete is the devastation that it is very difficult to imagine the scene as it must have been in the days of Rome's power and magnificence, when busy crowds of citizens thronged the Forum, or when some great triumphal procession came along the Sacred Way.

In many places these ruins were buried beneath forty feet and more of earth and rubbish, and we wonder how the city could thus have lost sight so completely of its ancient glories. We must remember, however, that, if Rome was not built in a day, it was not destroyed in a day either, and that many centuries and many forces went to the destruction of the temples and palaces. History tells us of floods and fires and earthquakes, of barbarian invasions and ruthless civil wars, and then there was the strange period when the Romans did not value their own treasures, when every ruin was a quarry, when every temple had its lime-kiln, when sculptured stones were built into the walls of new houses and when boys played games with the broken heads of priceless antique statues.

It is wonderful not that so little but that so much has survived through all those dark ages of recklessness and ignorance and neglect; but now Rome is awake to its

privileges and responsibilities and during the last hundred years many wonderful discoveries and restorations have been made.

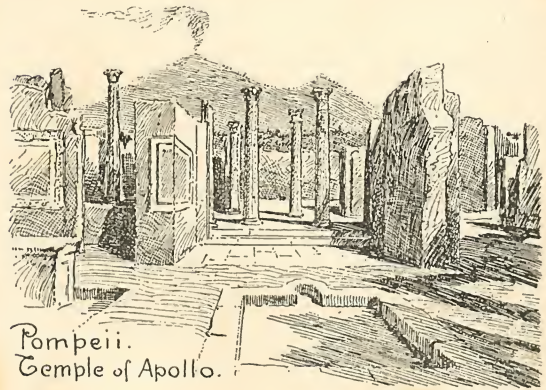
The Colosseum, which we go on to see after having visited the Forum, is one of the most interesting of all the ruins of Rome, for this was the great theatre of Flavian, built with the stones of Nero's Golden House, and here took place the chariot races, the combats of the



gladiators and the terrible massacres in which many thousands of Christians were put to death.

A cross has been raised now in the centre of the amphitheatre to commemorate these martyrs, and, standing by it, we can look up at the seats rising tier above tier, where the spectators crowded to watch the show on those long-past Roman holidays.

The Colosseum, like most of the other great ruins, was used as a stone quarry during the Middle Ages, but much



of it still stands, and another old Roman saying comes into our minds as we look at its huge shattered walls.

'While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand;  
When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fail,  
And with Rome falls the world.'

In buried Rome we see many temples and palaces and great public buildings, but the ordinary houses, the homes of the common people, have vanished away. If we want to know what they were like we must leave Rome itself and go southward to the Bay of Naples, where in the shadow of Mount Vesuvius is to be seen one of the most



marvellous buried cities in the whole world. This is Pompeii, which, when the eruption of the volcano took place in A.D. 79, was buried beneath the ashes, and which, after being hidden and preserved for nearly two thousand years has been brought once more to the light of day.

And so now, when we are coming to the end of our travels through the buried cities of the world, we reach the most perfect and interesting of them all, for Pompeii is like a Sleeping Beauty city which has just been aroused from its long slumber, or like a Rip van Winkle that, coming to life again in the twentieth century, brings us the customs and habits and thoughts of the first.

The dead past seems very real and very near to us when we enter one of the gates of this wonderful dream city, and walk along the silent streets where the ruts of two-thousand-years-ago chariot wheels are cut deep into the paving-stones. On either side are the deserted houses, and we can wander in and out of them as we will, seeing how the rooms were arranged in Roman days, how the walls were decorated, how the people lived, and how food was prepared and cooked and eaten.

Everything was found just as it had been left, all those hundreds of years ago, and there were the loaves of bread, the baskets of fruit and flowers, the jewels of the women, the household pots and pans, and the children's toys. It is like reading a wonderful story of the past, and the gaps in the narrative are filled up by the wall paintings, which show us pictures of the old Pompeians feasting and working and going about all the tasks and duties and pleasures of their everyday life.

In many of these streets and houses bodies were found, for although most of the inhabitants of the city were able to escape, some who had stayed behind to collect their belongings, or who lost their way in the thick darkness, were killed. They were discovered cowering in doorways or with their heads wrapped in their cloaks as if suffocated by the poisonous fumes that poured from the volcano.

Among those who died at this time was Pliny the famous Roman writer; and his nephew, Pliny the Younger, has left us a vivid description of what happened on that terrible summer day when Pompeii and its sister city Herculaneum were destroyed.

'On the twenty-fourth of August,' he writes, 'a cloud of unusual shape and size appeared ascending from Vesuvius like a pine-tree,' and then he goes on to tell how the next day the sun was darkened by the smoke and ashes in the air, how the earth trembled and how the terrified inhabitants of Pompeii prepared to flee from their homes.

Pliny and his mother escaped with the rest, going out into the streets where even the chariots swayed backwards and forwards, and making their way down to the shore, where they found that the sea had receded and that many strange sea animals had been left exposed on the beach.

Pliny the Elder, who was an admiral of the Roman fleet, was away at Misenum when the eruption began, but he immediately ordered a boat to be launched and sailed homeward across the bay. He landed at Stabia, or Castelamare, as it is now called, and failing to reach Pompeii, stayed there with a friend. The danger spread, however, the two men tried to escape amid the dense clouds of falling ashes, and Pliny was overcome and choked by the poisonous vapours.

For a little while after its destruction, fugitives returned to Pompeii to search for their lost belongings or to ransack the deserted houses, but no attempt was made

to restore the city and after a time it seems to have been forgotten. It was not until late in the eighteenth century that regular excavations were undertaken, but since then the work has gone on steadily, and now a great part of the town has been uncovered.

Herculaneum was overwhelmed with Pompeii, but instead of being covered by light ashes and scorie, it was buried in mud, and, as this has hardened, excavations can only be made with great difficulty. In spite of this, many beautiful bronzes and statues have already been found in the city.

### THE POUCHED RAT.

THE wombat, or 'pouched rat,' found in Australia, Van Diemen's Land, and the islands of Bass's Strait, is a marsupial animal—that is to say, an animal which carries its babies in a bag or pocket. Its form is clumsy, its muzzle blunt, and in appearance it is something like a little bear, though, because of its burrowing habits, it has sometimes been classed with the badger. Its plump body is two or three feet long, its tail very short and almost bare. The animal is cosily attired in a coat of long, grayish-brown, woolly hair. It has a big, flat head, with small eyes and ears. The upper lip is cleft. Like ourselves, the wombat has five toes on each foot, but it has two more feet than we possess. The soles of its feet are broad and bare.

### ANAGRAMS.

AN 'anagram,' says the dictionary, is 'a word or sentence, formed by transposing the letters of another.' An author of James the First's time turned his King's name, 'James Stuart,' into *A just master*.

An eccentric lady, who, in the troubled reign of James's successor, prophesied evil things against the government, made of her own name, 'Eleanor Davies,' *Reveal O Daniel!* (Being a little mad, she fancied she had the spirit of Daniel within her.) This was a poor anagram, for it had too much by an *e* and too little by an *s*, but it satisfied Lady Eleanor Davies. Her prophecies got her into trouble; she was brought before the Court of High Commission. Solemn arguments were used against her without effect. At last, one of the learned men present (to use the words of a writer of the time) 'shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver.' In plain English, he made an anagram on her name, a far better one than that which she herself had made. 'Dame Eleanor Davies' he turned into *Never so mad a ladie*. At this, the members of that usually grave court burst out laughing. The poor lady, however, was greatly depressed, and we hear no more of her and her prophesying.

When visiting King's Newton Hall, in Derbyshire, Charles I. is said to have written on one of the windows: *Cras ero lux* ('To-morrow I shall be light'), which is an anagram of *Carolus Rex* (Charles the King).

### PERHAPS.

IF we have a little patience we shall see the fairies pass,  
For I see their tiny tables set in circles on the grass;  
Perhaps they're going to have a feast—  
Perhaps they're going to sing—  
Perhaps they're going to have a dance—  
Within the fairies' ring.



'If we have a little patience we shall see them trip along,  
If we listen quite intently, we shall hear their fairy song;  
Perhaps there'll be an elf or two—  
Perhaps a fairy queen—  
Perhaps a little water-sprite  
Ali dancing on the green.'

'If we have to wait much longer, indeed, one little maiden  
said,  
'I'm afraid I shall get frightened. Oh I wish we were  
in bed;  
Perhaps Nurse doesn't know we're out,  
Perhaps she will inquire,  
Perhaps she thinks we're playing still  
Beside the nursery fire.'

And the other little maiden tried to say, 'They soon  
will come,'  
But she felt so very sleepy that her rosy lips were  
dumb;  
So they cuddled up together,  
Quite tired out at last,  
And as they closed their sleepy eyes,  
The fairies all tripped past.

Soon their Nursie came and found them both and carried  
them to bed.  
As she tucked them up, so tenderly, she kissed each one  
and said:

'Perhaps they'll dream of fairyland—  
Perhaps they'll fairies be—  
Perhaps they'll sail in fairy ships  
Upon a fairy sea;  
And when the daylight wakens them,  
Perhaps they'll think it true,  
And not believe it was a dream,  
Perhaps—I hope they do.'

LILLIAN HOLMES.

### A MARVELLOUS LOG.

IN one of the wonderful forests of north-west America  
a cedar log lies prone. There, in the spot where it  
fell, it has lain between thirteen and fourteen centuries,  
and its wood is still strong and fit for use! At least as  
early as the fifth century A.D. this cedar must have  
reached its full growth.

How came it to topple over? We cannot tell.  
Perhaps it was blown down by a mighty wind. The  
marvel is that the wood of this so-long-fallen tree is  
good enough to-day to furnish quantities of quite satis-  
factory shingles.

The brave old cedar log reminds us of George Herbert's  
quaint and beautiful lines:

'Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to coal  
Then chiefly lives.'

E. D.

### BITS ABOUT BELLS.

LONG ago, in remote ages, cymbals and handbells  
were used in religious ceremonies. In Egypt, the  
feast of Osiris was announced by the ringing of bells.  
The Jewish High Priest had golden bells attached to  
his robe. In Athens, too, bells were used in religious  
rites. Bells were also employed, both by the Greeks  
and the Romans, for many other purposes. The intro-  
duction of bells into Christian churches is said to be the

doing of Bishop Paulinus, of Nola in Campania. Church  
bells were first made in Campania, and were therefore  
called *campanæ*. (The meaning of '*campanile*' is 'bell-  
tower.') They were introduced into France about 550 A.D.

The largest bell in the world is the Great Bell, or  
'Monarch,' of Moscow. Its height and diameter is over  
twenty-one feet, and it weighs one hundred and ninety-  
three tons. This monster was turned into the dome of  
a church.

The smaller a bell is, the higher is its pitch.

There are—or were—some very curious superstitions  
respecting bells. It was thought that they warded off  
storms and pestilence, and were a protection against fire  
and other foes. There was a ridiculous notion that  
when the great bell of St. Paul's tolled, all the beer in  
the neighbourhood turned sour!

The treble bell of Exeter Cathedral, re-cast during  
the Great War, has had the following couplet added to  
the original inscription:—

'Re-cast in war, I hope to herald peace,  
When all will love, and "hymns of hatred" cease.'

E. D.

### THE INDIAN ELEPHANT.

FLOODS, as we know, are very frequent in India.  
Sir Edwin Arnold has thus described them:

'Every one knows these Indian floods. The sun goes  
down one evening at the end of the dry season on  
a world that aches with six months' heat and drought,  
and wakes next morning in a universe of waters that  
would have astonished even Noah, the son of Lamech.'

On one occasion, when there were serious floods in  
the native Indian State of Burdwan, the Maharajah's  
elephants greatly distinguished themselves as life-  
savers.

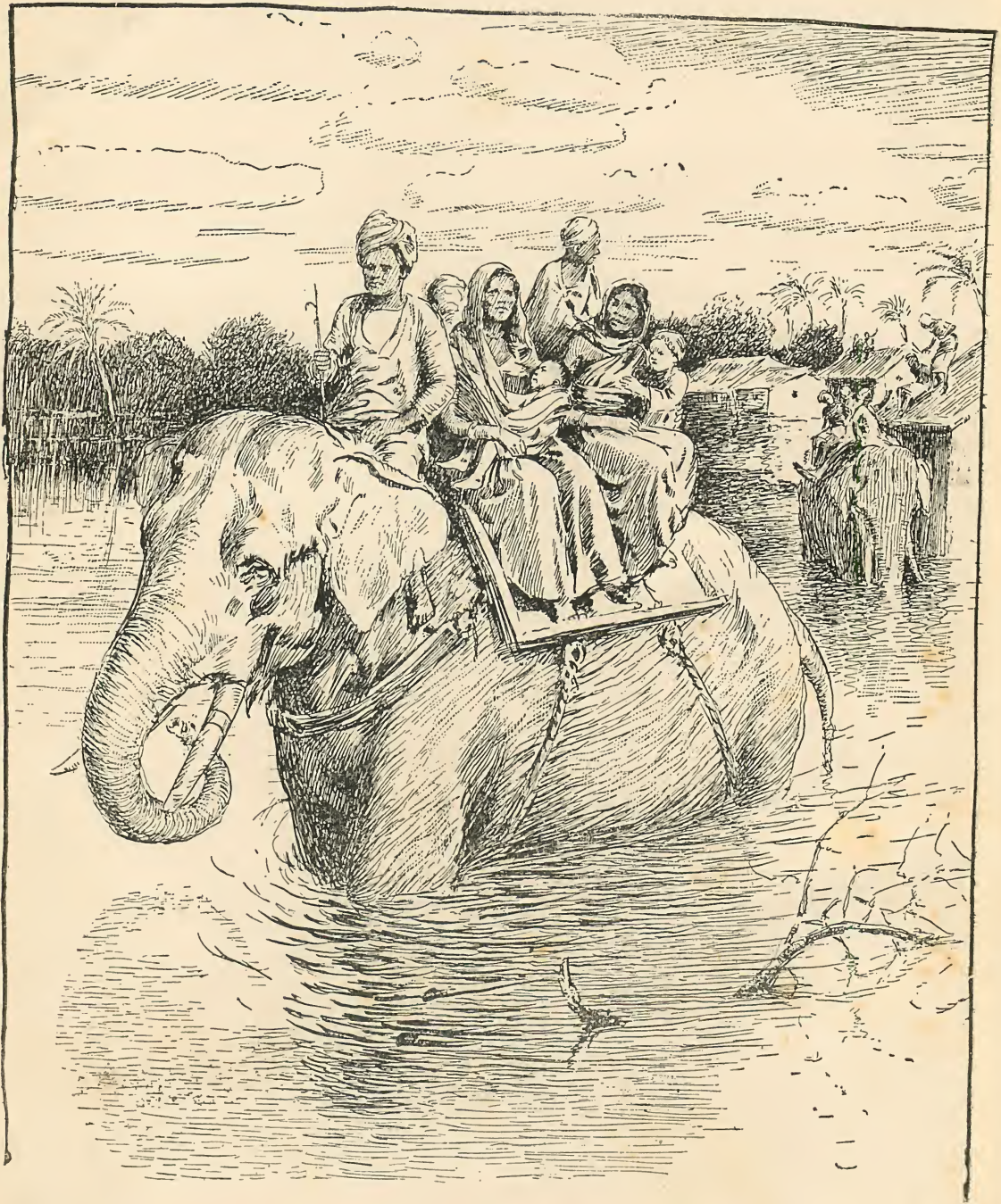
All Burdwan was a lake. The river Damodar had  
broken its banks, and half the people of the little State  
were in danger of drowning. Then the Prince sent  
forth his elephants, with their howdahs on their backs  
and their mahouts astride of their necks. The people  
who had not found shelter were taken to higher ground;  
those who had perched themselves on trees or roofs  
were quickly collected by the good, willing beasts.

The elephants liked this rescue work. The African  
elephants have never been tamed by the natives of 'the  
dark continent,' but the Indian elephants often show  
kindness to human beings, and are faithful servants to  
masters, many of whom give little in return. A  
mahout's wife will sometimes entrust her child to the  
guardianship of a trustworthy elephant, and no nurse  
could be more faithful and kind than is this 'great  
earth-shaking beast.'

Of course, not *all* elephants—not even all Indian  
ones—are perfect. Like men and women, they have  
their faults and failings. Some are very cunning, and  
look well after their own interests. The elephant  
particularly resents any reduction of his rations—but  
we can scarcely blame him for that! We don't much  
like that sort of thing ourselves.

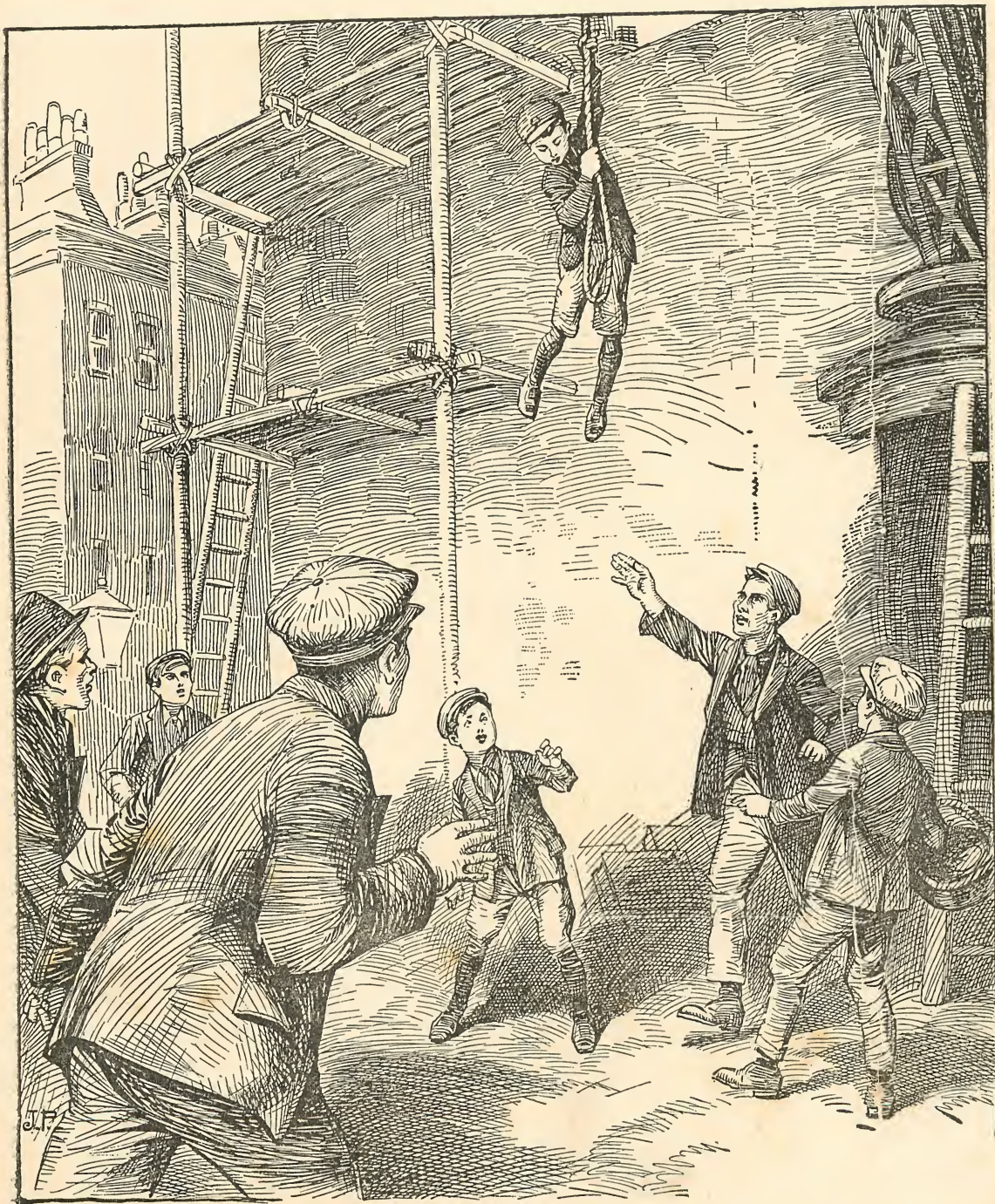
A story, perhaps exaggerated, is told of a 'cute'  
Indian elephant who (we really must not say 'which'  
to denote so intelligent a creature), upon receiving a  
short measure of rice, made up the deficiency by helping  
himself from his master's private store. And as he  
did not wish to be found out directly, he filled up the  
hollow made in the master's rice-bag with dust.





"The people were quickly collected by the good, willing beasts."





"Shouting to the lad not to let go."



## WHY HE HELD ON.

**WORKMEN** were hoisting stone next door to Freddy's house, where a new building was being put up, the motive power being a donkey-engine. The signal for hoisting was the blowing of a whistle, and the man whose duty it was to give the signal stood out of sight of the engineer.

One day, Freddy and a little friend were standing as close to the rope as they were allowed to come, when the man who whistled was called away for a moment. The man who made the stone fast went away too.

What an opportunity for the two boys! Of course they went closer to the rope, which Freddy grasped just as his companion, who had picked up the whistle, blew a shrill blast.

Instantly the engine in the shed began to puff, and squealing Freddy was carried up into the air. Workmen rushed to the spot, shouting to the engineer to reverse the machine, and to the lad not to let go. Freddy had reached the second story before his flight could be stopped; there a carpenter grabbed at him and drew him unhurt through a window.

'You did well to hold on, my boy,' said the man.

'Oh, I had to,' said Freddy. 'Mother told me not to fall into the mud and spoil my new clothes.'

E. DYKE.

## THE LOST 'REYNOLDS.'

By W. RAINEY.

(Concluded from page 307.)

**STANLEY COBB** saw that, by the appearance of Uncle William, the game of bluff was over. He made no remarks, and reserved his defence until he could find out the amount of evidence at the disposal of his accusers, awaiting the chance of there being some loophole of escape. He was a trifle paler than usual, but quite collected, seeming more intent on rectifying his disordered neck-gear and attending to a cut on the lip than on the charge brought against him.

Vic laid before the Burgemeester a London daily paper giving an account of the famous 'Reynolds' and particulars of the robbery, and Uncle William supplied further information. The Kunst-kooper was examined, but had little to say beyond the fact that he had made the acquaintance of the accused the previous year, and was led to believe that he was an Englishman of high family, that he had a letter from him at the end of July—whether he could lay his hand on it or not he would not say, as he was not such a tidy man as he should be, and sometimes letters remained in his pockets till they became worn out, or he took them out to try a paint-brush on, and they got lost. He would search when he got home. The accused said in this letter that, owing to the war, he thought of disposing of a part of his collection of works of art, and he specially mentioned a masterpiece by a very distinguished artist, named Sir Reynolds. He said he had felt great reluctance in doing so, as it was an heirloom in his family, and some of his relatives were not at all pleased at his decision. He had had an offer from a very wealthy American, but the war had so disorganized business that this gentleman had postponed his visit to Europe until the autumn, and then did not expect to get further than Holland, where he had business. Would Mynheer Klomp take charge of the picture for him till such time as the American

gentleman arrived? It would be a convenience to him, and he had no doubt he could put something in Mynheer Klomp's way in the shape of business as an acknowledgment of his kindness. If Mynheer Klomp agreed, it had occurred to him to send the picture, unframed, by the hands of his sister, who intended paying some visits in Amsterdam. The Kunst-kooper had readily complied, and later on the lady had brought the picture to his house.

The Burgemeester and Uncle William went to the Kunst-haven, and the latter identified the lost 'Reynolds,' which, by the way, had suffered little from its rough handling.

After the capture of Stanley Cobb, Phil perceived that matters were getting complicated, and that he might be detained as a witness, which, in his disguise, would make matters worse and might lead to awkward disclosures, so he hastily resumed his own clothes. His evidence, however, was not required. Herman was quite hurt at not being called on, and Moe had to comfort him in a language unknown to any but the two of them. She complimented him on his valour in dashing into the fray and tackling the biggest man, and his twenty-third birthday will never be forgotten, for it showed him, and others, that 'Doofje' was a man. At least a score of the dwellers in Bridge Street obtained entry into the Stadhuis, expecting each moment to be called to give evidence, and very indignant they were when the policeman turned them out. It was a strange thing that the big Volendammer, who actually captured the flying man and brought him back under the eyes of the Burgemeester, could nowhere be found, and no one knew his name.

Mr. Stanley Cobb slept that night in the cells attached to the Stadhuis, and a message went travelling over the wires to Scotland Yard, stating the fact.

There was a reception in the parlour of the Kunst-haven, after all, but not of the character sketched by Betje. The Mevrouws were asked to defer their visit, greatly to their mortification, for exciting rumours had reached them by the usual routes and they were pining for an authorised version of the events of the afternoon. Uncle William was the guest of the evening. Vic, Phil, and Piet were there, of course; Mrs. Bonsor called in, and the Burgemeester paid his flying visit.

The Kunst-kooper was unusually quiet and downcast. Betje made one or two attempts to 'turn the handle,' but with small results. He could not accustom his mind to the events of the day.

That the smooth-speaking, self-possessed, and aristocratic Stanley Cobb was a common thief was a sufficient blow in itself, but that he himself had been doubtfully associated with him in the case was hard to bear. He knew that the Burgemeester quite understood him, and no one had uttered a word of suspicion of him, but it was a cloud on the Kunst-haven. He had not touched pitch, but he had been so near it that he felt defiled. Then he could not reconcile himself to the part the two Scouts had played—particularly Vic. The way they had entered his house was not to his liking. They had spied on him and his family. Of course he saw that at the outset he was to them a complete stranger and associated in their minds with Stanley Cobb and the stolen picture, and he could scarcely blame them for the part they had acted: nevertheless, he did not like it. And Mynheer Fick, the enthusiastic young artist—was it all assumed? He had taken such interest in him,



and considered he showed such promise. Certainly he had talent, and that could not be assumed. He looked at Vic doubtfully from time to time, as a hen regards the duckling she has hatched out.

Uncle William gave the full history of the 'Reynolds'—the pride of the Lestranges, and Vic interpreted.

It was in the Kunst-kooper's mind to make a speech, but he thought better of it, and though he grasped the collar of his coat very tightly and used his forefinger to give emphasis, he simply said, 'All is well that ends well, but I could have wished that Mynheer Fick had shown a little more confidence in me; it would have saved him some hard knocks, and me from a great deal of unpleasantness.'

'My dear sir,' said Uncle William in his most impressive manner and making full use of the waistcoat. 'My dear sir, if I may speak on behalf of the owners of the "Reynolds"—Colonel Lestrangle being for the present at the front, serving his country—I should like to say that it was fortunate for us, Mynheer Klomp—very fortunate, I say—that the masterpiece fell into the hands of an honest man—an honest man, Mynheer Klomp. If it had been placed in the hands of an unprincipled man of like character to this Stanley Cobb, my nephew here would not have had such an easy task. Not but what he has done well—remarkably well.'

This was duly translated, and Uncle William rose and shook Mynheer Klomp heartily by the hand. Then the Kunst-kooper shook hands with Vic and Phil, and every one smiled. Moe murmured, 'There! there! there!'—as if humanity at large were a querulous child; and Betje whispered, 'Wat luk!'

Then it was that Mrs. Bonsor came in. She said that Selina and Julia were quite unnerved by the 'burglary,' but that she couldn't help popping in to see if she could do anything. She was never so upset in all her life. 'When that terrible man came flying at me like a wild bull, I was positively galvanised,' she said. 'I should have struck him if I had thought of it, though I might have been sorry for it afterwards.'

Betje brought round the cakes and Moe poured out the coffee.

'And now we're all comfortable,' cried Betje. 'But it will be a lesson to me. I always admired pale eyes: when I'm engaged I shall take good care to look at the young man's eyes first, however oily his tongue may be! No pale eyes for me; give me honest brown ones.'

'Like mine,' said Piet Slot, impudently.

'I didn't say boot-button eyes,' retorted Betje, 'so there, Piet Slot. By-the-by, where were you when all the fighting was going on. I should like to know—outside the crowd, whistling to keep up your courage, eh?'

Piet looked foolish.

'That's too bad,' cried Phil, thumping the table. 'Piet can go head first into a thing if there's anything going, I can tell you. If it hadn't been for Piet lugging me out from under a barge last night I shouldn't be here—so Miss Betje, you make a mistake.'

'I beg his pardon,' cried Betje. 'If he dragged you out from under a barge when you were hiding away, that shows which is the better man. What a houseful of heroes we are. I shrieked louder than anybody, didn't I, Moe?'

Mrs. Bonsor had settled in her own mind that Vic had made a desperate defence of the contents of Mynheer Klomp's shop—chiefly the silver, and would persist in speaking of the occurrence as—the burglary. Phil's

references to storm and flood, too, were confusing. Phil gave a selection from his adventures in the storm, and told how the boat was driven on the Island of Marken, but his account was far from clear. Every now and again he dropped into mysterious expressions—Dick did this and Dick did the other—and every time he mentioned the name Piet whistled, and Phil broke off short, or started again. So, what with Van Hankeys and Hookeys, and a mysterious Dick, and the bothering conviction that she had seen the man with the pale eyes before, Mrs. Bonsor returned to her hotel certain of one fact only—that Vic had behaved like a hero.

After Mrs. Bonsor had gone and the key had been turned in the front door, a big Volendammer came down the creaking stairs and put his head in at the parlour door. No one seemed alarmed as he entered, and Phil introduced him to Uncle William. It seemed that Moe and Betje had met him before, and the Kunst-kooper was not greatly taken by surprise. The Volendammer spoke both English and Dutch, and became a great favourite. He said he had enjoyed himself immensely—hadn't had such a time for many a day. At the beginning of the scrap he didn't know whether he was the hare or one of the hounds—he'd tried both lately, and he preferred being with the hounds.

Herman came in with the accordion to give them a final rousing; he greeted Dick with a burst of laughter, and playfully shook his fist at him. Herman did not quite understand how things had worked out, but he knew it was all right, and he still regarded Dick with the pride of a gun-boat that has brought a ship of the line into port as a prize. When he found that Dick could play the accordion he was delighted beyond measure, and they took it in turns with the instrument. Herman brought out all his latest pieces and effects, and Dick played 'Tipperary,' the National Anthem, and the 'Last Rose of Summer.'

In the intervals Uncle William had some conversation with the Kunst-kooper about antiques, and it may be mentioned that the big oak cabinet, which Vic had so much admired and which the American did not buy, stands in his drawing-room at Croydon to this day.

'Economy is all very well,' he said in self-defence, 'but everything in its place. I've given up bacon, eggs, and cigars, but now I am going to have my revenge for a bit. When I get back I shall start again, and give up butter.'

'And I shall give up soup and black bread,' said Dick.

Whereupon Uncle William said meaningly, 'Young man, you're not out of the wood yet. Now, would you have any objection to shipping on board the *Harwich* as a stoker or cook's assistant. The engagement would only be for one night, and I think I could manage it with the captain.'

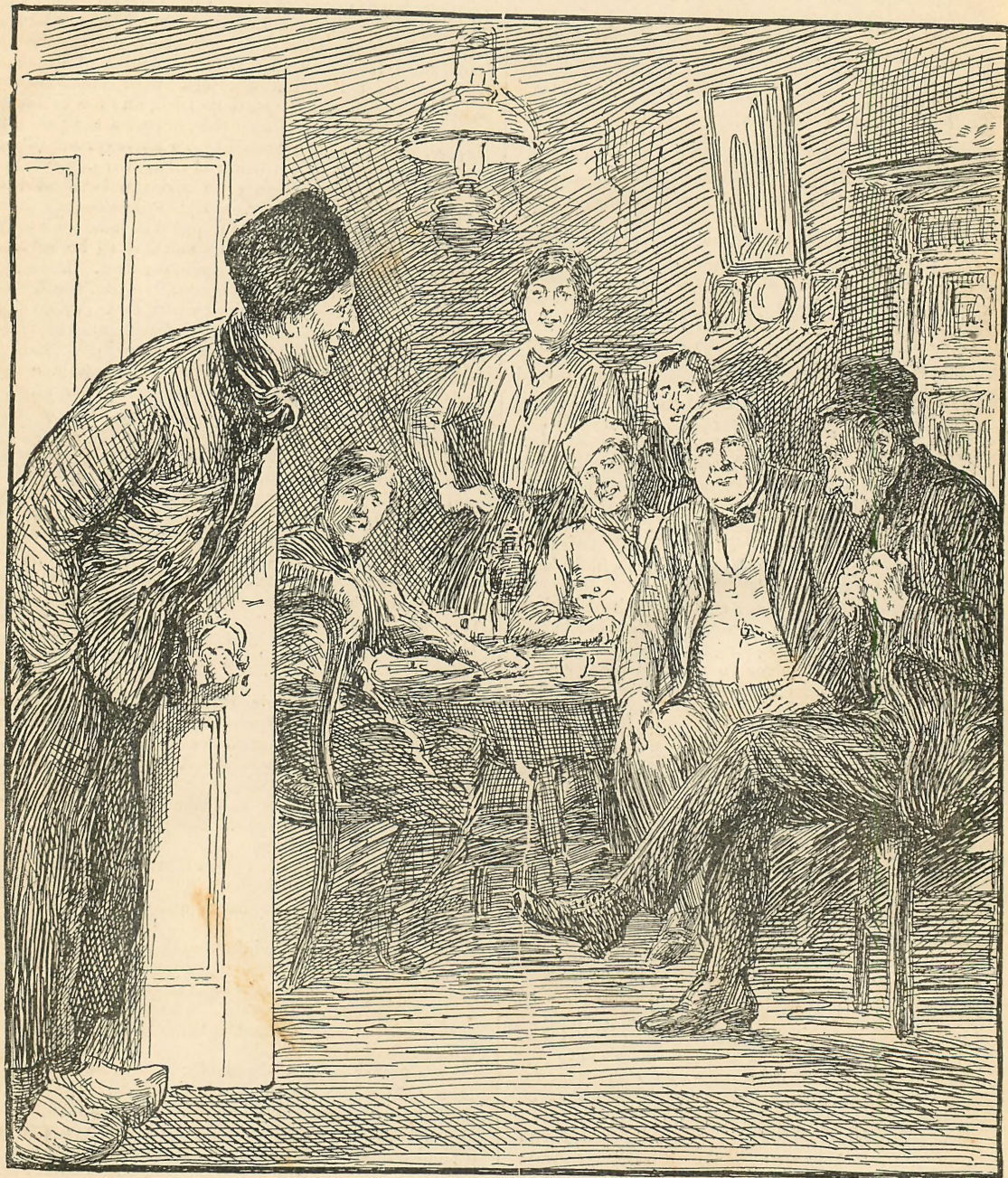
'It's rather a come-down for a service man,' said Dick, 'but as the wages are high and the hours short, I don't mind if I do. But I warn you, Mr. Dixon, things always go wrong with me. Don't you get yourself into difficulties on my account; I am what is commonly called "a Jonah," and I don't think the whale would have anything to say to me.'

'We'll see all about that,' said Uncle William.

Vic and Phil looked at each other. Vic winked and said, 'All in order;' and Phil added, 'We're both quite well—bar sticking-plaster.'

THE END





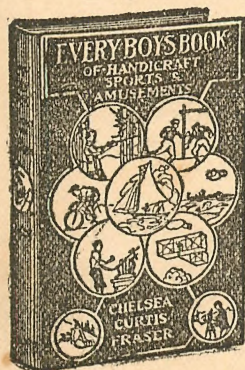
"A big Volendammer put his head in."



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